

Defoe

Leslie Scalapino

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MASTERWORKS OF FICTION
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Leslie Scalapino
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MASTERWORKS OF FICTION

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Douglas Messerli, *Publisher*

Hello,

I've found within myself the audacity to write an introduction because I'd like to take a moment to say:

This book was originally published by *Green Integer*, and I've kept all their accoutrements. They are still around, still publishing excellent work, and I would strongly encourage you to investigate their catalogue and give them your patronage over at <https://www.greeninteger.com>.

—Salitter Committee

Waking Life, Part I

It is not of culture.

↳ So there's nothing to fear

One's mind taken off to something else

and so there's no observer.

The Fans on Stocks

Pushed out of sleep—not out of anything else. And so out skittering on the empty street where it (the streets) seems to be not moving—it is pushed out of that also.

After dawn there are light blue rungs in the sky that seems to be pushed out of the state of my sleep too.

Yet the people encountered are like bubbles—seen out forward at a gas station which one cuts across as a shortcut—leaning with pumps ghouls beside cars with faces out from my having just slept before dawn, like bubbles.

Why sleep at any other time.

They just come up to the surface—that's there, in their being, touch it as if one is on the other side of it and they're pressed up to it but it had been pushed out of that completely empty state.

and the puckered distorted wave of a few faces with the pumps beside cars is cut off entirely into a moment of just being with them.

That came out of the distorted misery and wave of sleep.

Skitter out quickly into the gas station lot; that was misery as neutral—a wave that pushed without any origination. So it's blank—and the ghouls standing beside the cars are just there, as if blank.

A dog lying in a ditch stretched out floating grey flank.

People lying in rows sleeping before dawn on the street attach the white cloths to their feet and stretched over the heads floating.

Thousands of them. Before the cars begin making constant noise.

Come back from seeing the elderly in the institution and in the hot blazing glare on the overpass see a man out peeing.

The car careened a little, buffeted in the breeze. Heavy as it is. In what appeared to be not moving, a hot empty glare.

there's sweat on the cars it's so motionless pouring with space in between them. And a long space with the man out peeing at the end of it.

said they're starving—hundreds of thousands who're their rebels. We're siding with its government which is allowing and producing this. Ours knows.

The government's interests and ours are similar and so we don't know this. The man doesn't believe me, though I've just returned from there. And

I didn't see them. I am not important, later believing when seeing it in the newspaper.

Which is completely manipulated. It's not seeing the observer (who's looking at itself) or it. One can do this, not seeing myself or it—it must occur in oneself.

Time is flattened. Out on the street skittering onto the empty lot of the gas station, with the faces with pumps by the cars. This occurs later.

This occurs before the morning: dawn having squeezed out the gas station.

Straw fields on which are herds of the same color crawling over them in light so that observing one doesn't see oneself or it.

Lighted sheep crawling on the same thing. Which is that.

A dust storm so that the hot wind is obscuring the car and the sky itself. Getting out in it pumping gas.

The hot valley is at the bottom with the sprays of water arising from and sweeping the fields. There are rows of sprays of water with the dust.

The dress whipped on one in the air that is dirt and out in it pumping gas.

Fields blowing and the car in it and on it so that observing there isn't either one observing or it.

Slopes of lighted waving grass so that buzzard that is drifting over it has no motor and is flying. Flying outside. But not coming from it or the buzzard. It is blank inside.

their saying someone is not of importance is not seeing the observer-oneself or it.

so there is no motivating intrusion or it.

They're saying one's not being important—as convention, that which is doing the interpreting. And looking one doesn't see that it is that to have to have nothing to have pushed out the gas station after dawn. Not from anything else or it.

See ghouls with pumps alongside cars there.

It is so fragile and with such strain to come up to their faces that's in the empty, after that

they've abandoned us

that's pushed out into it

had occurred from the beginning and so it isn't even that—we don't know that that doesn't exist.

that's inaccurate. one has abandoned *them*.

didn't exist and had abandoned them from the beginning so it was just out there before. In the past.

Now here in the morning a man says he was walking with another man.

They've been abandoned, before. Says they are passing three young girls, perhaps sisters, dark who've come in from the country and are seen posing shyly to be photographed somewhat stiffly.

The photographer, to make them feel at ease, says to smile.

A man goes by, making a gesture to this head, well dressed. Identifiable by convention with one of the men who's walking, by dress.

He says to him "If they know better, they won't smile, so that at least they look like human beings."

He assumes the other has the same view. The other can understand this.

(He jolts.)

The pressed faces of the ghouls with pumps alongside cars there pushed out and there after dawn don't understand anything but they.

Man goes running by, the back of his feet in the air flicked into rungs of sky.

Him not being able to see himself though as it there isn't the sky or observer.

that's there

She whose husband is a dominant says that the other woman doesn't belong of course the same the same

after misery-sleep lying on the side of flank there's the rust-colored grass and birds floating without anything inside.

neither inside nor above—which had been from the beginning, not just starting though effectively it is.

It is outside them.

*Essay on the Comic Book: of Tierra
del Fuego*

Comic book of Tierra del Fuego: each of the lines or sentences is one of the frames. So it is outside them. I did this before. I'm repeating, outside from that.

Keep repeating—but it's not pushed out from anything else. It doesn't matter.

The nude carcass of a man with arms outstretched and appearing to hold long sticks is lying on tufts of steppe—with the crouching dressed settlers kneeling facing off to fire. One wearing cap is casually standing with rifle near the giant carcass. which is floating.

That's why giant running

Pushed out before, in the past.

they will not believe this, yet will if it is in the newspaper. but it is. Not observer or it.

The car churning, having a motor—and get into area that is still because there are no people windmills. There range of hills. Blades like propellers on frames turn that are hundreds through on the barren hills—so there's nothing except that moving them.

Come breasting to edge of field of hills with moving fans on stocks and car has motor—it is moving from motor.

riding through the fans from barren hills—that range nothing moving them

Having to abandon them. But it having occurred before, already.

She whose husband is dominant says the other woman is not allowed (where or who she says) the same and so there is not an observer.

Someone says driving in Baja the cattle wounded on the road—it knows

She's stopped and is beside it—it knows it's going to die. Like us. It was lying in misery. And it does not mind.

it is from them and in front of them.

Wife of a dominant and so she does not know what it is to be separate inside really one—the two at once—abandoning itself is not convention for that person.

Nude carcass seeming larger appearing to float on tufts of the steppe—this has to occur by seeing—think this isn't anything inside.

It isn't, as it's in the past—and so has been abandoned before that, which is that time it occurred.

which would not be in abandoning itself in present time
or them as is occurring

One says she's defending against attacking coming from them, really coming from her to them—and she isn't a child, is older with grown children though is their child—we're just tubes.

tubes with pumps alongside the cars—coming from one's sleep and after dawn

who're in silence
not fighting

There was this red disc, a soft empty disc of a cloud hanging over the desert with cobalt or indigo lake in it where I was. The huge rose soft disc and another small red disc reflected the rays of the setting sun which were not red in the rest of the sky since there was nothing there.

The huge rose disc hung there without moving. Just in silence not coming out of the person.

Their having to have any and one agree with them—and one struggling with that or one is not there, isn't there.

wasn't there before, to push out the huge empty rose disc
disc floating on the desert, with the cattle that come to the edge of the blue water and the white desert—not coming from it.

One has to agree with them or is not there—which in society can not push out from themselves the red soft hanging disc. that is separate.

misery in having to be in agreement with them giving up being there though one can't do that

We don't care about not being there—who're like the cattle so that one should really give up being that.

Company of soldiers so they are like cattle being away from home—they're in the jungle see themselves as from a civilization.

and this other as not

Essay on the Lovely City

Sleeping in bed sprawled in the heat not even dreaming, this is new.

Having been in the city—in the day—there isn't seeing even in dreaming.

it's pushed out from it as not being in the day and there not being rem after.

Two people lie stretched out on the pavement going by having put a newspaper out to put their faces on it.

Seeing seems to be giving up being that. that is separate, pushed out.

We should be giving that up like cattle. Who're seeing

A man lies sleeping out belly up on curling strip as bus goes around up onto the overpass, is not seeing that.

On beds of clouds there are shadows which are not from other clouds or flying across the bed.

Shelf of clouds is above now when it's evening with an orange light around and the land far below.

Turning with grey shelf above is from the motor. As from that in the orange light.

And drifting or still masses to the side of the airplane, not from that. Now below there are the refineries, alight with the evening—no people in them. and so not from them, in the refineries

It is during the war, the soldiers wade into the river free like cattle.

We were sitting in lawn chairs sprawled in the heat with the mountain in front and puffs of fire set on it in front of the firefighters.

who pursue them, crawling on the mountain. It is being incinerated, the puffs appearing in a zig-zag on the side of the mountain.

The legs on the lawn chairs—in front of a lake and the mountain.

shooting a man as he came up the hill in the twilight

He was running. After, he has a grenade in his hand. Pulling the body in the rain, I realized he was a person.

We came in stinking smelling and they think we're animals. They're in the rear in this club. They're all white.

And they're more of us out there than them. We come in for leave and shoot it up rounds and so they send us back the next day.

I just shot the head off a snake near with one hand, M-14, but all of a sudden I missed this old man.

It was because I really couldn't shoot him.

So other soldier with grenade launcher fired and caught my man as he was coming through the door but the room was full of children.

I was always on point, and points got to run. Specially when you hit them open areas. Nobody walked through an open area.

Soldiers like cattle and so out before.

It does not come from it. It doesn't cease either, as it is in front.

These men are out on the street in light evening in camouflage dress and they meet and address one another. I see them.

that is pushed out as not being in the day
and if they're not sleeping—either

Sitting mounted up in the window of the bus, and a soft velvety woman is driving. Being on oneself (I am) not from her. The bus stalls; she's pressing a button and it's dead and then slow not from a motor.

Stalls, her chuckling to passing cop. Leans forward pressing the button on the bus dash.

We're in it. It's out there not from a motor, going in the mass of traffic and then thinned traffic of the highway

Could do anything—and be attached to the people on the street of the gas station where those with pumps out had stood before.

Attached to being in there or here

Could be on oneself, not from a motor

and so anything is by chance—whatever they want at night on Market people sleeping here and there on the pavement amidst stream walking.

and yet there unfolds a wandering complex who're without means.

Because the mind is clear, they say this.

Wandering was seen later as fear. That is when one is outside of it.

I hadn't been in a fire fight before. opening on them because they had to us, with an M-4. It blows a hole through one that just can't be imagined.

There were two of us. They're on us. Just pull the pins, throw the hand grenades, It's like in a mad panic. Throw 'em and throw 'em and throw 'em. on oneself, not from a motor.

Then other soldier was hit, with one bullet in him—enemy came around to our rear in an armored personnel carrier, and he shot it getting it.

I continued to deliver fire.

Then enemy unloaded 3–40 rocket directly into the bunker. I was facing them. Other soldier was covering my back.

We were lifted straight up into the air.

landed, sand in the clip I shook it and shook it and I started firing. And firing. And firing.

There were people lying there moaning and screaming.

Other soldier said We ought to do something about them We're hospital corpsmen.

And I did. I shot 'em. I shot in the direction of the cries and moaning till I didn't hear them anymore.

It just seemed like the thing to do.

I did not stop shooting until daybreak. On the wires were the cook, the girls that shined our shoes, a man who cleaned the rooms

(in those hanging on the wire fence coming to us)

In an argument after that, at that time, I would as soon kill someone as not if they took my money in the gambling game—as on oneself, really out there.¹

I was crossing the street myself the sky open with thick rain as a monsoon in the heat. Strands of lightning hit on the street and there were rolling claps of thunder. People who were crossing hurry. Soaked. The air heavy and humid—they're not the same.

¹ *Bloods, An Oral History of the Vietnam War by Black Veterans*, edited by Wallace Terry, Random House, 1984.

A man goes by ahead on his motorcycle flapping with rose and blue tattoos on his nude back. In the breeze. The light is lying above the green shafts of it. Another man with long black hair goes ahead on a motorcycle flapping back of the other.

So soldiers are cattle before. Actually. They're saying (of an event) is the source. And then as such, it is not valued by society (or believed) because it's them saying that.

And it is creating reality.

It does not cease therefore because the source occurs after. They're saying something which has occurred.

If having these sources is the same as seeing, we are free like cattle.

The event has not occurred, in a way. War has. It is not tradition, which never occurs.

So the comic book never occurs—nor is it (their) tradition. and so it is out in front.

Just a fleck like the car. Fans on stocks the car's blown by.

Coming from the dust storm, the car enters that area of the fans turning slowly on stocks on those barren hills. The car, so it's from the motor—and there's no motor there in the hills.

It doesn't repeat.

A man gets out of his car when it's 113° Fahrenheit pelted by magnolia blossoms from the Santa Ana wind.

ghouls with pumps by their
cars that are
pushed out after dawn

The ghouls with pumps are like the conquered people—the one who played the harp's soldiers seen as outside and lonely, had brutalized—who're calm and gentle.

outside and lonely who'd brutalized the people—who're innocent and therefore the flesh isn't affected.

and who is in rage walks along the street
and yet others who are not as they innocent remain so

Cripples coming off van in chair unloaded onto the street their heads bobbing as grateful and apologetic—moving through them on the street going by in the morning—are not affected

though injured are in rage
they are beside it—either

and so are not affected.

That's the way they appear. One is in rage. Some with pumps at the gas station lot open and gentle—as one being also innocent is in misery that does not affect one's flesh.

It lifts that outside up, is out in front—inaccurate like feelers.

When Rage Affects the Flesh

This is felt only later. It lifts that outside up out in front, and is mistaken for observation.

Rage is entangled thinking and neutral. It is itself pushed out after dawn and therefore useless.

That's because I don't remember being utterly sickened by it from in my cells.

but skittering across the gas station lot was in the later action of that without remembering it.

When the flesh is injured, it does not remember. So we are free like cattle.

Flesh not remembering as they're unloaded off the van in their chairs heads bobbing like flowers—and walking through them is not remembering either.

We're not there.

Walking is only remembering and so we're free like cattle.

I don't know about you but I'm a hothouse flower, someone said to me. as thrown out to make a living immediately

that's what that is

To be a hothouse flower at the time. There isn't commentary. Outside. Alone.

I had a dream about this blasted idiot whom I'd known who I'd never want to see again with the characteristics of a child. He was in the military now in the dream coming on a cruiser in the Sudan; what was already known about his character before is simply there. in that.

He had the same idiocy of child in the dream as he had, as if one is to accept it

Having the dream is being outside, alone. Sleeping simply. The dog lying in the gutter.

The hothouse flower, the introvert, is dual.

and so can never be in the civilization

If you say commentary, they like that but not as it is as real.

yet they like commentary, alone.

That's why there isn't that—and is dual. That characteristic in the introvert, is not valued by society just as the conquered people by the one who'd played the harp's soldiers, are not seen.

She is calm—part of her that is out in front is, though not in her cells. The part that was born is.

Alone except for the part that was born.

So fucking with the man who's like the people but not the soldiers, who really are completely calm, is with the part that was born.

riding on the stem, later

is out on the street, that's a joke

who like commentary, alone

screwing who's hearing the harp rather than the soldiers and therefore completely calm—

comes

People's flesh doesn't remember because they haven't had anything to eat at the time

interpreting commentary as free
from the lovely city

This is like De Quincey's dream—anyone could have had it easily, though I didn't read it (the end, with the dream in it) because I was bored reading before I got to that part.

It wasn't special, they said to me. So anyone could have had it easily.

The fundamentalists are seeing people as just wanting to do what they want. and that cannot be.

All the constructions around appear to occur at the same time.

The ghouls with pumps alongside the cars will have appeared to move later.

They move really.

I have been indoors so long. One can only be a hermit.

I don't know what the beginning is. There is nothing there, as this is being the market.

We're supposed to be sleeping in the bunker. It's so hot at night, we're sleepings out about ten feet and apparently there's mortar. My friend is running. I call to him for help and call again but he turns away weeping, seeing me wounded.

the flesh in the day—which has been pushed out—but the next day it itself the day seems not to be there.

walking, the birds flying between one very tall tree and another—they do not meet.

One's flesh which had seemed to be, felt, as if it were infused with poison, now doesn't have anything in its cells

pushed out after sleep

the intense warping wave drinking of the flesh has left—and on its own one in the day which itself seems not to be there.

It doesn't matter if the mother doesn't remember the baby's birth or it. (One's own mother)—that couldn't possibly cause suffering, though someone is lashing in suffering.

It is paired and I couldn't get in time

The soldier was depressed under heavy water and when he would come out days later—walking along, the birds flying above. It is inside out. He floats out from the heavy water

as if it were the blooming trees that he sees
for the first time when he's come out

Saw ragged man coming toward me with blanket he's laced around his neck hanging off of him who's not myself. Floating on the street toward me, who's not myself. It's inside out.

Warps of things that had occurred but moving very slowly that would surface, from the heavy water—but when he/not myself/having been indoors for days—sometimes without food, submerged depressed, not have anything in the cells then would have floated out.

Eat something drinking (juice can) standing in front of the Derby Food Store so that a rivulet runs down the chin and throat—of that is floating out. Who was inside out before that. is.

being inside out and drinking. The juice runs down the chin.

The man just getting irritated by someone in the street and opening up and just shooting them—so he is arrested, but can't tell the difference from the combat situation he's in at the same time.

there isn't a difference there—so they're like cattle

Everything is pushed out of fighting, and is mistaken for it/one's being free.

It is such a relief to know that is mistaken.

The man who's the same person out drinking juice can, the rivulet runs down the chin doesn't see the observer and so there isn't it, is standing by the Derby Food Store.

He's the source of being released

I'm him

alone

Something was set off in me later, so that not from that but visiting in another city I was cast into a rage and walked aimlessly, driven by it.

I was taken out of myself in rage, struggling. People speaking to me couldn't understand this. This was myself, as that time.

Soldier is completely free shooting. Later, he is in misery.

The woman in her apartment who's the same person. It's a compartment. Some other man is urinating in his stall next to her wall.

the newspaper says that matronly woman is stopped on the street with boy and accused of having him as a prostitute. It is determined later that he is her son.

They value commentary, alone. And so their stopping and detaining the woman walking with her son.

Cattle just stand. Fundamentalists thrived. They're molesting a child. It is the reverse of life. Struggling like a residue when one's just wakened from before.

it is retarded in them

and so one can't understand

What has created this is a mirror of them so it is not it. The mirror is empty except for them seen in it. So it is not them or it in their view. We look and don't see the observer so there isn't it.

Seeing that, it is chance.

Can't accept even that who knows more than us. Can see it.

Nor does the woman accept that jewel, who's stopped on the street and detained accused of having the boy as a prostitute who it turns out is her son.

The scrutiny in whose continuing frames this is reflected—and in which mirrors, looking for it which is occurring, it isn't seen isn't it.

and so we are free like cattle.

Alone. and knows it is and so is invalidated.

the negative jewel
doesn't want to

not wanting is erotic—is the time itself

It doesn't like to be free. Weighed under in the heavy air.

But the soldier shooting does. and in misery later.

he is the source of being released
in this time

The soldier who is in misery later is this time itself.

The negative jewel has contacted the other, to do a job. He owes money to a business. She is to pick it up, and get it to them.

The woman meets him sitting out along the street, a crowd going by. He is averted and so he is provocative. Inactive.

says that he's weak. Swimming on the stem.

She sees him, and is on the stem at the same time.

A white disc is hanging in indigo sky, on a field on which the fundamentalists are molesting a child.

The man and her are in the foreground, two speaking with the crowd streaming by them back on their way to market.

They're looking at really rough men who are gathered in movement on the street.

Green waves in which are laced dark heads. Backs in the troughs of the waves. Not on top of the waves.

There are dark backs and heads laced here and there swimming in them,

A wave comes down.

They go by the men in the evening.

Dark corpse rolling in wave—which isn't that. head bobbing. She meets him, Trough of green waves. She is completely unsure of herself. mistaken as to others. has been. really is, has to realize that. they're dirty talking to them. selves. Strolls by.

bravado is very close to complete loss of confidence

Some other attacking an older one who's unprotected—seeing herself as having been wounded by that one. Strolls by. They have each other's traits. This one (who's not her) has complete loss of confidence. Knows immature. Looks into the clearing. Mistaken has been what she was doing seeing them.

That is in reverse and light. Seeing having been mistaken who has the same traits.

They all do. There isn't a communality, so what? That was mistaken. in seeing them. That is in reverse and light also. It doesn't matter.

Figures robed in black completely covered with no eye-hole walking ahead on the dirt road—depression not being there having been before pushed out from it.

The robed little black mounds pushed out on the desert road who're walking ahead.

wave of distortion that had been there before isn't there—not of the robed black mounds figures on the road which occurs before it.

Wind blows the black robes.

The barren cliffs—walking on them winding.

I was walking down the empty cliffs ahead of the robed with no eye-hole figures.

Who're here and there back in groups on the road.

Sheep trotting with a crazy eye on the beige-rust cliff passes me. Its senseless globular eye is floating in the mat.

Black robes blowing walk ahead on the beige-rust grass. On the rim.

A robed no eye-hole muscular movement not from it.

Blowing of the robes. Amidst the refinery.

Muscular movement not coming from one—which is from the blowing robes.

The oil fields. A refinery where no people live is on the desert. The sheep pass down to it. The crazy eye of the sheep floats in the mat as it trots. Past.

Men moving in in tanks shooting the men of the fields who aren't living. Seeing it only.

Censoring of duplicating as representing them. The men who aren't living and it's the market are here and there on the fields. That is atonal.

The Street

Man who isn't going to live crosses the street with earphones on.

There isn't anyone out on the street. Under the heavy air.

The black robes with no eye-hole blowing in the blue wind

A man goes by on a bicycle with a dog in the basket swimming

Looking up at storefronts.

Man standing holding sign reading Will work for food a car honks and he goes over to it.

On the empty corner where all the cars meet. The man has a small clipped head and is wearing dungarees darts over to the car.

People don't see in war. as it's the time itself. emotion and rage. That doesn't seem to be so. We are in the formation of that now.

with the blooming trees

It's paired and does not meet.

the black robe with no eye-hole as they blow in the blue

from memory. In the heat of autumn a few people moved on the street. there wasn't time in between. Yet straight through so that people were floating at the side.

One has been so continually humiliated by so many people it's hard to see. It's barely visible. Or not at all. Those who'd been humbled in war, are now wealthy and are gracious (they didn't mean it to one, and then one finds that one does mean it) out of embarrassment.

for one's inferiority. which one doesn't feel. though can learn that. that's shown to one from one's own, which is so empty one feels they're inferior.

responding to this, the gel relaxes. there is no anger to it.

Someone else says he is repressed I don't know what that is; but in wanting respectability it is not for or in himself, it is in them. For him. Kind, and yet he knows when he is restricting one to conventionality and he does that in a narrowed rim.

Where he sees himself. He is not caught in conventionality which is not in these.

Conventionality is not in waking life. is it in dreams?

They are restricting to one but if it isn't in their dreams where is it? He really sees those few as the only ones.

They who are the few viewed as respectable are caught in conventionality for him which is not in waking life. It is not in it or in dreams.

They are restricting one to conventionality not in their dreams, or later. And yet one struggles in their narrowed rim.

The people who are viewed as respectable for themselves, are so arising from itself, the view; so it's the shallow behavior. Seen against its own self.

One's behavior which as a child was seen as inferior was seen then as 'right' in the place we had occupied with our soldiers. that behavior was in me before I was myself then.

They are in that thin area, yet that is not what one sees there. This is there.

Man in that thin area making a move and the other men who're of it are furious to oust or get him. They'll punch him and he knows this. He makes a move anyway. So this is the shallow behavior. One punches him with the others there. They'll rid themselves of him. who're in conventionality do not know they are doing that.

One sees oneself as simply a shallow behavior that is thin. and so one is free. And then turned inside so that one's dreams are sent into one from the day, as they are it. So there is no rem. People rest in the thin area. One laughs frisky. love in behavior is there, in reverse. That is the street, the way it is seen.

The Harp

An object connotes by a prior connection or culture.

Where the object loses, or begins, its connotative existence is to be just then non-connotative. (To see its edge. An art installation of underpants, with strips of text on them—about child abuse—hang on a clothes line; yet) photographing one piece in fast contrast of very black with the black pieces floating in its black wind, or blue wind, with the phrases on it, would place the piece at the point of dissolving, forming as an object and socially, which is nothing. An object's form isn't anything as that. So it's the point of the form and the conceptual meaning separating. (or rather, being the same)

sensation of hanging clothes on a line in the intense heat of day.
very warm night and the clothes still on the line.
the place of separation.

Trying to get to or to see where actions separate from their social existence—which is what they are—that is their connotative being, so seeing an action without that.

I had passed this blind woman walking out tapping with a dog. As she passed me she let out a shout, to it or to me? As the one who'd played the harp to the soldiers had been heard by the people who'd been brutalized by them and yet were calm. He wouldn't speak, stood outside the fence of his own men's prison camp whom he'd deserted.

We're not retarded in that there's nothing inside, as being in this place.
This can only be read or seen and so it's out in front.

The rear of a person floating out of the open door of a car when one is going by in a car. It's a hot autumn day.

The negative jewel plays pool—languidly bends shooting as the one who'd played the harp is without.

Mumbles as if only on the stem without seeing his face.
as if there's only the trunk. on trunk.
and without seeing his face. She wants to see it.

He's slowly playing pool, bent over and shoots. She hadn't paid the bill with his money looking at storefronts in the hot shimmering day as the bar he'd specified of the dealer hadn't been there. He doesn't say anything.

What's going on? He shoots, the green velvet of the table. The hot sky between the trees.

at storefronts.

Walking, the town in the evening unfolds utterly languid with a few men in clusters out going by the small empty storefronts on San Pablo.

It's in the near dark. An old Cadillac comes to the light.

Then moves. having a motor.

Men going by revving calling Chicken.

and so not caring.

She plagiarized from me. She wants to do whatever she wants. Later, reading her text: in this one she complains of someone whom she calls a pig who sued her and as he was rich and she'd plagiarized him she had to apologize in an ad. She was wounded by this. and give money. but had taken from me and because I don't have any money and was not the market she didn't have to open an ad in the newspaper for me.

For she is inside out and had floated out in it. (in the one where she's complaining about him.)

Once I read sitting on a curb. Walking home, I was so depressed I read her book sitting in the street. I don't think she cares.

This is what the fundamentalists see as personal.

that they think that. and that it is that, to the soldiers. we don't see in war. as it's the time itself.

I saw this woman in the midst of traffic. driving who was standing whirling as if she were directing traffic and everyone watching as they're maneuvering cars. Whirling blown she spits. Apparently they want to know what we see.

In the dark now that are really stucco shacks. there are clusters of men gathered out talking. from earlier rungs of rose in the sky, to this.

The negative jewel mumbles when he talks didn't say anything to her, shooting on the green velvet table.

Jackknifing in the dark as a green insect. a grasshopper—weeping at night having been lying in bed, one is sitting. I thought there I hadn't been paying attention.

The soft jackknife sitting wracked in the dark. how do tears come out of the jackknifed rim? (The spliced legs and flesh are just a rim.)

The jackknife grasshopper in the dark is weeping so it is finally alert, for a minute.

Poison in the rim pushed out of the green insect in the dark afterwards.

The rim is just up to the surface of the dark. I'm a jackknifed grasshopper with soft flesh in the sense of the hopelessness of living. By that evening, I was out with him in the light neighborhood walking.

The negative jewel is in a bar and is scorned by the people there. A pouting immature woman jeers at him for not being one of them.

He's bent over, and shoots on the green velvet table.

Mumbling, they hurt him.

Man says to him cutting him who's an introvert. Outside on the lighted strip of stucco and they go in the cars.

Coming to the light. Alongside jeering at him in the dark. They tear away leaving him the cars screeching.

Meeting with him is fragile and without strain as after the grasshopper's flesh.

That's another thing, putting his mouth between the halves of the grasshopper's rim. The spliced curled legs and flesh.

This is really just for children, without there existing anything past that. But being past that.

(The hopelessness of living past that, so there is no strain)—his mouth between the grasshopper's halves in the dark.

He is languid and yet responds to their hurting him, not answering them.

Even though this is nothing as a form we support the most fascist and repressive regimes sending our military so long as this gives us wealth. This isn't fiction. It's a certain thing.

At night the negative jewel comes to the bar. He loves them.

They insist on racing playing Chicken and the man who has hurt him by jeering is killed by going over the edge. The negative jewel regrets this death and so do the others, who mourn him.

The day comes first.

The man puts his stem into the grasshopper's halves. Turning it around in it until it comes.

Cut loose in it and he is in misery from the senseless death the day coming after it. Walking in the evening. that is limpid.

The hopelessness of living is limpid in his misery.

There's a grey yellow dog lying in the gutter floating. It's sleeping. Its little red penis is extended.

Two men are walking behind the dog—the grasshopper's halves, crying, which isn't in its halves. They say he has to pay them they're running a business they say.

He has to do that. Then lying on its back. Looking at storefronts, she's walking and enters one where two men are looking at her. She says she has it and giving one of them the envelope it's revealed it isn't nearly enough. Rather than going himself, he'd sent her with it. This isn't identifying with it. it is not resisting it.

It's in a different part of town than where she'd gone before with it. They dump her out and then hurt on the street after taking her for a ride putting her head up against the window where people are out barely seen by them.

She's in her compartment. The man urinating in his stall next to it. Hurt.

Having been thrown on the street. And then tearing the car screeching on the street.

Weaving as it careens.

putting the tongue to the mouth the mouth's raw, in the gutter floating. Yellow flank is the rim, to the sky.

It's like the man running over to the car when he'd held the sign Will work for food. The grey yellow dog is open as the sky through appearing convoluted.

Mumbles—the grey yellow dog is entirely open.

Man in the bar jeering at negative jewel as clumsy and convoluted, who slightly lowering face as if bowing, they have the view it is his own fault. He doesn't know what to say. He likes them, not as this or then. Meeting them.

Grey yellow dog walking against clouds and passing it's illuminated. The clouds passing and clearings above, so the dog's illuminated.

The people looked at it which appears lighted.

So the man who'd jeered had just been hovering on the cliff in the drag race and then had gone off, leaving him who'd responded.

This man he jeered at me whom I thought was a friend. Who is a friend? Kneeling. out. The illuminated dog. and I felt relieved.

Gets tamed by the hero-worship around it after it. it doesn't.

Looking out one's car window as it's not the same and watching to maneuver by the woman who was throwing back her arms whirling and uttering in the stream of cars. can just consider, which is itself anyway.
the jewel flesh, on the overpass then.

An ever-increasing isolation from the additional war we're feeding, even though one is trying to understand. It seems to recede, while going on anyway. The halves of the grasshopper are relaxed. The figures running out from the bar are behind him, on the lighted evening and he is like a fan in the air whirring parting the air walking.

They're doing something else. He's slowly moving the air. And we're inside this.

I was so tired it was like an undertow fighting not to sleep and yet it was calm to sleep. or walk out in the evening.

to return it resumes. Come to the light on San Pablo and they're beside him. He moves in the Chevrolet

and the blast misses him—they're alongside him with a man hanging out wielding the shotgun.

him in the Chevrolet floats forward and a blast. the side window is gone. Bends forward shooting on the green table presses the gas. Floats forward they're alongside. Then shoots and the car is ahead of them.

The halves of the grasshopper are calm. returning as if occurring again and so recognizing it.

Seeing his face of bending forward shooting on the green table when they'd jeered. Remembering the war which is beginning to occur and yet that keeps slipping away in isolation. It can't do it. The day comes and is by itself.

The mound and then going off in the halves. So that the halves are lying empty and come.

Turns it around in them. Pulls it out.

He puts it in again. On mound, which comes.

lying looking at him who'd before been bending, a slight smile, looking up, over green table.

The people in the bar who're conformists are innocent and open. They are the ones of this time. As being seeing this time which has no other being.

I'm looking at my hand here but that doesn't have anything to do with it. I love waking up in the light. The illuminated dog is walking in the gutter. The fundamentalists are nearby molesting a child.

Come upon the fundamentalists now in the gutter kneeling wanting to get their hands on illuminated like tin dog to pull out its purple entrails that are warm but the dog seeing their erratic movements backs away. As a fan backing parting the air.

They're groveling. Fumbling its side. Saw this man toadying and that's how he'd come to be successful.

The negative jewel isn't there. The location is empty. Purple entrails trailing. I got an ice cream cone out on stucco flat strip.

Dreamed I was talking to someone who revealed that everyone thought of aristocracy as delineating or being social life, assuming this as if it were a compliment (to that being so). That it was interpreted favorably.

Remembering it came later in the day. I was speaking and remembered. Then later I was speaking and remembered dreaming all were in colonies, colonized. in a separate dream.

Recalling it did not come out of that which was being spoken. It occurred itself and yet as if when speaking.

Blood on the teeth of the mouth swept back. From the man who'd jeered at him.

The lip is cut like there is a ruby on it and he's lying in garbage. So that it had occurred there.

It occurs there in seeing it, not before. The head is resting in the garbage.

Stands looking down on him. The red drop on his mouth is not congealed and he's lax, as if he's going to wake then. He can't see on the inside and doesn't stir.

The blue cheekbones as he's lying on the garbage are shiners that appear burnished amidst them.

Had in turning up this alley come upon many prostitutes standing in doorways. They are African. There are beautiful young girls. One very lovely is standing against a wall in a short skirt curved up in the middle which gives the impression of what's between her legs. She had a dreamy expression. Fat older African women stood in doorways with bellies protruding in tight

loud pants. It was night. A line of men are gathered on the other side of the street with a rapacious internal motion as if in choosing.

Going through the stream, an elderly man put his hand on his elderly wife's shoulder indicating she is not available.

The woman in black robe, there's a stretch of blue and no way to do any. thing.

Having valued only money we were very depressed from being utterly naïve. and now we won't have any. I simply slept during the day for if one goes out it's being from another culture—and there's no use being ours as it's naïve.

I haven't eaten anything as I can't go out in that walking on the street I feel very depressed. One takes refuge in the comic book as one has no confidence, So it's utterly empty, and really so. That's the same.

Wasting my time sleeping all afternoon having come here, only to sleep. Always pushing oneself to take in the sights and can't. Not read as that is naïve too. Though it isn't a matter of caring what they think that is itself naïve.

This'll be reading. The part with the soldiers: they can say that and in this it doesn't matter. It isn't real here. That being so (real) is what we say is personal.

though
that it isn't real is interior

So their outrage at this were that to be, is simply part of it. And so relieved.

The negative jewel from this vantage is totally naïve because he's from our culture.

Who embarrassed for one's inferiority, which one doesn't feel, were gracious—and didn't mean it. And then one finding that one does to them.

But that's backwards since this is really meant. She (someone) doesn't want to identify as that will not be transformative.²

² Belief in rationality

Regarding not identifying as transforming is our culture. The blues is not holding onto any thought, and not construct a narrative in it, when a narrative gets started.

And so the nature is sought by the fundamentalists.

It's an overlay rather than a tautology in which time is felt only by individuals. And the illuminated like tin dog with trailing purple entrails is ordinary, Identifying with it is transforming. They're not identifying with it.

Chapter 4

I lay having a sense of jeering and the man's held out to me who's died now having been thin gentle teaches me to bow had been in drag at some time is out on the field doing nothing. floating. they just do that.

Living for days on a bag of tangerines I bought when I skittered back. Don't even sit up in bed just reading not coming out. This is being a hermit. It isn't interior value.

The (other) is brought into her presence, who wants her to do a job and is controlling in a passive-aggressive manner by keeping her eyes down so that one would have to get on the floor lower to speak. She is cadaverous, doesn't speak. They are out at a party surrounded by people.

There isn't interior to it as it's filled with animosity sporadically or continually. the other is to protect it. People do come and sit beneath it speaking.

The (other) who has the job of protecting her responds with animosity as the outsider from not being liked. The cadaver would not give off a perfume, not speaking. One might as well lie in the gutter like the dog as one just lives.

Somehow the information about the job is communicated by someone who appears to be her husband, standing at her side. She may be deaf. Her nostrils quiver.

The cadaver makes a very hard-boiled remark about not having time to do this work.

The (other) feels giddy and happy as she just lives.

In the thin clear morning, a group is talking conviviality saying they'd just figured out that we'd end (they're in the middle) but it's not so bad until then.

They mean dying as ordinary and so it's atonal.

Out on the Boulevard Saint Sebastopol when the early morning is very thin and light past a newspaper stand. The water from the bridge is reflected by the slight rungs of clouds in the early sky. A dove flies by in the thin air.

The saint past the walking figure in a taxi not seeing. Her lips are pressed, seen sideways, the eyes now not lowered but very piercing. The taxi stops at the bank.

The cadaver emerging as if from the crypt of the bank into the light. Holds a valise in her thin hand. Some fundamentalists are beating the illuminated dog, to one side. Bending over it with whips, with the dog's side open and trailing the entrails.

Eyes lowered steps into the street, facing away from them. As if deaf, though the sound is ordinary of motorbike which meets her. She's lying kneeling. The fume of the motorbike in the air.

She's lying in the gutter without the valise floating.

The (other) had been running.

Was past it, which was kneeling. Groping. With space around it, and then cars moving swirl over it.

As from not being liked and so without there being anything runs. Hitting the tin tail of the motorbike. So that the yellow-toothed rider whips his neck glinting skids.

Yellow-toothed rider is right on her, the bike whirring to one side. His neck thrashing.

Then goes back to bike and starts it and rides off.

is kneeling in the street weeping and yet further on teeth had sunk into her (the other) from the rider. And then continued.

The former doesn't speak. or say the contents of the valise. its eyes closed. Would not give off a perfume in wasting. Which would show it very clearly though it would be itself.

being in supposed authority but really trumped as they're using some who are there as pliable. and can only gain one's ends by persuasion (permission) which there is inherently humiliating. in that certain other could express anger and by it even enhance their dignity, but oneself in doing so is seen as being without control and authority. Speaks while one is speaking. One must there accept personal humiliation in order to persuade. Certain other's reaction of anger would itself be authority. They do not see the process rather than the substance of their being the same.

They believe rather that the substance is radical difference, and so mimic the same motions. And so at the same time there is an aversion of mimicry in people.

They say one doesn't fulfill the process by being the same as that authority while having a difference of view.

Then not fulfill the process.

She's moving through traffic on foot one day. Sees in the mass of scooters and cars and trucks stopped on the sheet of tin. Held at the light. Glinting on the sheet. Ahead in it is the rider who'd taken the valise. She begins walking through the mass.

It is like walking on water.

Floats on foot toward him. Who on sheet of tin whirls his neck sees her when she's back over the stalled vast expanse. Goes on moving. The fume from the motorbikes and cars pervades the air. She walks on it. Yellow teeth in neck thrashing. The motorbike pulls away then ahead on boulevard of fume.

To name it will be merely caught again in their authority as they will recognize that as themselves and one will be in their trap again.

If there is no area between his dreams and waking life, there is no identifying with anyone.

Walk through stream of hot metal bumpers of cars that then move like plates shifting. Mass of plates and she's veering in it. On tin tail of motorbike of yellow teeth thrashing in neck. He's ahead then. On it again thrashing neck. The bike skidding and swaying in narrow channel amidst bumpers. It bucks forward. Neck bike veering and bucking out on the vast tin sheet. the sunlight is reflecting off. He wriggles free, lunging. The motorbike lunges forward. Crashes into car's side in the mass. Slippery blood on his head neck slashing. She's slashed hard slamming into car's side. Rider on foot then, veering and is way ahead then out on stalled mass.

Seeing him out on the vast reflected expanse.

She returns to the sumptuous apartment of eyes lowered, incense is burning. Eyes lowered is lying back; with jaw set she breaks into a guttural weeping that's like a cough. A remark uttered from the slumped frame about her not having time for this work.

The (other) is being paid for this. Has a memory of the set jaw, her material blowing on her in the wind as she leapt from the car entering the bank. Before.

The crowd facing forward at the end of the day on the boulevard.

Out of the chrysalis of being children and some people remaining as that. One has the sense of a hardening that occurs in trying to leave that in oneself.

There actually is no leaving that.

Taught graciousness by people who act like that but don't mean it.

Crowd in shallow like tray of water on shore the nude trunks and buttocks. the water up to their calves. Riding on a back.

Then moving through traffic on foot again. In fume that is the lower layer. Motorbikes coming through forward. Jutting on their back wheel right on her. amidst them, who're shooting in fume. A motorbike comes on back wheel hard on her. Then seeing the yellow teeth in the flailing neck, the motorbike heading into her in the thick movement of bikes. She sees him from then being pinned in the bikes. Motorbike stalled and put on stand kick started by a rider in the sheet. Rider who'd had the valise has a knife. Hard on her then lodged in bikes. Yellow teeth in thrashing neck is slashed in stall and movement of bikes. Blood appears on the rider's side. She gets to him, in bikes. His going over in them. Sides and backs of riders.

She's amidst them, and the roar of their motors. He has a knife wound and has died.

The hair on the arm of a rider with a mat of blood on it. A memory of that.

She's lying in bed sprawled on the front of the nude buttocks and back, having pushed the drapery down to the ankles. The sheets are around her ankles of motorbike meeting her in mass of them.

Walks out later at night on Piazza Della Rotonda and the people are strolling. Sideways smile of men together approaching the women. There's a fountain. It's a warm night. Snorting of smoke held in their lung cage of people around the fountain.

Snorts smoke holding in his lung cage, of man in loose suit jacket, and then releases the fume. No stars can be seen in the sky.

Walking in the morning, he says that barber is wiping his face with a towel. Heard rather than seeing an interior of room that is alongside. Then suddenly, continuing walking, facing directly into the lighted in sun room at the barber wiping his face, that is what had before been said.

She's out in one of the narrow streets alone tired walking by the hurling vehicles, in which there's no sound. One comes hurling around the corner. The rider is holding a knife, other riders moving alongside him. Cars converging in the square at the end of the street are a tin vast sheet with the riders reflected on it. She and they are reflected as are the clouds on the

sheet. The rider with the knife coming for her sprawled moving reflected on the hoods, as his bike has stalled and he lunges on the hood. Above are the blue sky and the clouds which are reflected on the stalled cars so that the torsos of the riders are seen. Turning and the man hurling on the sheet. Ham the leg out hurling. A rider's head is up having been grazed. They converge with other rider who's thrown. The one with the knife continuing as she's in the maze further on. and is too far away to be reached.

There is a dark din above as if that is above the grave and not in it. This didn't occur in the square, since that was bright.

He looks at the other man as if it is terrible that you have to be bothered by that piece of fluff. They're at a dinner and the other man has had to sit down next to her. The first man expresses sympathy at him implicitly, from him having to be bothered. They sit as a group in the fume of the dinner table and talk.

A surge of people out on the narrow streets and in the squares. They're out talking and admiring each other's clothes. There's a movement of flying up inside as if in one's chest there's constriction of joy. Not like those at the dinner table. Men leaning on their motorbikes or along buildings. A thin blue evening sky with rippled clouds at the ends of the intersecting streets. The walking crowd is almost roaring.

The man in the loose suit jacket holding the fume in his lung is leaning against a building. He releases the fume of the cigarette. His black hair slicked back. Sideways smile, slouched, throwing the cigarette down moving. The crowd in front of him as on a shallow tray surging to the ends of the intersecting streets where there are squares. He steps into it.

Moving then slouched sideways-smile to her.

The crowd moving up toward slightly rippled clouds at the end of the street.

The street had been blocked off. Yet one motorbike is riding on it amidst the crowd. The rider is hugging it low, which she sees looking back. Then a memory of that rider. As she had turned forward again, but then turning her face to him. The man in the loose suit jacket has moved to where the knife makes a lunge. Hitting the bike which skids into the crowd the rider running to the end of the street.

The man in the loose suit jacket has run after him. His doing so has occurred before. Outside of her. A man in shorts someone is hurled up. Thighs and buttocks flown shot. Hams buttocks. They converge in the blue air the muscles of the buttocks and leg rippling. A man stuck in the side is slashed.

Last night I dreamt we began to cross the parted Red Sea, B. driving unaware of the danger, T. in the back seat. The walls of the water began to come down on us. I could see them curling over us, the car surrounded and deluged. We tried the doors. We were going to drown.

Other dreams had occurred during the night. This occurs from waking life anyway. But that dream had occurred, so that's waking life.

The (other) goes to cadaver saint's apartment but on the way sees her. She's moving forward on a corner her material blowing on her. Her bags are piled behind her, She signals a cab.

Everything's waking life. Motorbikes are going by. One stalled, jump-started then its rider roaring it gunning. Others go by. The fume released from a bus which passes in front of her.

She (the other) has stepped into the street with the bus. The corner on which the woman stands is an island. The traffic hurls on either side. Might as well be the desert.

Rider comes by and sticks her. Then another as she's swept in her material, And another on the other side.

The (other) is veering amidst the motorbikes, that race on. The woman is slumped dead on the island.

The bags are gone, having been grasped by the riders. So whatever it was, the picking up of the valise was a pretense. Her being hired was to draw them away.

We're awake when we dream. Heads and bodies simply turned upside down hanging in it. The retina also.

She's sleeping and the hurling vehicles fume coming up. on it. as if on the city.

She has fumes in her rib cage. has to cough, the woman being knifed in the side so the blood spreads and then crumpled on the island.

There's a ring. She gets up stumbling opening the door. The man in the loose suit jacket in a gentle voice asking to come in. He sits breathing, a cigarette in his lip so that fume comes out of his lip.

He'd said there have been other murders and fights after, that are apparently over drugs. He lets out fume from his lips. His shirt is open showing his chest inside the loose jacket. The gentle voice emerging from it is not there when she wakes.

His voice is as if it were blown through the rib cage.

And the weakness there in her as the same with the people there.

Man in the loose suit jacket who'd let fume from his lips is emerging up street. Motorbikes hurling on him and ahead of him.

They're ahead of him and come back having wheeled. He has no weapons. She's asleep.

Comic Book 3

One walks; the passersby float back with the lighted weed in their hands.

They're out, motorbikes passing. They release the fume from their rib cage. Their arms float to the sides.

The sun is beating on rolls of hay under the bland sky, the fields surrounding the runway. The warp in the air is caused by something dark moving. The rest of the sky does not move. Then it is the propellers of a plane, whose body can't be seen coming in.

People running toward it so their bodies can't be seen in the light.

She's running in it. Shots coming off of the side. She shoots in it. Their bodies are just flickers.

A circular wind of a tunnel from the roaring blades. They're entering the ramp. Wing off the side, of a shot.

The man in the loose suit jacket is laughing, a low sound in his rib cage, which can't be heard. Standing in the lighted tunnel the material on him flailing.

Laughing is only grinding the teeth. As the bodies have ascended.

She remembers the death of eyes lowered, sticking in the side. I have no doubts. Everything is waking life.

It is not pretending to be only the market. Or being it. Which is in reverse. Before the market.

Being the same thing but it's already been and so it's only its characteristics after, meaninglessly.

The (other) had been asleep, apprehensive. There's fear in her residual body. The heavy sleep in which she's immersed down hanging in it with the swirl around her, her eyes open, is disturbed.

Chrysalis opens, aching. Leg extended on the bed. Prone on the naked back.

She brings the rib cage up so she's sitting on the bed's edge. She's running with the bar a small person it's raining. Bike swarming. Hits the bar off the spokes of one as it's sideswiped flown. One comes by she runs on it. The bar in the spokes thrown. Man in the loose suit jacket blown on him is in between the lines of bikes. She runs on tin tail of one. He was whirling as they'd come down on him carrying knives. Bar in the spokes blown. A slash

in him, running. Tin tail of one crashes swerving. They'd run. Whirling of lights on the cars.

I wonder if one could have those actions go on so there is then the thin barrier of that and oneself but not on the retina in front as everything is waking life.

I'm a hack finally, what I wanted.

They were insulting looking down on in conversation the town I'm from, and I thought it is a favorable birth. (To be from here)—to be born in a human form, seeing the others souls flitting on the periphery. In purgatory, the invention of the idea (there) of the individual illumination. It's relative.

Later on, it is. Here where mimicry doesn't mean anything.

The Illuminated Heart

All the people seen ahead were old. White-haired very old moving slowly on the surface so they're the only ones, I thought walking.

slowly only the old there. the sun beating.

the muscles moving up a hill, carrying it. The air was bleached. The old are moving slowly on the surface in it.

Seeing a thing only once.

If someone doesn't look at the details of the phenomena of what's occurring, then what's seen isn't of value. That is simply retaining only the original process of seeing those.

invalidating the process yet

knowing no other and so that's mimicry

Walking in the empty bleached surface as mimicry. And then doing so, and there not being mimicry.

A man says everything is in social set; and so the comic book is before this and has to be read from beginning to end. not a few pages. not here and there.

I came up behind two extremely old quaking fragile stick people as they're moving slowly in the bleached street. One starting as I walk up. As if that is pushed out, is only there.

A bicyclist pumped by—moving as being when it's only out in the muscles. As are they. And so they're inside out, in the bleached air.

The bicyclist going up the hill on the long slope.

That is where it is not the same as what is being described, whereas at an earlier time it was the same.

Why was the pattern the same at an earlier time, and not repeated now? The separation is much easier. I can go on easily.

Their very conformity becomes thin and is what they are.

I dreamed a man was saying to return (home) and I resisted frightened. Yet I knew it was crucial, in it. But I'm not necessarily going to do it.

and it is not that, wanting only continual change. It is the black wings above invisible on the blue sheet of sea.

The tottering extremely old stick white in the bleached air ahead. Muscular legs of bicyclists going by and ahead of them up the hill here in it. That's not the same. The hill's in the bleached air.

I saw the fans on stocks from the air, when flying. Flattened on a desert bare terrain of knolls with the fans in waves on them. The fans in waves of rows were turning, but they are flattened as they are down below. Of what had been car blown through wave after wave of the fans on stocks turning, with no one around.

Helicopter sagging wallowing heavily in the heavy desert air, it's hanging over a string of camels that are walking. In a war that's being fomented.

But there is no such conception. It's occurring by 'chance.' So it is waking life.

Runs as not having been liked and not being so. into light in which the bodies are just flickers. Man in the loose suit jacket the material flailing on him is running. They're in front of the propellers that are blown forward in front of them. A man hurling forward who whirling is floating in the air and shoots in it. But so that it is blown towards them. Shot by loose suit jacket as his material is flailing in the wind. The man crumples. Not having been liked running is on body who is flickering in light off of the plane. Whirls around writhing hurling with its back. Man of loose suit jacket floats out on light and is on back of one. They converge running material blowing to the plane. Are in front of it, which is taxiing. He's standing beside her watching in front of it.

Who's rib cage as a cicada is drowned by the propellers. The material blowing off of the rib cage. He grins.

A few bodies no longer flickering—as the plane has taken off, are lying on the asphalt.

She feels like weeping but that doesn't make sense as they're converging to the entry of the building. Her rib cage carries her forward.

The cars come out, darting in. And emerging from them, they begin lifting the prone bodies lying on the back from the asphalt. The bodies rise, carried.

They're riding in the cop car and sideways smile which is still grinding his teeth as in the wreck from which they'd just emerged is seated in the sun-lit glare of the back seat. He grins, yet the rib cage trembling beneath that. When he'd been out there. Rib cage flickering in light as the body of the plane can't be seen.

It's just out there past him even muscular movement.

She goes to a man who seems embittered. Enjoying talking to him, yet seems vicious and old when he was young.

She sees him. She's coming toward him on the street. Catching ahold of an arm. Had been running. He begins chittering, which is unusual. He knows an array of people. He isn't speaking, in there isn't moving. Holding onto his arm, Car comes around the corner and they're sent forward their rib cages flown out. The man is standing on the street with the car gone. He says something, then recedes. Having done so, his residual body is out in front and is empty at the recesses. Says she's nothing; he has a social register imprinted on his inner psyche as had the wife. He's a junkie; is completely separate from his frame, He has many friends. There are wet dreams but those are the same as being awake.

Another man goes to dinner with his love as they are going to move in together. They fight and end spitting at each other on the sidewalk. He does not call her again. We're not right for each other. he says who has a sensitive mind, regarding her to me.

They're walking into outer rim of the city where there are circles of bike tracks. Maybe he's had a reefer. It's like the desert with the helicopter hanging over it trash refuse. Bike coming in the rut which are circles they're in one of the rings, so he'd appear to them to have informed to her. He doesn't say anything. Another one hurls onto the tracks. Pour onto it toward them many that are circling them. She's empty-handed runs on the tin tail of bike. Bike bucking. They converge on him a slash and continue out of the lot.

He'd been filled with something; he didn't know what to do with it. I don't understand and why coughing up something meaninglessly that is completely separate.

People not caring about that and that is not going to be completely separate anyway. Be flat and running separate.

There's the other man lying on garbage with his head resting in it. There is a barely congealed drop of blood on his lips. She comes up to him when she's running. Meeting that in its reclining state so that the face is seen. Mat so that it's lying on the back and then seated on the edge of the garbage. The face that had been drained of color has the bruises gently swiveled which is on trunk that is seated. There's no fear. Taking swiveled face and pressing it. Who's still, as in waking. On pecker and so comes. Getting up looks at him again who's still and is then gently seated. Having withdrawn from it but where it had come and getting up looking again.

inside at the residual. as if he had gotten off. He had. He remains seated swiveled.

Running in the outer rim of the city and then the halves from in that squat. The halves urinate.

The two halves, which squat.

The empty land, as in the Southwest desert mesas bluffs valleys where the floor meets the moving clouds interjected with lightning. Or the floor is the cloudless sky. Walking on red mesa. That it has mind which can only be understood as that form of it. Or it could be understood elsewhere, in a setting where it would not be found.

Having to be in that setting to see that. Taken into different settings none of which reflect that reality, it has no context.

People out in the street are so lonely they'll talk to others but the line between talking to themselves is not clear. So people draw away and are nervous. I talk to myself and they're talking to themselves on either side so it's not on it.

People standing at a bus stop and a man talking which may be to himself saying I felt terrified to them, they want to respond but can't. I felt terrified, he just says either to himself or them. But he goes over and lies down and goes to sleep with the pack on his back.

man moves his thick stocks slightly the whole trunk moving or the hips and mouth. the lips moving when he's not saying anything. says Don't ease me on in. A little grease'll help. (the line of whether it's to himself.) fully integrated, so it's not on it.

The line of whether it's to myself, or out in front outside, not on it.

Chapter 6

At dinner a man is implicitly in conversation belying my interpretation which is anyway merely stating what had been someone else's description. He is not jeering at theirs (this other's) as a fellow authority, but mine. Had previously been implicitly refusing to speak to me while sitting there. When he begins jeering, another man who'd before not said anything seated on my right begins speaking to him. Has him get up to do a favor for him, getting him to fawn on him in such a way that the latter's keeping his face away is having the man who's reciprocating fellow authority come up with his face close to mine in order to speak to him.

I can't see things while they're occurring yet am seeing them—that is not the same as no context it is simply not knowing it and is separate. I

didn't see this event as it was occurring but the other man did, as if seeing it before it.

Perception occurs before the context—it is not in a setting.

Without seeing it as it was going on while seeing it, really. The man in being authority is the process of down fawning on the feet of the other man while this is merely an image a negative that is imposed on it. Like an angel.

Anyone is disgusted in hearing this from its being said not from its occurring.

Is it that seeing into the future as what's going to happen to people it then just is that. It occurs. Isn't deflected. That isn't continual change which is aware as we are in it.

We can see it in ourselves. that's why it's aware.

People see that later, Not when they're young. it's separate from what's actually there which is to be seen directly. has to be.

There is no 'inner reality' to the destruction that this person is creating for themselves from within, which is seen from the outside by others.

So suffering is in oneself, and has no 'inner reality.'

A woman is destroying the people around her (who are hers) in a way that one can see her teaching her children to do that to her sometime.

This is very frightening. I was walking out, on some other street. And sees man lying on garbage there, the face up resting on it.

The man is seated on garbage mound, still.

Come up to him who's swiveled seated still.

Come on his part and getting up looking at him who is very quiet. He's there sideways swiveled.

She's running in the wet alley. Coming out into a street motorbike in the dark many of them around her. On her no face blur for a slash and one on the side coming by for a slash. She's whirling running on them. One comes in by her for a slash. Like an angel running on them. Empty-handed running one of them is on her. Another on the other side. There's the slippery blood which she touches with her hand. Then the other from the other side. There's blurring. She slips.

Forward mounted ahead on soft field.

It's better to rest, because there's nothing to do. When one has waited a while, it's changed. One's slippery blood on the side so it's outside that. Looking at anything.

She's looking at nothing in particular her eyes already open. Watching but so that it is not the retina which is seeing.

But things are moving around ahead of it, wherever it rests. As she lies on her back, having wakened.

Whatever's there is not appearing whole. She feels curious, as restlessness having spent too long lying down. That's the feeling which seems to be within her.

She's out there separate and attached to the negative jewel.

Being happy or more than that which is really out there has no 'inner reality'. So we just do that. One comes in for slash on one side. She's skidding on it. They're bucking. Two of them and circle around.

Walking on mesas that are then not in some other setting and that of mind of those is.

On very fragile ground so that it disappears eventually.

The man seated perfectly quiet on the garbage mound. She's standing looking down on him like an angel running. He's swiveled. His face appears to look down still. She's running into him.

If we're seeing later, there can be change. Even if it had already happened, so it does not have 'inner reality.'

There were perhaps a half million people chopped and whitewash put in their eyes so they couldn't take the picture of their murderers into death. The person in this was supported by our government and having been in this is still ruling. Where there isn't their 'inner reality' either.

Reading here and there, rather than from beginning to end as was transcribed. This transcription had been necessitated by regarding reality as being only socially prescribed; and so having changed that by reading from beginning to end. And yet now reading here and there enables one to be out in front.

The illuminated like tin dog is lying with the intestines visible which are in a white semi-transparent coat of fat. It gets up, its side open. Inside it, which is running with the wieners trailing.

Trying to breathe air into its lungs even though the dog itself is inhaling and exhaling.

down holding its side. It's rearing and runs.

I think the embittered man was Iago in the sense that thinking he's a friend and he is and is vicious when he gets the chance. One doesn't know that's there and is dazed. It's the heart such as the illuminated like tin dog's.

He had very vicious words.

that in one that is dazed.

He wasn't a guide. A friend in the intimacy of comrades junkie squealer who has a social register imprinted on his psyche though they would say it doesn't matter that this is let alone saying it.

She runs on tin tail and one comes in by his side and slashes him. He'd fallen murdered by them in the vacant lot and so she just begins running in fear. Their as being in thin area.

Fear was only then when one could be dazed. One does not fear.

It doesn't matter what they think. Or oneself for that matter. Because it doesn't affect anything. Though it's its meaning. This is outside of such.

They'll as being say I'm on this ground. Of people, which doesn't matter. It doesn't because they aren't that. I went to a field. There wasn't anyone who looked like me there. Aren't affecting anything from that, which is accurate.

that that's meaningless.

We just want to see whether you are one of us. But they knew I wasn't one of them. They could see, before. so it's not on it. The man who hadn't said any- thing lying in death out in the vacant lot when dying isn't anything when it's occurred. That is separate in here.

Henna

Iago had said *something* to her in passing, almost as if saying let's lie down together for a while.

And I don't remember what it was. As if it's right there close to the surface but I can't remember. Which is not carelessness. I was talking to someone who said he'd lived in Central Park doing, crack maybe, and he'd left there without telling anyone.

He was hitchhiking here for eighteen days. In rain and he had nothing but what he was wearing in saying this. No one would pick him up. Pentecostals gave him rides. A man picked him up taking him fifty miles and left him in the sheets of rain under an overpass returning with his wife. They bought him a tarp and left him returning bringing him to their home.

He'd say to people when they stopped along the road Thank God and they would answer Praise the Lord.

A man picked him up and took him to Memphis miles out of his way when he was sleeping.

He couldn't carry his things any more. When he was outside of somewhere, I don't remember, he buried his poems there. He lives outside. This just happened but I can only remember some things from it.

Iago is not like him. This comparison is meaningless and that is what I want.

Being in the air between them. And can't remember something. which is between. I'm not attached to anything. She is attached to the negative jewel, which is inside now. There is a separation, so this is behind this time.

I was standing in the pouring rain on the highway. No one would stop. I'd been four days outside of this one town. A man stopped and took me fifty miles, leaving me under an overpass. They came back, he and his wife. They bought me a tarp, left me off. They came back and got me again, taking me to their home. I fell asleep downstairs, and was carried upstairs by her.

I have the memory of having done so in the day. But I don't mean that this is in sleep. It is not. The halves of the crouched being running, empathy not producing.

This other man who died recently didn't create fear of death in me as he didn't seem to be being destroyed. He came down in his bathrobe one time.

He was thin tall anyway. They were talking about parents. P. says tell her about the time you were arrested in Chicago.

He'd been driving on the turnpike, years ago, by the Lake doped high and a burly Chicago cop says to walk a line.

Which he can't do he's in full drag with high heels dress and a wig and can't talk he's so high and the cop says Look at you you can't even talk. He answers I have a speech impediment. That will be waking life. Where there is no paradise except being alive. He was very gentle. Had said to me Learn how to bow. You should bow.

There's a tube plugged into my ventricle or chamber in the lung. Others having a cavity enabling it to drain but mine is separate chambers so they stick the tubes in each, It is excruciatingly painful. The ooze which is sludge is drained out of the chambers into vials.

One comes by one side for a slash and there's a wound in the chamber of her lung. She puts her hand to the slippery blood as the halves are running.

Then she's down the halves lying. A hole in a chamber on the other side.

The (other) is sleeping in the vacant lot. It's in the outer rim of the city further out than the ring in which the junkie had died.

She's simply resting kneeling. That is separate from her frame, which has the wounds in it.

They'd come back surrounding her. When she was running.

I was looking out the window hearing music and seeing policemen on motorcycles sideways riding up the ramp to the highway. They were a few at a time, their thin shirts blowing on them in the breeze. Helmeted with a blue patch on the helmet booted sitting straight on the cycles as they go up the ramp. Then another set of them would go up the ramp to the highway. There were enough for an army. They go off up there.

Reading when there was a deep red sunset in the sky. The city was burning.

The man in the loose suit jacket finds her. He'd been looking for her. He holds her, carrying her in his arms. Emerging into the city.

Cradling her who has the wounds in the lung chambers.

The obscenity trial of the museum curator is in the newspaper. The exhibit had shown photographs such as one of someone pissing into a man's mouth. The members of the jury are to know nothing about art or to have been to a museum. They are questioned to find if they are completely ignorant.

This is walking up stream. The man in the loose suit jacket the swirl of blood coming out.

They are watching these films across the river that are porno, that aren't closed down at the same time. Which is separate in that they're interested in the mind. If the mind is occurring in something, they're frightened. This is difficult to imagine. That is why we don't remember.

It is actually in children—when we're not that.

Some other time the man in the loose suit jacket is leaning over her. He puts his member into her.

He is outside of that muscular movement. Which is when it's that. She comes from that. She's on the naked back. He's grinding on the sheet on her.

Sideways smile, coming to her in the crowd.

This has nothing to do with them. It is not in a state when one is not remembering.

The Pursuit of Joy

A man is encountered out of the blue in the present who'd been hitchhiking whom I'd first met in another city with his friend. He mentions his friend.

He says his friend now only writes in Thai and won't have that translated. The next day I received forms from an international who's who, junk, with the friend's name written as having recommended me. I thought nothing. Later realized that a couple of years before I'd recommended him for it.

Walking when it was night. Everything was quiet. Walk in the street. The moon was half visible.

If we encounter it at the same time rather than at a different time, there will be a change from that. We should go to it together.

This isn't going to be anything and that's its being. That's why the fundamentalists are fighting.

Lines of backs on rope ladders on vast dirt bank. The backs of the men are hanging in rows photoed scaling the lines of ladders. They're manual workers in a huge pit, which is a gold mine. The lines of backs on the rungs of ladders of the side of the pit carry sacks. The vast excavated pit is swarming with the manual workers who're in loin clothes. A young manual worker in loin cloth leans against a post on a knoll of the pit. He gazes downwards resting as the swarm of backs and sides goes on around him. They're walking down the knoll.

The work is done as manual, and so seeing it. It isn't otherwise. The mud dirt pit is scaled by ladders; and it is in them.

That's why the fundamentalists are fighting, in the present. For everything's real, manual.

Manual workers on the road are out in the hot countryside—the car going by them fast has a motor. Only women work to grind the asphalt on the road manually and spread it by the green hot fields. It is separate. It isn't otherwise.

Being in the car. Remembering it as having been waking life. Only that is,

He's entangled in the intestinal wieners of the dog as he's grabbing at its side and it's lunging.

Kneeling grabbing. The wife is weeping beside him.

Even though she is carried by the drug dealers because her feet are bound, this is irrelevant. Anger is ridiculous and it is also manual.

He jeers who like an angel is kneeling grabbing. (angels are manual—Iago had been walking along the street in front of himself.)

We mustn't mind and so then we don't. Not see, and be moving submerged in front. The form of which is emotionally satisfying on some other level than the working out of emotions—sure—and stated is on the surface.

She's at a gathering and sees that he's seeking favor with people. He is one who loves celebrities.

Hanging off of the post on the knoll and he sticks a spear up into the side. A wound in the side. It hanging. A stick is held up with a sponge on it from someone else.

They're walking on and down the knoll, a swarm of the people.

She urinates into a pail that's kept in her room.

Then the bars open, and she goes out. Flat squat houses with palm trees from the air. A car tottering from far away.

Then when she's ready she goes to the party. He who is important won't speak is fawning on people who nod speaking to her.

A brown line in the sky that's a rim. That's at the end of a vast bed of blue with clouds. If one is in the city, the brown rim flattens it.

The sky was a deep red. The city was aflame in what had been a brown roof. I was reading. I didn't like Aeneas.

Afterwards putting up the street in the car. Toward the red sky.

Hanging, the spear jabbed into the side from down below. He'd extend it to pierce the side. The swarm of people are standing on the knoll. And are here and there. They're walking on the knoll.

The spine attached at its end to its mound. Warm feeling comes from its mound. Lying on the naked front, and the rear has feeling. As if the spine is just floating out there. on the end of its rear. The desert where there's pale green brush and the empty sky. What is past the feeling of the floating spine, which is in its rear? With the sky seen out there. Can't carry the frame with the top of the spine.

the spine having no feeling. Sleep isn't necessary.

Man who's powerful carried with his bound feet. That's irrelevant as what's out in front.

She's lying and the spine is flipped like a fish waking. The member placed in the end.

And it thrashes.

Don't try and remember. or perceiving.

People were worshipping. They knelt praying. Modestly praying. Where there isn't anything except not dead. flipping around bowing. That as doing so.

Fields the dust choked and hitchhiking on the road as bowing.

Out there hitchhiking openly as bowing

The whole country brown under one with lines on it. Out on it.

There's no feeling in the entire frame as happy and bowing

The birds are sailing coming around skimming back, for seed.

Come to taxi cab driver who's bent over in his seat writing. Starts off floating through traffic he'd been in a musical group as a child and the last two living members are doing a book with a ghost writer. Still performs. Reads bending over at the light We passed from being stars to shooting up in an empty gutted heroin shooting gallery ripped off by their manager. Speaks quietly. If you don't have your childhood you have it later. I'm fifty and just came out of being a child several years ago.

Then going into talking about the Lord, Am I talking too much quietly, which entered into that devastation.

The other day took child star in the taxi with his bodyguard and manager who knew me when the adults get into conversation.

As being what comes at the moment, which they see as well.

Seen from the train car, there are chairs without legs out amidst the grass stocks.

Grass grains on the top of the stocks that are like spears. They wave.

Men are strewn out standing who work on the trains. They're looking standing. No feeling in their frame—from this one.

The vegetation becomes the color of henna. With inlets running through it and swans.

The swans are on a dazzling plateau of blue. Some are in the inlets in the thick red grass.

There are flaming trees surrounding the maze of inlets on which these swans float. A streak is in the sky.

Thick forests of the red trees begin. Above which the sky appears cloud-patched.

Swans are on grey water and air.

She's looking for a choir boy with pale white skin and hennaed hair choir boy because of Iago's tongue. He isn't really.

Dimly had seen the stiff orange brush lacquered standing up on the white frame riding on the sheet. When there'd been a slash in the side the orange halo rising above and film of white skin on the bikes in the fume. It rides away flickering in the fume. The back of his head gradually flickering.

She sees him for the first time as a memory later, in reverse to him having flickered.

bowing to that.

The bike riding in heavy grass. The roar of it riding in the heavy hemp. Bike up dirt slope entirely separate from it. In air whirring. She is not there or seeing it.

He's making a delivery. Puts out some white powder on the table.

As if his teeth are hollow or he's translucent. So that feeling animates him rather than him being able.

The soft brush of red grass is around the inlet. Being able isn't there.

It's from the inside. And then with a switchblade he makes a cut in the man at the table. That's flat then.

Swan flapping flying above hennaed field does not appear to move after passing it (the swan). Its joy, which is from this seeing it, would have been from itself—from this. It can see itself there.

I guess nothing's still but we get old.

Loving something that is already fashionable—is separate from having bound feet and being carried.

There is no use in doing so. either. And so this isn't the market.

When it's occurring it isn't.

The halves are lying so that he comes up to it, and puts his member between them into it.

Turning it in the halves. And pulls it out. And leaning over sticking the member again in between them.

Up in them when the halves are released like gel.

Pulling out. Then putting the member in again.

Smiling he's singing a spiritual of Ezekiel's wheel in bed in the dark which it wouldn't seem he'd know. Which she couldn't either. She's lying there wrapped in his arms laughing at the low melodious song. It's the inside of him.

Hennaed man is turned around and does not appear to be joyful. She sees him in a crowd as he's flowing to her. His eyelids are open but as if he's sleep-walking.

Boys who'd been on the desert starving surround him. They're his retinue around him.

He's turned around not able and he makes a cut in her as he's passing. The boys fan out looking for food.

There's a slash but only tearing her coat. She's pushed a feeling out into him. The boys are fanning as if in the surrounding brush. They're ahead of her and around. One carries a stick. The orange head flickering in the light, that had been surrounded by the thin boys with rib cages. They've fanned out in front with a dog now.

Picking the entire area. Her coat's torn, and she begins running meeting the orange head as he comes up behind her. He stumbles and falls. The boys come up and pour over him. Who's motionless. Receiving no reciprocal movement, they began dragging him. They carried him as if they're themselves a litter. Their swaying cluster in which his face falls back drained. They take him. She stands. There had been a car passing.

The boys had left their families, rather than starve—the swans on glittering red field that's completely dry. The inlets cracked. The sky is hot and thin as if there's nothing there.

The cocoon (of hennaed man) as if wrapped in a hammock or sack is carried in that.

Dry plateaus begin, on which billows of smoke in plumes arise making a red ochre stain in the sky. The desert brush is burning. The cocoon of hammock or sack which is the hennaed man is carried by the boys. They're carrying the wrapped cocoon on poles. The earth before them is cracked.

From above it it is lined covered by the heavy sky. They trot on it sticks.

It isn't being dead. The only paradise as not being dead. The hennaed man is, but the boys aren't.

From above the lines and ridges of the brown desert, when one is flying, only when one is flying.

It is a waste area, and in one's heart as which an organ pumping blood it is illuminated.

A barren desert with tracks on it, a track leading to a vast lake which is a pale blue from above.

If this occurs, it goes into this. At the moment it is seen. I saw it when flying.

There's a haze of billows of smoke and ridges.

Man who'd risen by sycophancy is remembered for no reason. As defenses.

Yet one is continuing, and seeing whatever occurs still.

Cocoon sack in which the hennaed man is swathed and carried by the boys is occurring. Their walking sticks on the cracks is manual.

On a hot day, rode in the cab across the city and the cab driver played hymns on the radio while singing a different hymn at the same time in a cracked voice. If he wasn't singing counter to a hymn, he'd murmur about how we have to believe, to it.

I had the thought he can't be without this in the city driving because it's occurring.

Occurring is in silence. This hasn't happened before.

The grasshopper is invisible, and the man puts his member into it.
The halves—that aren't seen, in the dark.

These men who are cousins are construction workers who're nomads for the joy of it. To have a job so as to leave. It comes from this. This is a way of life in which there are no marriages or connections though there are children.

catching up to the hennaed man, whose head is hanging out of the sack. Flickering head ahead on the desert. It's hanging from the cocoon swaying on poles on which the stick starving boys are struggling. There is no minute movement. Laying them out on a mat, dabbed to clean them. Though the hennaed man is the one dead, who'd been alive for only an instant and

they've (who aren't) wrapped him and are moving with him towards the billows of fire on the plain. That are spirals. They are not moving to one of these.

The swans flap up honking or whooping as they're coming shimmering in a V on itself so they're simply the thin topaz air.

The desert is crisscrossed with a few roads from above. The man loving celebrities and the wife are in a car that has broken down on one. Out there. They get out and are standing beside it—which is pushed out and is burning in front of them and there's nothing inside them.

The muscular movement is coming from some black robes blowing with no eye-holes. That are outside them. The man and the wife who's weeping, with the burning car outside them. He's quiet, isn't jeering, from inside movement that's in him, standing.

The desert is outside them and the moon is. It's out in front of them so that it's in it. bright moon is in front of them.

In the desert that's on fire, the black robes are blowing out on it not in the line of the spirals. They're going at a trajectory with no movement in them. I want so much to be where I was before I was me.

Trying to be in the night as day. Pushed out and so is in the day when it is night. The moon is in front. It is on the plain.

The moon is in front of me so that there is nothing in me—yet on the rim the girl spits on me. for a flicker.

The girl spitting on me. Her being so immature that the friends stare at me creating a conformity to which if I object I'm merely self-serving. It is invalidated by having occurred, in me.

to be what I am before I am me. it is pushed out in the moon in front, which is before. rather than me.

Looking at the dog lying in the gutter whose thin layer of sheaf of fat is seen on the rib cage which is open. The friends create this conformity which is limpid, occurring before. They don't have faces staring. Why did one see them before. They'd say it is self-serving to see this. And so anticipating.

Breathing in and out. The breath is in the moon that is outside in front. Birds go by.

So it doesn't matter if one is walking it is in the trees that are in the blue sky, Birds go by.

So the day is in the night at once. I felt joyful. These events happen slowly before me.

He's holding the tips of the rib cage like fins and the member put in the end. Comes.

Had been on it. it occurs in the present but before me.

Seeing on the street the blue burnished face banged-up walking. I followed him, who'd been on the garbage.

He continues walking ahead.

Being outside is simple. It's pushed out there.

The tool is completely distorting, and having a feeling highlights that putting a lining under it.

Walking and is in it. This lovely moon that was out there, in the day, orb in front of me.

The hennaed man alive for only an instant, had never been alive—and so the breath is outside. Without the moon. This stick starving boys trotting on the desert carrying the cocoon, as seen in reverse.

I couldn't sleep and yet couldn't sit up either. I have to see the night but with my eyes closed, from being tired. and therefore immature. communal is completely simple being outside. only with the moon in front of me.

Walking with no one there.

is not doing anything.

What One Sees Inside:

It is moving backwards or turned around. The hennaed man alive for only an instant, who's never been alive is it. and not being myself riding up the street a while ago, people coming out or standing. Crossing, and they're alive for an instant the same as the hennaed man. (as which is in this.) and so it's in them. who may see each other. There isn't minute movement.

Not breathing and then the bursting straight trees with their leaves. It is eliminated from this.

The grasshopper is invisible, and the man puts his member into it. Turning it around, in the dark that's in the part of the day that's light.

Seeing the man with the burnished face which is not anguished and which is from the shiners who'd been lying on garbage is not while sleeping. He's a mature being.

One can see during the day. The grasshopper is invisible in the day, and he puts his member into it. It comes in the relaxed gel. There isn't that day.

So long, Iago

Iago had opened up a deep chasm when he was still alive. Like right through the middle of the dog lying floating people going by it. has nothing to do.

Streak in the middle of the day.

Autumn and very warm so that the flowers and trees are blooming inside but outside. As if it were really. And this sweet halcyon warm day in which there's joy in it itself. Like inside.

He comes to the woman's window. He's not courting her (someone). As if he's pretending to court her, and there's really malice. For some reason. Though she does not know him. She's in love with someone and comes to the window. He's looking up in the day.

When one is awake, there is no rest for one—rest is looking up in the birds flying between the trees walking. Everyone talks constantly when they're awake and yet in the day.

I'm tensely holding on when rest is looking walking the birds flying.

No racket of the men hanging on wire on the desert of network of barriers and undergrounds as can't be cleaned out with bombing but will have to have some teenagers go in there. fodder to dig them out.

in the warm day walking with the birds flying. We don't have anything to do but that. Being there's rest in the day. For a minute giving up anything inside.

So there's nothing between one.

The burnished face of the shiners of the man who's walking is meeting him coming toward her looking into the light so his face can't be seen. Of that had held the fins of the rib cage and put it in. Being in his place, so there is nothing else there.

We have to do this as there's nothing else.

The car on the desert burning so that there's a spiral from it, the sole car with other spirals here and there billowing is fodder—that had a motor.

There is no reason to say this. the stick boys dabbed clean, laid out on mats in the desert. Having starved. The desert has cracked red with the swans on it The man by the car is jeering, so there is nothing else.

not inside which is in the blossoming bush.

The phrase comes to mind Oxidize, having oxidized it. And she blows him walking out facing into the light.

It is in very thin light so that being in that in reverse, it is visible from the front side. makes him come as that is in reverse. Seen from the reverse, one is looking back through it. But they are seen from the front side.

Orpheus was torn apart by animals. Iago wouldn't miss her, but he went first.

The cousins who are construction workers who leave their jobs as soon as they have funds to be nomads leaving children as living have destroyed the husk.

Seeing does not have in it struggling, which is going on in one.

Woman who's directing traffic is 'crazy' flinging her arms and legs slowly in the center of an intersection. Rush hour. The cars go by her carefully.

She spits and is 'not' crazy.

They don't 'care' about her behavior edging around her. They don't want to hit her.

who're not inside floating—eye in the mat. outside they can't be seen in the light that's the same as the field.

What we imagine as power as utterly blank but driven inwards communally oppressive is 'fascism'. sycophants are the origination of them. or are themselves.

The stick boys dabbed clean, lying on mats having starved on the red cracked desert of swans—are not emanations of that, are not moving in it. it is such a relief it is not in it

I was worn out after talking to the fascists. There was coming right up to it. a struggle. inside.

The inside goes quiet and there's nothing there. seeing that who's oneself. the fascists jeering imagining what they have. there isn't any place. they think that is the market. Those who are sycophants simply fawn on each other and so there is no observation.

The only existence is in this utter blankness.

There is only death before they've lived—and so we're really in this moment. (without them)

That which they've created which is in the news media is going on and doesn't come from this—there is not existing in it. Yet we're walking around in it.

but he rejected it when a child
and so not before he was himself

so he was in it, which he is.

The women grinding the hot asphalt stooping on the road in the heat as manual are not mirrored in them. A dog with a broken back dragging itself to the side.

The sects are comparing the burgeoning war that's being created to the events detailed in the good book describing a war which brings the Armageddon. It's the same. they say. So they're happy.

I have so many knots on the rod back, knots that are on the arms, that it isn't inside. Muscular knot moving that's the rod in one—so that's atonal. is not a tone in me.

I woke up this morning and combing my wet hair with a beam of sun streaking through, my eyes were closed, and the beam was shining the face as if it were coming through from the reverse side of the hair.

This is not on the base line, and sitting. I am in the middle, as neither of these.

Was sitting and image of weeping mother the frame sobbing comes up and G. shouts You were raised in sitting. So it isn't in it.

The red desert has cracks in it. Swans are in the cracks not moving. There isn't minute movement. She's walking in the midst of this where there are spirals ochre in color in the sky. Billowing with here and there the starved stick boys lying. Billows from the firing of the car, since this is after an air strike, of the man driving with his wife disperse, the remnants meeting in the faint sky. The man and whimpering wife are walking ahead on the rutted road. A deer confused by the fires is coming toward the (other). She understands it is the man who'd held her by the rib cage putting it in and she moves forward to it to meet it. It is bolting as the billows are on all sides. She's stood in its way so that it grazes her running past.

A woman refusing to get in the car as she has to be waited on is near-by. Gets on knees angry. Group of men who are fawning on each other are in clamor. A man face distorted pouting holds himself back from them. They don't notice. She understands the deer is the man lying on the garbage. It's coming toward her on the rutted road so that she moves to hold it struck by its heavy side. The sky with the dark jets of ochre in it is faint and transparent.

It has no resemblance to war. Is meaningless in that sense.

Being in this moment only which is isolated is what occurs—yet she has the memory of Iago like a wolf moving to cut apart his small child years ago. So that two adults stood between him and his child.

not rejecting it before I was me for
there was no need

There's no other.

It is the isolation in the moment walking in the desert, which is burning.
that which was in the person is shot. One feels that and then sleeps.
Fields were white in the light so that the dark sky seemed to be creating
their incandescence.

In the morning the sky was incandescent faint, also. As if emerging
differently from it.

The Newspaper

The newspaper says a man who is a sailor on a freighter fell in the ocean at night because he was drunk. he says. It washes on chugging. With him in the open black crest. A tortoise swimming up to him out there, allowed him to hang on to it. on the open swell through the night. He knew that it was conscious of aiding him, and when a freighter went by in the day seeing it the tortoise left rolling under the wave and gliding away from him.

This is the difference between events and the newspaper.

Comic Book 4

I hear the man making a hoofing sound as if he were a dog. We know the incandescence of the dog before, standing illuminated in the gutter with its entrails.

She has been in war prison treated as well as they can do since they have no food. She becomes very thin. They sew their clothes very carefully having nothing else, who're her guards. They ask her what she would like as a special meal and when she says something that is too exaggerated they're discouraged; so later she requests something more possible, which they try to find. She escapes and is going through the countryside, hiding by moving only in the ditches of manure. Bedded in it hiding. Wriggling through it during the day. They find her pulling her out. She's returned to her prison, weak and thin and shamed.

They treat her as well as they can.

Earlier somewhere she had been taken by the hand to market. The girl taking her and the others had learned their language from the soldiers. The girl's soldier was to come to lunch at their home, where the girl worked but he didn't come. The (other) watched her weeping her body shaking since she had been humiliated, in the arms of the (other)'s grandmother comforting her. The girl took the children in the taxi one time with the soldier. She said this one is my favorite—of the one who was the (other)—as she is one of us. She is like us, to the soldier who was ours, not of them who were occupied, poor

who had brutalized in the war

As a child, the (other) lived in her own country with a man who was a kamikaze pilot when he was fifteen, before her so there was the thought of that. Being ready to die, he wept in grief at the ending of the war and their being defeated. Poor, occupied, yet he left there and does not return. The black wings going down are invisible on the vast sheet. A ship's lying on that. The spiraling sides plummeting toward it have black clouds pouring off of it. Turning in the black wings, but as if it's still as it drops then its double is visible on the huge blue sheet.

Struck by the deer's side, wanting to hold it. I was walking in the burning field.

We must all work and help as we are poor, occupied.

People who are just flitting in the day in shops and talking constantly to each other when they're awake is our life. They're wealthy. They talk to each other and that is our life.

We must learn that. There is no other. It is the same.

She's really perfectly happy as that is the same also.

Iago is incandescent also. This is for children. He'd almost eviscerated his small child but had moved back without thinking, when the adults stood between them. He was vicious, I don't know why. I enjoyed talking to him.

Stabbed by bikes going by at night who go by her then also.

we love children. Even when we don't have any.

as spring

I was on a ferry, bedded down in a crowd of people on the iron floor of the ferry crossing in the Baja sea at night. We were sleeping packed. In the dark, a creature climbed on my back. Waking, I realized it was a small child ascending my back for a soft bed. I tried to roll her off gently, but heavy as

lead in sleep she clung to my back. The adults were sleeping deeply, and so was she. I moved the heavy little weight off. They are us before.

A man says to me he wants to rid of patriarchy, and I say I've been insulted (by so-and-so).

Lackeys are fawning on them in it. They do not want ability. there.

Yet lackey thinks is a doctrine not it as real. memorizes it like their beads.

They were releasing bombs in flows over the countryside that was next to that that they were already, had, decimated. Saying their/the other's, soldiers were there.

There is no such 'interiority' as what they say.

Iago isn't there yet, maybe—after he'd died, not in being vicious. Getting the point at which the burnished man with shiners lying on garbage isn't himself yet.

That's why it's the form of the comic book. It can take place where we aren't ourselves yet. It happens first.

Being before it or behind it, the center is empty.

It doesn't matter how crude this is. It had happened in the event.

Realistic event is continually secreted in one as the same.

It could change this but really it's gone before it gets there. So it will not be changed in this, rather it will be outside.

A woman scoffed at another one for proposing examining the latter's mind as essential reality, though she based it on the tenets of the mind itself which is not outside. The woman scoffing is seeing what one should or should not do, in behavior itself as convention. which is seen in essential reality.

I drove into the sand which was soft and the car became stuck. I stood in the white sand. It was on a reservation and a family passing put bark under the wheels with the sand whirring back on them. I slept on a ridge in the metal back of the car the early morning blue light coming thin. To avoid the heat in the day, standing half in the clear blue water which was freezing with half in the burning air in mid-morning. Eating out of a tuna can in the car.

There isn't any ordering outside.

The black wings invisible on the huge clear blue plate below.

I was not born. This is before I was me. Not in memory, or in any way in experience.

If it's changed before it gets to this this is outside.

The man holding the tips of her rib cage like fins puts it in the end. comes. They're lying in a hollow the tall grass crushed smelling a bed its heavy side striking her.

In the winter there's no wind. Walking is completely still. A V of birds far up seems stalled, sometimes moving back on itself, sometimes fanning out again and reassembling its V. The sky is light with rungs of clouds. The V is wavering pushing in it.

The heavy belly and side of the deer who she realizes is the man pushes past. The people form cliques and feeding on such as sycophants. If one of them criticizes that, they ostracize. One apprehends a difference, however modest. They're the origin. They form only the structure. Wanting to know why, which is manual. On the surface.

Being repeated doesn't change its component and that produces change.

People can't speak though they can have lines. It's like the silent motion pictures. Seeing the deer's dazed face who can't speak past her in the rut in the road. In which one is not born—and is calm.

Caw which is hollow reaches the empty sack of the flying black raven. the caw is by itself.

There's no layering. This is not a stream which is associational.

A memory is called up of an earlier event which has no resemblance to it and which is now insulated and secreted, as such. It reoccurs because it is separate.

The caw is not suffering and it is separate. It isn't in this as it's not memory.³

This makes an association by being placed side by side. As recalling, they are not connected.

Taj Mahal gave them a song in Nevada (Nev. U.) which they didn't understand. Then they asked for a song, rude. He's doing something in the back of his throat and in front with his hips; goes back low in his throat out on a bass line so this pushes them out of the auditorium. There's no one there but one who then himself leaves.

The comic book is a serial form. It is actually unrelated.

There's a stain on her side, from where the knife had gone into the chamber. She's barely waking, with the ring of the wound showing on her side.

As she awakes, the man in the loose suit jacket puts his finger in the wound. It is a pale red raw ring. Circle around it. It's an eye also. In her side,

³ One does not suffer in the present. That doesn't seem to be true.

and it has nothing to do with her. It's flat. Running with it; down on her knees in the vacant lot where it may see but she doesn't know. It doesn't take a picture like a camera. She's seen nothing.

It is something else. No change occurs in it. it occurs before it.

Her back has a rod in it, with the ribs jammed into the rod. Glued to it. She sits up. The ring in the pale naked skin doesn't show recognition.

Riding in the taxi with the ring of eye looking at the soldier and the girl.

It's a light and bleached terrain in which white-haired aged figures are climbing in the sunlight out of man-holes, portholes on the street. They're crouched in rising, the lids of the portholes lying on the ground; the extremely aged are the only ones there. They are the sycophants too. They're coming out onto the street at a shimmering line. Where they enter, tottering and starting skittishly, on the bleached street.

Walking is completely still.

Struggling is with the structure of living. Aeneas is the leader. There's no pain because this is accurate.

Down on the knees suffering which doesn't matter. Sleep. The man in the loose suit jacket puts his finger to the ring in her side and touches it with a white powder. Cocaine cures when it is on the outside. The flaps. The ring is present seeing clearly though entirely separately from her.

She is immature—being the dog lying in garbage. Seeing the flower. That's seen by the raw ring on the side, but it's also seen by one. the dog lying open but not people who're always in leisure working and talking constantly when they're awake.

Being in the V of the birds moved back on itself wavering and pushing. He takes hold of her rib cage like fins. She isn't seeing anything.

They're moving in traffic walking. Being empty inside is simply that.

their having a sense of themselves, and being in the streets with those who were defeated then. yet now not having jobs, are riding the rails. In the countryside, the men are riding in the freight cars. They're walking many along the tracks.

Maturity is an illusion. That's lucky. Compressed in this to being a child, where there is only that—any way that is.

Walking is completely still.

Heads waver on the bikes on the sheet of traffic. Trembling facing forward at the light. Heads popping, shots off a point of light in the sheet. She's running, the man in the loose suit jacket weaving in the cars. Several

of the heads were bleeding, the bikes over in the sea. The side makes a picture but it isn't retained. The sky is translucent but with clouds.

He has no self-confidence. There is no such thing. He's walking on the street, smiling coming to her.

His eyes are open. Her eyes reflect men running but she doesn't see them, Looking, one doesn't see them. Yet she sees him. His mouth slowly curls into the smile slightly open.

The ring in the side sees men running.

Looking back into this, there's a false accumulation of memory. That's completely empty. as it doesn't occur. and so before we're us.

The ring in the side sees a pale grey light with birds flying in it. It can only see them singing, though the woman can hear them and turns her head.

She runs into the traffic. The man in the loose suit jacket carrying a bar runs on the bike that's bucking veers forward spurting. They're in her own vision ahead in the cars.

against living and it is given heavy pressure as onion skin

The ring in the side is completely awake. is always awake. Chrysalis crumpling as she collapses exhausted curled. it's merely rippled on her naked side alert.

This is merely an instrument when it has become only the book.

She's lying stretched out straight exhausted on the naked back and buttocks depleted residue. Dew, when it is night.

Earlier, in the nation that had been poor and occupied by the soldiers, she had been a young child trying to drag baggage that was too heavy when she'd been left behind on the street. She is weeping, rim of the ring that's on her side. The flap. An old woman who's as small as she is, who's of theirs, walking picks up the heavy bag and carries it for her. They arrive at the train station with people who the raw ring in the side sees. Before it was there. So it is before it was itself—and was seeing.

There's a fire so that the flame shoots up a tree enflaming one after another. A helicopter flies diving in the ocean carrying a bucket on wires and then into the clouds of smoke. Silver side turning over in the flames flies through back to the ocean and dives wallowing with the bucket turning its side. It flies to the flame.

Everything occurs out ahead.

One doesn't know anything that's in the side white grass with grains waving on the indigo ocean.

In so far as there is theory of being in a peaceful state before that does not exist.

in the side is the traffic veering slamming bikes on the sheet.

she kneels crumpled with a slash in the rib cage that is alert. weeping is merely in her not in it.

that had been the bikes swarming back on her when she'd gone on without Iago

kneels and sleeps and it is awake

Woman manipulating others whom she says are manipulating her, who aren't—can't see in being only in that, which they are who're not fighting.

She's a coil only. Coughing. Curled with it awake.

don't see anything and he has no thought carrying her back. The city seems to be on fire in the sun which is going below the rim.

When, our teacher insulted them, because they were of another color, and they stomped and baited him except when he insulted them when they were silent and hurt, and he, sent me to look under the toilet stalls to check on someone, wouldn't speak to us failing us, we knew, it is easy to do. out there. he can't find his way out of a paper bag.

It's the same as change. So it's easy to do forward.

The Street

living somewhere where they're starving lying in the street, they live inside. not to go out. that is realistic.

the servant says the food that is given to the dog would feed my child but it has to eat.

the plane fare is so much that I would not be able to come back. living here. I have to come back. the servant says.

the servant is the contact to outside. that is manual. streets with rinds in them. the raw ring in someone's side seen. she runs on the bikes for the man in the loose suit jacket is in between a stream whirling that are coming down on him. Two lines where he whirls. Running on the tintail and throws a bar in it in the stream from outside.

realistic is from outside. that is accurate.

it is at the same time. to the side. the book is manual.

they're going to say this is nothing as it's its conception is delicate as such and so can be duplicated. The fascist is the child in the entire day who is afraid. This is private.

They're not outside. They accept and are treating someone with condescension stemming simply from that one being them. They have learned that which is not realistic. there is not anything between. what they take to be realism is inside. Which goes on at the same time.

this is to the side.

Where one is from is the worst as one can never live anywhere else. the individual illumination. though one doesn't believe it. doesn't see that. rest and there won't be anything in that. pustule. they just want to be out there. As rest.

(the one who was in the dream had really remarked. before.)

it's not impossible because we're not doing anything.

So the servant is the contact to outside that is manual. They're outside.

The bird is flying with no motor on its side wing, manually, up. In currents, with no motor, nothing inside. Those birds eat almost exclusively other birds. a thought.

realistically is a thought to a thought.

bird comes flying straight back as if on its back by me. the side sees it as in cockpit it's in.

It does not imitate that nor is the instrument occurring before it—running on tin tail not having been liked is occurring. outside.

It is not hiding what it is before.

The man jeering when they're in the field so there's nothing else. For that's the social set seen at the side. Cattle that are red so they're directly in the bright sunlight in them jeering. Barrel-like sides in by them jeering with the sky a light blue, the hills are a soft dun under it.

They're never to change in this as it's before. No change ever occurs in it. He's making fatuous cries turning. on the soft dun hills. The sycophants drift. weeping.

black and white cattle dragging huge udders.

I want to know this in so far as I appear to be creating this and it is going on outside my apprehension, before it. I should give it up.

Early this morning (Nov. 24) I dreamed I'd gone to (presumably N.Y.) to read and was to do a play with A. who would dance to it (in reality, he's not a dancer) and we hadn't picked the play or practiced which was right then in that afternoon. I chose one to do. Meeting A., he said we shouldn't do one, so I agreed. I'd been reading in a square black book, seeing the words in a real way which were wonderful. of not able to be remembered later. A. and I began to read from the square thick black book in front of his friends. I'd said we'd read the whole thing; he said it's much too long we'd read part 2; I said though now seeing he was right, I'd thought we'd read it fast. We began reading interchanging and there were words I would mispronounce in front of his friends which A. would evenly correct saying them. He would read. There were green luminous patches on the text which had a certain name which I didn't know. H. said it. When we read it, it didn't sound the way it had when I read it silently, so I began to read what I wanted not in the same place as A. and to sing it. We read and sang at the same time.

There is nothing in between yesterday and today in this sense

Girl saying the benches in public being fixed so people can't sleep on them is good when people there are saying one can't sit there is the same as being before one is oneself so we can't contemplate alone.

I have so few dreams in winter that I can't compare them.

So there isn't anything in between: another early morning (Nov. 27) I had a dream, only part of which I can remember. I was in a house on a long flat floor on which M., aged (who was in reality aged), crawled as a way of testing to see if there were stairs, not wanting to fall down on the stairs or changes of surface. "We" (though there was no concrete sense of anyone, besides myself) told her the delineations of the surface were as she perceived: that she would not fall. I was fixing her food, including tomatoes of which there were only three small ones left. I noticed mold on the tops or cores of the tomatoes. Seeing the small number, I wondered without

callousness if more should be purchased or if she would die before these would be needed. I saw the house from outside, a squarish mansion (not existing really) with tiered yard of grass, the lower tier like a field filled with dog shit. I thought, we could put treatment on it so the dogs wouldn't come here; and I 'saw' it without dog shit as if bleached or lightened ('lighted')

What this is in real time doesn't matter. One has to see it; up against any vision that is created in waking life to see that. Either of them, without there being anything in between.

I will have to remember and match them to waking life.

As an event, walked on the empty streets with a few people working outside. It is autumn. There are dark red trees. There's a light sky in which a moon is seen.

A person who is old goes outside and is clapping her hands, first from the window.

And so that is together. If they are two empty shining pans of reality which fit on each other in a certain way, one can see oneself before one is oneself.

an event, such as the clapping hands, is out before it. but that is in itself, which was during waking time.

also the actual dream whatever it is is out before the day at the same time. the real time that abuts it or any day.

I was tired trying to hold onto my dream (Nov. 28), in which so-and-so figured but I can not remember it waking. something to do with his 'wife' dying and having made love with him, myself after so abutted to that time in it not in reality, and his attention was concentrated elsewhere as if backwards inside. and my finding out about that (her having been) as I went along in it peripherally.

wake up tense trying to hang on to the shred to compare it to the time to which it abuts. Clear autumn day, shining itself out in front. I really feel joy at this.

tense hanging onto it is merely in back, but the joy is out in it. it may be on it. Surrounded by a pack of hyenas so that they could not get away from their jeering who're shoppers contemptuous of using their mind which is curious or alert which they've dimmed, blinkers that can't be used, it is the same as when a child before one could defend oneself in the midst of convention from other children. Yet shoppers are on the periphery a thin rim floating where they're on it going into shops. Barely seen on the rim, one coming out of a shop. There is no movement happening, as a fish has action after it is born. This is after they are born, and there's nothing happening.

They are there not moving. It's hot in the afternoon. One comes out of one shop.

to go back to that of being the child is an empty shining terrain, helplessly abutted to another empty shining terrain.

A feeling of joy is pushed out in them—which does not come from them. In the clear autumn day, which is before it, it goes on.

The moon is really out all the time, I noticed.

Then later, with the sky seamed with grey in a vast red rim as I'm on a hill, it's out noticeably—behind me. A car goes out behind me adjacent to the moon above, as I'm facing into the red seamed with grey sucked swirls. The sucked sky is out in front. Becoming deep red in the center crease. Helicopters fly through it. Cars roll on the small rises that are on the hill, pouring across in the evening. Being in the dark red trees. Stream of cars racing in the light blue swirl of dark evening up the hill. Leaves are blowing and a man running comes out of them in the dusk, behind me.

Tense in seeing it but really it is easy.

struggling tense trying to hang on to dream (Nov. 29) in which there's some content of being at airport and seeing so-and-so and being so tired I fell asleep in it in small room of toilet where I'm wakened (sitting on John, and almost fell to the side nodding) by a little girl wanting to enter who's angry to whom I say I'd fallen asleep. having been asleep in it. It is grappling with sleep itself.

I notice very tall trees straight with yellow and red, with the faint moon above them in the day—behind me the yellow center of the faint dusk sky. As I walk, the moon continues to be in front. It's in front of me above the highway overpasses in the empty sky.

Yet one would have to be very clear to do this. There were intervening events, of a friend, who has leukemia it is said that day, that occur right before this dream and going out. It's impossible to be clear except if nothing occurs.

Looking at the bush the sprigs go out in front of the blossoms.

But dependent on it really. So there's nothing else. Seeing these people who're spectral as white-powdered monks or skeletons rolling in pool of water with a blue stripe of sky behind them so their arms and legs are up flailing as they're on their backs and then as if somersaulting with jocularity appearing the same.

They come forward then striding muscularly so that they appear or seem to be empty within against the stripe of bright day. One is curled on a mound in the pool of water, a stream that is white fine sand falling on

the curled one who's also illuminated. There's darkness and then they're seen standing before the bright blue stripe which widens into an entire sky with some ripples of clouds on it. Their muscular movement does occur—so there's nothing else. Nothing else when someone's living either, the ripples of the muscles on the trunk. in this blue stripe of sky, and ripple of the water radiating in the pool from a man entering it. They're helplessly abutted to it. That causes it.

That causes the illumination—other than that it is someone's conception. It seems that the sky and people on it are entirely open, some striding forward in front of it and thus causing it. The stripe widens to an entire sky.

That was someone else's conception, but I saw it.⁴ Then another morning I had a dream, so there had been time in between, but I can't remember it. though they're in the strip of blue which widens to the entire sky. regardless of time. in someone else's conception, rather than in my dream occurring later. There's something else in the dream, to be compared to the day.

One might compare their conception to the day. but that is not in this, so there is nothing else but it.

The dreams are ordinary. Anyone could have them. Their real time and their content is meaningless.

Remember any one. To match it to the day.

Another morning I could not remember the dream, not in the day either which would be the moon out in front in it, so there was nothing else but that.

I am not in whatever tracks of actions I have created and not in the day with the moon out in front of me and there is nothing else there.

Nothing is repressed, even not remembering.

Use the base line of the day, where one can't remember a dream that abuts it though having tried to, so there is not the abutment. Makes one want to weep but in being happy.

I could be happy (with remembering it) as well.

Having used the horizon of social set of sycophants I saw before. I saw it, which exists, as the bottom of the day.

Yet it being the day is not so. That could be the abutment yet I don't see it.

Friend who treats with meanness turning on one, one cannot wonder what that is. Regardless of its meaning. And that it is not mimicry. being even happy.

In winter there is no wind.

⁴ Performance of Sankai Juku in Berkeley, Nov. 31

Looking out the window, on the ramp to the highway overpass one sees a big-rig truck swimming on the ice and wrecked with two cars. Man on ramp beckons to oncoming cars indicating to slow to them, and one speeds up overturning and shattering and then righted again sped up to the highway. Highway patrolman standing says these people are crazy. Three more cars come onto the ice floating their way. Man says I'm getting out of here.

and so one can compare
to waking life

(That I couldn't remember the dream.)

What if there were not these days, would I be happy then? The day anticipates the red rim. Yet it is the wide entire day, where there is no base line. The sun shining brightly though the moon is evident, and I was happy.

Running on tin tail, of one who isn't liked and that is it. I have been like Lear. I trusted them who spoke with oily flowery tongue.

My mind speaks to my mind. This is to it.

He's playing on base (of music) and as there is no inside in him he does not have to come back to the street with rinds. Out there running, the mind is running on sheet of the day, very light.

It was night when the man was playing with others inside a club, and outside it was black dark with the bottom half of the moon lying down low in it. There isn't anything in between.

This is not introspective. It is to be matched to the day which is just shining with the sprigs on the bush out past its blossoms. Seen from inside so abutted to seeing dreaming, inconsequentially.

One is not caught in the dream or in the day—so where is it that is being so?

The day has light gold swirls in it. A grove of trees is underneath the swirls. It is streaks. Cars on the overpass face it. They are sideways with the swirls above them as I walk beside the overpass. The wall (of the overpass) and the day meet. A pool of red lies under the reddening waves in the day that is light. Cars move on the road by the overpass and on the overpass coming to the rim of pool in the entire day still, though narrowing. I am to match the previous dream to it as it is, to the accumulating narrow rim as such. The rim is to the side, by the street. It is not the form of the dream in itself or written, or its matter; but abutted to this day.

A man's dream. He hasn't seen or read the above. He says (Dec. 10) We were in the car, on a side road, stopped at an intersection with the highway, waiting for the light to change. It was dark just after twilight so the sky still had a tinge of light in the dark blue black. The light changed but a rush of cars continued going through. Out ahead of the car, a plane went by with its lights flashing. The traffic stopped. A silvery disc appeared in the sky and at first I thought it was the moon. But then I saw it was a monarch butterfly with silvery luminescent wings with the black veins in outline. It hung suspended against the blue black sky. Slowly flapping its wings one could see the orange red color of the top with the black vein outline, then the silver underwing. It floated to our left and I pointed to show it to you.

The servant as manual in that is separate—whether subjected to the work or not is apart. Having to return to the streets with rinds is paired.

so the servant is paired

He is not in despair, has that outside. People starving so he's the contact to outside. Stemming from this is abutted to them. He is only a muscle.

If I abut his dream to the day, it would not resemble the servant.

Waking at a time when one would be asleep interrupting dreaming in which I am choosing—the actions of the dream have come forward on actual plain or plateau (of grassless tundra) so that I have recognized their meaning and am choosing among them as if to form it in 'advance', though it is—and actually awake the moon out in front of one, when one eliminates the inner image of jeering-man from that narrowed rim. (of being, having actually walked out in early morning,) which occurs awake.

Next day. I was wakened from outside—and so interrupted in a dream in which I'm taking the view that 'they' should (or I will leave it to them to) 'pick out', meaning apprehend the narrowed rim, because it's their job; so that I can simply remain sleeping. This is an inner joke. I want to go on sleeping.

Then coming from that walking in the early morning—and diverging from the narrowed rim in it; men are working with a long hose, and also (as its and the day's own rim) a dog is crying, and I am inside it. I thought the servant who's the contact to the outside in the rinds of the street brings up to it weeping but from being happy. It does not resemble them. It is not on it.

The time was in the luminous autumn early morning.

The hennaed man in a heroin sleep carried by the starving boys.

Awake he'd stuck someone murdering him who's on the garbage—seen at the moment of occurring by her.

This is today. Around them the ground is a foot thick with a sea of red leaves.

The day is the inner image having been eliminated and is continuing.

His knotted jugular cord extended forward in it as he's running

The pale autumn early morning is open. That's one rim in it.

He's translucent white in the beam in the early morning, so that the bunched knots are bulbs on him appearing as a feeling pushed into him. From my seeing him. and so anticipating.

released from the flood, in it.

the servant cannot do it. He is only a muscle. Underneath is compassion who's in the rind outside. The flood that comes from it where he is cannot be stemmed. Is not out in front.

There isn't motion from them and it's silent occurring. So not occurring in any of it, is separated.

They looked at us as if we were animals. They were sitting there in this club. and so we got in our boxes and skimmed down the grass on the hill.

One after another, the boxes coming up over the ridge and skimming down on the heavy hemp of grass.

This is not the hennaed man. Who's hanging floating running the bunched translucent knots creating the movement, not in him, away from the fallen man, who's in the sea of foot thick red leaves.

Has flattened it. It's visible.

The stench from the garbage releases a frightening vision. The pipe (in the drab and completely chaotic civilization, which is elsewhere) broke in the street and forty men desperate to drink in that place which is breaking down drank the wood alcohol pouring from the pipe and died in the street.

The bunched knots so that sleep is not necessary for the hennaed man. That is not anticipating. It is not in him.

He has to be the inner image having been eliminated and is continuing.

Slick against the knotted white bulbs in the air writhing. The bulged muscles feel hard to her touch. That's a spine, so that he's running. out there as his knotted bulbs that are slick and wet. The foot of thick red leaves has been sent up floating behind him. He's still, but being just before there so that the street is like gills opening and then flattening—with him running in it.

The cold invades the flesh so that one feels the frame from the feet up as empty. Forward in the gills that are narrow and flattening. The gills open are filled with the red leaves.

Run in it narrowing.

I was at a phone booth and this man driving by in a truck wants to ask me out and he drives up on the sidewalk with the truck facing me saying this to me. Never having seen him before. I'm talking to my sister and I say hurry give me your address to her.

She doesn't see but she knows and doesn't ask

In the gills with them narrowed it doesn't resemble them. Man standing in it in rags holding a cup and running by with no purse the street opens so that the red leaves are there.

Choked as it gagging and it's entirely dilated.

Leaves caught on the wet knotted bulbs that is hurled through it. He's not even running.

He's still in silence in front of her in the now dilated street. It isn't your enemies who harm you. It's the people you thought were the friends you had. but the way you shake your butt makes me happy.

(I have never understood *Lear* and I thought I've got it I have been like *Lear*.)

It's in the bud that's in him. Some man. Misery is out in front and is the same thing as the other in him. And it's not plugged up in him.

Breathing in and a light film of dust or black rain like silt gets into the narrowed rib cage. She has to cough. The thick red leaves are caught in the wind, that's on the street. Running and the silt is in the clear bright air inside.

a narrowed frame coughing. that's running on the street.

as the narrowed frame that's atonal

The gills flatten and she's running in the foot thick red leaves. The bright air is inside of her. running flattened.

The gills open and her own frame narrows coughing in it.

Her rib cage is hot and bright running.

The flap narrows and she's writhing in it. Some man is passed. The hot bright bud opens. at the same time as the air opens.

It hurts and is separate. The bud then closes.

Come up to it in a boat. So that the bathers by the shore waist deep in are thinking that in death in the water they're liberated. they come there to die. they're being made fun of. people are filming them who're going to die too so it's the inner image.

If they say do you belong to it say that you do. that's of one's own, but they do not accept one. They looked like me. I'll say I'm of them, when they don't like me. They won't like that. Then I was in a field; there was no one there who looked like me. So the characteristic is their being alone.

A bathtub was in the emerald green field empty except for it with wrecks of Chevrolets on the adjacent plain.

As a child, I met someone who wasn't of one's own yet whom I felt I'd met before. But because I was a child, I couldn't have. That is being in it.

The empty frame is filled with the cold which enters it through the soles of one's feet. The gills (of the day) are freezing. Motion wavering inside one is not in it.

There's black rain that's gotten into the rib cages of the running frames as they've breathed. Running frame ahead coughs in the narrowed street writhing.

Then the black rain is falling in the entire day. our supposed leader stupid and infantile so that the inner image is the bottom. It's lying in it like the moon.

But isn't that. Motion wavering inside is not it.

A wave of fear that is the flesh itself and breathing in.

There is nothing that can be done. Giddy joy at saying I'm one of them to which they are amazed is a stream by the inner image. Imitating their behavior seriously is on it.

It is on the image. But that peels apart in the black rain falling in the entire day.

She's veering and running on bumps sitting in the jeep with the soldier sticking the clutch. As if they're moving from outside and yet he's sticking the clutch in it.

They're on the desert in the very heavy black rain with huge black clouds over it. The clouds are lying in it resembling the bottom of the inner image. in that sense not mimicry. of people moving out of it, not dreaming, on the road.

The people are coming forward, so the soldier and she are going into it.

The men are down in the street drinking the wood alcohol lapping as the pipe has burst; and one says I'm one of them of others who're ones' own which amazes them first before they're angry. There is something calm at the beginning.

The supposed leader who's infantile as to be not even alive before he dies at some time is not in the wind that's coming right into them through the frame. So is not in the narrowed gill, which when it is open is filled with the black rain.

The image is not that of him. So the soldier and she are free like cattle in it who're calm.

The jeep skids on it and they're thrown coming out on it so that flying the soldier and she skin their knees and hands. An abrasion on him. There's a scrape with a thin film of blood on her palms that are raw. The two of them are standing.

The soldier and she are wet. The cracked desert of swans is opening in the rain. The stick starving boys are in the black rain turned away with their faces calm.

The deer whom she knows to be the man is then running. It's coming forward and she runs on the crumb-like floor to be directly in its path striking her with its heavy side. She's come here for it.

But then holding its neck of had put the member in her. which is now frightened. It's seeing through it from the reverse side. The mind relinquishing. She calls to it running into the black rain; with the soldier behind her.

The soldier risked his life and ran after her. lying in the basin of the desert like the moon.

They're riding into it the jeep throwing them.

The soldier's making loops in the desert floor with the deer ahead of them.

He's on it straight with its back the jeep cutting into the floor dust coming out as a wake in the rain.

Hitting the heavy side then. It veers running on rises of the vast plain.

They're going back. The soldier turns the jeep around. He's sticking the clutch and racing. Muscle of the leg bunched as he's flooring it and sticking it and at rise they encounter a crowd of people moving forward on the road. eye in the mat. There are blankets wrapped around the necks.

The soldier is riding on the rim of the people who're moving slowly. When he's past them, he sticks in the clutch and races on the rutted road. Who'd tried to catch the deer. There's a swan in the ditch flapping. They're veering in the jeep so they may get a flat.

The black rain fills the entire day behind them and they're in the narrowed rim racing.

The soldier is out in the desert bending at the jeep changing a tire. He's patched it. She's standing out on the sand not hearing anything, though the bud inside her is open.

His is open and he's working. that of the gill isn't.

A red line has come across the sky.

If we use their words they can memorize them, as jargon. that is why this is lovely.

When the sun goes down and one is looking directly into it, black clouds come off of it. Lying on a dun mound with the eyes up at the red sun the black clouds sailing off of it. The thorax or bud in the chest is open breathing, calm.

the soldier's bud is open, calm. he is lying beside on his back on the dun mound.

There's a memory that comes up in her lying there, that isn't real. Eye's lowered had worked for one of the feudal lords of the controlling corporates. They'd been in drugs as funding in destabilizing governments. Opportunely, the arrests of drug barons is a cover when something is going to occur, or they're weeding out rising feudal leaders. The magnolia blossoms are fully in bloom. some buds are pushed upwards; in the early morning in which there's a swirled sky, birds fly singing between two tree spires with the sky in between. A line of limousines wallow on the air coming on the narrow side street, against the wall of an overpass. love is alone. They knew he would come this way. He cannot be arrested who is one having put our leader in government, who is one of them. Lighting a rag in a bottle and sending it sideways through a wallowing limousine. The man also lights a rag and sends it. There are no soldiers. Their men spill out on the street firing a machine gun. Releasing a pin of a bud and lobbing it so they are by the limousines enveloped in fire, which is not a memory. He was only one. It is laid in here in pulp. A man someone lying with eyes open under a magnolia tree. The plot of pulp is the opening up in it, not its memory.

When one is ready to not resist the red rim on the line and the bud which is opening and closing, there is no memory. It is open and still. The black clouds swim away from the red orb.

There are no birds any longer. One sings far away from the rim.

The soldier, whose bud is open and breathing separate from him. do not close one's eyes.

The soldier is sticking the clutch and racing veering on the line directly of the red orb on the desert black clouds swimming by the jeep.

giving in and slowly
reading

they have these silver spoons clamped tightly in their mouths.

He's driving directly at it with the line of red apparently curved around them. They're in a bowl of the desert that is entirely silent, a wake of dust coming out behind, from them.

The sun disappears and a glacial black cold freezes the breathing buds in them, that are separate. They're still inside, closed, freezing.

One's eyes still see the black clouds swimming away as on the retina rather than the sky. The orbs are closed seeing them sail, with the breathing bud closed separately.

Identifying with or being analytical either occur at the same time in one or don't occur anyway when the gill (of the day) is narrowed or it is wide open. Being awake is about two seconds, and then the humane and gentle man has simply died. yet the breathing bud being open, before.

People didn't have loyalty to governments. They might be in prison having achieved vengeance for their family murdering or such and not regard that as a crime. On leave from prison, to which they must return at a certain time, they do so after seeing their family. To be free in continual change is not a conception to them. These, some others, are loyal to their corporation.

slowly reading, without using the mind. giving up this movement ahead and then a breath in. it is still inside, and in it.

The soldier races ahead yet he is there. sitting beside, sticking the clutch in and veering on the ruts. On which they're thrown, receding and jolted forward in the jeep.

There's the crowd on the road begging and the taxi driver indicating They've given.

Yet they go on on the road begging inside and being analytical it's a joke. it's freezing outside. read slowly, without using the mind.

Running on the dun mounds and the black clouds swimming past.

Though it is hard to realize we will die, the bud is wide open, and the gills (of the day) are opened or narrowed—which it is in, or reversed the gills are in it calm.

The (other) dies, a blood blister the length of the grasshopper's side. A sack that is lanced. by him gently. The soldier leaves her. On the road in the jeep, he sees the hennaed man but does not recognize him.

He passes him on the road sticking the clutch in shuddering on the rim of the walking crowd. The dun mounds ripple gently with black clouds swimming off of them.

Out of his side the soldier sees the white translucent paste of the hennaed man's flesh with blood blisters on the bulbs of his arms. The surface of

the face has the thin sacks of the blood blisters. His eyes are open in the rim of the narrowed lids, as he walks slowly in the crowd.

He's walking in the crowd. The dun mounds ripple ahead of the crowd, not resisting being in them as to not going ahead. The muscles relax and it is still in them.

He whistles and whistles and whistles and the name of it is I ain't going to whistle Dixie no more.

The soldier is completely quiet without anything inside him and the blue sky is like an ocean coming down on him with the black clouds swimming by forward.

by on the road. the clouds go.

The jeep goes on into it.

A memory of the man putting his member up between the flanks, and trembling of her in it, is emptied out as there is no one there.

it isn't at base line. there is no such.

though the soldier is at base line on the road with the black clouds swimming by behind him.

The gills (of the day) are in him calm.

It is not a disturbing universe, that is in reverse.

There are two men standing in front of the ocean I see them. They are almost meeting in front of the vast blue strip having a conversation.

Man fighting in illness is like this a comic frame waving in wind which is going through it.

This will reverse that by being in it, not identifying with it. That isn't so.

The soldier is out walking, the jeep broken down left behind with the black clouds sailing back behind it. He's quiet inside and that is on the line of the day. He only walks.

There is no area between his dreams and waking life. It's only in him.

There's no interpretation of events, effectively. They've disappeared at the hole. At the same time (therefore), there are only events.

If there are only events, the movement of themselves, there are no people, except the hole from which this comes.

It's taking it to its emerging hole.

The hole's the same as events.

Yet if the hole separates from events, what is the hole?

The hole is solely.

Or the hole *appears* to be events.

I have to start my nomadic existence.

Waking is like the early morning. the soldier isn't lonely as it's dawn. it isn't like dying. masses of people have read *Tarzan*. So it isn't so.

The soldier goes to where the ocean was but which has receded.
deep indigo pools of the sky at night.

He's alone and inside him is mind, that is not him. starved, which is not him in a way.

He gets down on the purple rocks where the ocean had been. There are beds of mussels. Vast beds of cups with inside the orange-pinkish mussel. He puts his face, lying flat on the bed, into the cup with his tongue sucking on the mussel. Lying sucking on the beds of mussels, which stretch over the rocks. As the sun moves down to the rim then. The tongue inserted sucks on the orange-rose mussel with his legs out in back stretched. He moves his face. puts his tongue in and touches the orange-pinkish mussel inside.

The cup is attached to the rock. The tongue going in—it's just on the rock beds, with his legs out in back resting.

Of course the cups wouldn't open. not be in it.

Sea comes in, so he moves away. Then returns, inserting his tongue into a mussel. His face moves. He's lying stretched on another rock bed. The purple rock beds going on and on. Of the sky at day, though his face is flat as he's gotten down on the slightly open clamps. He puts his tongue in to the base or end, of it. that are on the mass of shelves.

There's no area between his dreams and waking life. There's not that in this convention.

The light leaves. The sea returns, a heavy layer. When it leaves, the soldier returns. He moves his face in the orange-pinkish mussel cup. With his legs resting behind him.

The line comes up. The heavy layer of water comes up lifting him. So that he's lying on it his face looking at the area between the bed of clamps and himself. love is in behavior but in 'reality.' It is going on then.

The layer floats him back and forth from the back. His back moves. It floats above the beds of mussels and the shelf.

His back is on it floating, his face lying in it. When the ocean recedes he puts his tongue into a pinkish-orange mussel.

He's alone and inside him is mind, that is not him. It is this. And so starved (or not), which is not him either in that sense. He has no dreams as he is on the bed that the ocean is not there.

He has no dreams as he is in the day which has opened completely. always is before, though without seeing it. So how come he dreamed before without seeing it?

when there were no dreams from being in the day

it's a matter of it occurring before. not when it was occurring.

It's just light waking without using the mind. not in it. Why do I want to get to what isn't like dying. That is the retraction like what Galileo made.

Heavy shallow billows that is shining that is floating the man's back back and forth. His face is flat looking at it. It's shallow, and so is neither in the present nor the narrowed gill (of the day). It floats him lying to the shore. The bud inside is open and separate.

Had seen of now who is no longer there to see figure on sheet of bikes in the city that now comes up flicker straight on in the center.

Who'd been a punk but of indeterminate age, not really young; and the bud open on the road in the midst of the crowd with the black rain coming down, is now walking on the sand alone.

He'd been from the city, is in the center. on it.

Seen once and so he has no reality in this. not myself.

where myself am neither one nor the other.

This woman when there'd been the earthquake, and the bridge had fallen in on its lower span tried to leap over the gap in the bridge in her car. little sack carried away by the medics, died. seeing her in the mind.

what did she think that she had to get home?

He's out flat on the unobstructed sand so there's a silver round moon faint at the edge, a disc in the sky at the same time as the sun. on the other side. It's at the rim, who's flat a former hood.

The silver moon hangs over what are pink mounds, from the other. So that at that moment he's flat where there's no one to see him. as having a reality in this.

that is eliminated, and from him.

Yet it takes time to say this, or to see it.

(As the caw which reaches the empty butt of the flying velvet black raven, which rasps) isn't in the present or him. Who'd been in the city and then in the crowd. his bud open filled with the black rain, is by the silvery thin disc that's at the same time as the sun. It's separate and he is in the middle as there isn't reality in him. flat.

People in tenements in the heat pouring onto the street. Crowds lounging. where the car had broken down, which is now in the empty butt or sack. out in him. Centered who's flat in the narrowed low rim, of discs.

The discs on either side have created a sense of the rim. It's all the way across.

but the bud is shallow; so it's lower, breathing.

not in him, who's bud is open however.

yet who's centered, walking slowly, having left the crowd on the road. just release the muscles around the rod, and yet he can't.

The muscles at the top of the rod propel him. The shallow open bud is in him who's upright. The moon rises.

The desert opens in the rain. The sheets of grass here and there are white. The swans the same as the grass lie on it. Their necks protrude forward. Disc protrudes forward, as if there's depth in it.

It's a tube in front of him. the disc shines thin.

Caw which reaches the inner sack of raven. which has no rod.

Though the man's back is like a rod as if his wing bones were pinched at the top. We've forgotten our entire life.

One doesn't remember one's life and there isn't anything. The people who make a slur to one's town, where one was born which one sees as a shining place, they sneer at are the only friends one had. laughs with them. When the bud is closed in him, the silvery disc moon is lying low in the sky.

Their sneering at the town where one is born.

It does not change in this which is all the way across. It's come to it before.

though the man had not been here, at this point.

had changed before it came to this.

They can do their words back to us which they've learned from us as experience.

We sailed out on the inlet in a canoe. Beams on fire were falling around us. The cattle were wading into the water. An oil slick or napalm was floating on it which caught on fire in one part where the water was burning. Yet the white grass had caught by the sides of the inlet. A smoky topaz air was above the white grass. from which birds emerged.

A thought or something bounces up on the flat man. who has no inner sack as his bud is closed on the rod. It's all the way across on the rim. The stick starved boys come out.

They'd been the retinue for the heroin dealer of which this man is. Leaving families is for flattening the bud. Wanting power is nothing as is response. The man of the car in the lounging crowd's bud is flat too. He'd simply been the driver, isn't young and a whole life is forgotten anyway. But that isn't enough.

The bud's flattened on its own. Cattle come along side. They're standing in the sky on a small ledge but it's dusk. The disc is hanging behind them making them dark and flat from the front. The newspaper says a man in the sea was floated by a tortoise. This is the difference between event and what it says. The bud opens, seeing them, though it can't see.

He hasn't had enough. Comes out with the lounging crowd and is bending over the car. in the center.

The sea is completely calm, there's only flapping outside it.

They're not sports; who've gone into success not flattening the bud.

The man in the difference between it and this is out in the heat of evening light fixing the car in the lounging crowd. His employer hood is inside a restaurant. The neighborhood knows he's that and respects him. The birds have been driven off in the decimals of conversation there.

To go back to that where there wasn't anything there.

Yet he who hasn't any reality in this is past that too. There isn't change in this, having changed before it gets to it.

It's too exhausting to try to concentrate on this, and the stick boys come out seeing him. They can see.

it's its conception and delicate in that it can be duplicated.

The low rasping in the throat of the man in the jazz club for the crowd is out in front. where they're in the middle.

It's closed the rim. The man who'd been by the car was the driver could choke in his back he's so low.

(as in the blues is the same as the narrowed rim.)

There is no resemblance between the boys and the boys on the desert. And yet they're starving.

I was swaying by myself on the sand. I was between the silvery disc of moon and the sun going to the rim. It was cold and luminous. This is the difference between event and it. It's washing on the lower rim.

Take a deep breath and the luminous washes into one.

Venus was hanging above the red smear.

There is no civilization. The man who's the driver phalanxed by the clamoring boys who do not resemble the boys on the desert but are them, is by the car amidst the lounging crowd, in itself. This is seeing phenomena on the inside, so there's no difference. It is from it, and before waking (though it is not a dream). As it does not resemble him (the driver), it is before I was myself.

The man's employer is inside in the back on a woman. The man driver having filled his bud with the black rain on the road forward with the crowd then (later), he doesn't remember his life anyway. has no reality in this. having been seen once in it without being noticed. Breathing at the back of the rod what's out in front is empty, for him.

The employer hood is a starfish in his girlfriend's thought, fat, flat curled on the woman someone. humped with crevices as a starfish. the suckers ripple, and the center of it on her. The center of it is sucking on her. The man humped flat suckers on her with her open. The thought's in her. The back of the man seen as humped, with his fat member in her.

and now the man who's the driver having breathed the black rain walking slowly with the crowd on the road, is walking to where the boys are. There isn't civilization, and so he can't throw scraps to them.

They come out for something to eat but he has a blood blister on him.

hard in her with the thought of the humped suckers which doesn't even have a member. and so she comes. He's relaxed on her. Later slips off of her. and then the hard back seen from the back gripping her comes.

walking by a golf course, a man said fore skin suggested to them and I thought he meant to hinder the putt. It's relaxed out in front.

The boys come out running but he has nothing for them. who'd considered them as his meal ticket as material for a retinue. What could have been in his mind? whose bud is closed seeing them. as if they're washed back and forth. they desert him.

So it isn't separate in that case.

It's seen as lovely in this. It imagines there isn't the market.

and so does not have the limitation of an orientation.

The man who's the driver was seen only for an instant in this and not observed in it, and not when he was by the car fixing it amidst the lounging crowd; that's created in this present, though is part of his memory.

The expression 'taking the mind off of it'; this is to remain on it.

The suckers of the starfish in the girlfriend's thought entwined on her press its center down on her. which doesn't have a member. and so she comes from that.

In her thought it's the center of the starfish, with the suckers on it. and humped sucking comes.

The girlfriend comes with his member in her. Of the conception of the suckers on the underside. Another time when he's humped on her.

The lounging crowd's out, and strolling. from the tenements. He's bending over the car that time amidst them. grease on him. The woman's thought of an pink hole on the front of her as a clamp in that she's on the hood who's the employer in the room. The pink rose clamp holds his member like a stem. She comes when her love doesn't know it. The man who's the driver who wasn't noticed amidst the bikes in this before, washes the car and it's evening the sun having gone down.

He's deserted. and it's before waking (though not dreamed).

There is no resemblance between the boys and the boys in the desert, that's forward in time supposedly. really, as it has reality in itself—and is separate from this. One non-reality against others in oneself, it is seen between them. as oneself is simply that.

It isn't changed when it gets to this. Or by it later.

Dreams are excluded from this, which occur. That's convenient because I can't remember them. dreamed one which met this red (actual) sunset that just occurred.

This isn't it. Flattened to my inherent nature. I just woke up. The man who was the driver deserted by the boys who don't resemble them on the desert, has a dream:

Venus was hanging above the red smear, which I didn't see in it. The neighbors with whom had formerly been at war for many years agreed to smuggle oil to them.

It doesn't resemble them and can be reproduced and only seen in reading as lovely isn't the market. Seen as lovely it therefore isn't the market.

The thought of the employer's girlfriend, of the starfish humped on her comes. in the heat. There's no civilization. The driver bending over the car outside, has not had enough. had skinned her palms. His bud is open in the entire day in the black rain on the road in the crowd.

Waking is like the early morning. Putting one's arm over him and he says did you want me to wake. That's the inside of him. it's not in the morning or before it.

The man who has leukemia, when seen lying is calm; but seen inside his fear such as it is is drawn in at one's own bud. When that is pushed out of one's own bud, he is lying on a leaf in front of one floating. Inside. There are no tears or thought in one, and then draw in (his) fear of dying, at the bud; which does not harm one.

Seeing (sense of) population awaiting being bombed as it seems they will be. There are no tears or thought in one because one draws in their fear at one's own bud.

And draw in sticking to the sides of bud (sense of) the 'foolish bullying' of him ours unconcerned in starting war and controlled by corporations. There is nothing in one when he is seen as calm and clear. Seeing him again inside (sight of vicious, but felt at one's own bud), there is no anger because it is drawn in there at one's own bud.

(our) bombing them decimating them. devastating. there is not anger because we are so small and constricted. or it is only felt. A man someone says softly I adhere to the clear mind. (He really said I adhere to the intellect.) That is not drawn in at the bud. Then.

Could seeing the bottom rim of the image that is one's fictionalizing and occurring as it happens with the actual shallow decimating we are (doing) see that? Seeing bombing that could obliterate a civilization, and the newsmen glibly taunting feeling which is their convention.

Another man who's older saying that one could observe this and see it coming for a long time. And then people just give up. it's all determined by a senator, or such. so they have to buy the place of senator; it's all determined by the sporting goods store. or such consideration. and we have to take that in at one's bud.

Cannot live in this shallow tray of devastating others, for the sporting goods store. or such. and one is constricted in it and cannot act. One knows ones own death from age then here, not from war, in living that's nothing. one lives as the birds then in a sense.

Their army caught is boys covered with lice and hungry. It does not 'resemble' dreaming.

Not arising from convention they are not in that.

Their women ululated in defiance as they're panned by our cameraman in their shelter as ours are bombing the city. The one from our culture compassionless commented they're expressing overconfidence as he pans them. They ululate back. This is reflected back into us so that it is a shallow reality he creates. They who are not in it are seen ululating in it.

Fumes waft in jets in a grey sky from stacks pouring in front of a neon. It's freezing and there are people wandering on the streets, some sleeping on grates in cardboard boxes. They don't have jobs.

As a suggestion, these people who might work might be on the tanks.

The place he was going to liberate is, from the war, an oil slick on fire on the shimmer of water. Our people like cattle wade into it and they have no memory.

Some of those souls covered in oil burning. And then they mouth in it support our children there.

In invading by land, we might send the aged. Those who resist or are tottering, shaking as they wade in, are driven by cattle prongs. The black water is afire. We see our own walking in age because there is nothing in our culture. We would see them anyway. The poor who'd slept in cardboard boxes on grates walk in where there are their boys firing. Their men are dead. This is our own inside. In that sense it is not disturbed.

This is events yet it does not 'resemble' reality. Maybe we give that up in waking life.

Marching at night, by the trucks and vehicles at the cross streets the police bucking and veering on bikes herd. Hemmed in walking. Their army is massed marching in a ten-mile span on the ground being decimated by bombs. Our newsman gloating repeats it is fine as it is a turkey shoot. In a restaurant, businessmen bellowed obscenities in order to vacate, calling

women condoms. One yells obscene descriptions of people in another state; and enraged congregating at the door they bellow fuck you fuck you fuck you in leaving the restaurant.

A man sets a taxi cab driver afire, after paying his fare. It occurs anyway and in immediate time.

On the road out, ours are bombing trucks, buses, taxis and civilian cars. 'Writing is not being in the time one is in,' which is what? This is naïve, continually.

When walking hemmed in by the lines of police bucking see young men lean from a truck wave a flag. It's muted by immediate time. Give them the peace sign back, ripple amidst the line of police at this movement of aggression though not feeling anger. The men from the truck waving the flag smile softly to one.

A vast dirt plain intersected by green streams, the plain is of stumps whose roots are curled and are visible above the dirt. The roots are rising in the sense of receding from the dirt and pock the plain which is still. A man says I went out to this town. The people don't like someone being freaked out in the bars. I was staying sexually with this woman. she had a car. Her boyfriend was objecting and so finally she says to go. I needed that car. The green streams are wide moving empty pools by the fingered dirt plain of stumps. gnarls around the small stumps on an expanse of it.

Denuding the proliferation of events shows the grainy solitude which is not there otherwise.

in which it does not seem the world of the past rejoins the world of the present.

I don't have anyone else to say to this.

Going by a fat woman in a pink top was standing by a dog on a leash with the clouds from the mills pouring into the sky behind her.

They who're ours will not show corpses of ours though that is not enforced for theirs, as them. as we are not to care. for either. it is separate. see them then.

Not a valuing of death is an undercutting of the image, which is in them.

A turkey shoot of their being bombed marching on the ground. Theirs puts them out there as fodder. Eating in a pizza place, the police sit eating alongside.

It is freezing on the street in the day. See a woman with one leg passing.

An undercutting of the image which is in them. They're saying that is sentimental.

The desert with jagged crags is white under the blazing sun. There are crevices in the white crags. A thin gauze or mist of cloud in the air, flying

through it, is snow. There are no people. After sleeping, seeing the trenches which are filled with oil and had been lit, on fire. Soldiers caught waist deep burning in the oil, ours don't care.

One kneels on the desert photoed concerned for his comrades who're pinned down. So history was a lie entirely.

Seeing in them we're not in it.

Ours are lies but they who are seen are not.

We see their wounded in our newspapers and not our own.

So it is not the soldier with the harp seeing only his own dead in the other's country which they'd brutalized, so they see themselves and their own suffering.

A boy strafed far away from military targets. After sleep, we see the image of him lying wounded. that is in essential reality.

So that one no longer has the connection between living and social life, though one is still here. Their image which is fraudulent also, makes one so. Not connected to social life as they are images of corpses. Or are our corpses, later. It isn't necessary to be serene, which is what it is.

A man who's contemplating is not in sleep or in being awake. It is his inside.

A woman 'enraged' saying in the newspaper which doesn't say anything other, that protesting should not be allowed. Walking, ripple of people along the line in the street. that's wavering. Burning in the night street with an acrid smell. Businessman who bellowed fuck you in the restaurant is vomiting in the street there then, who was later. Young rich are sitting in a grill. Coat soaked in the crowd pushing. It is flat and not meeting. Who're saying a turkey shoot of those marching on the ground, not from a feeling vomit by the curb as contemplating's in them.

Taxis shimmy through the street; to the side people are selling from stands in the freezing weather at noon. People crossing to them. Businessman in the street who'd yelled glutting out's hide is smoking, singed from the front with the people crossing on the reverse side of it. He's pink singed the people crossing at the same place as, and seen through it from the front. They're flat from the reverse side, pressed up to it. not from it. trucks rumbling over plates on the street.

There is utterly open and calm in it.

at the beginning, and which is not changed.

There's not a difference between detail and the whole any more.

They're not going to show any body bags of the soldiers sent back, the bags're made by Mobil Oil. she thought. who's the (other) seen on the reverse side of this. at the same time, and that is fictional. yet before she'd died; or after as it doesn't matter, the blood blister lanced by the soldier gently leaning over her. is flat on the other side seen through it. With in front of it, the corpses put in the body bags out on the desert, which aren't seen.

A trucker here, so it's the highway here but on the reverse side of him flat, singed. He's lying on part of the highway yet flat up to the other side that's seen through him, which are here.

This place is seen through itself.

The dark bank of clouds here with the moon above it is thin. There isn't a reverse side seen through it.

if the (other) is on the reverse side of the trucker singed lying pink—it's before I was myself.

He hasn't been born yet. so has no memory.

He has a red neck, that is actually a birth mark. They should like it here.

The women who're haircutters, one married to the trucker, are pressed up to starving people, who're collapsing. They're invisible. They're soldiers who surrender to 'our' soldiers. They eat their rations. The two sides are a realistic aspect of it.

It's the one without the other and they're being born (still)—or they're dying, still.

By itself. 'Our' military says their soldiers are retreating into civilian buildings. Thus indicating they're weak and justifying civilian deaths from this, and 'vow' not to bomb them there. 'Our' leader is a fool and fraudulent and these events occur.

Head comes out of opening between legs to the opening. the part that's born. And there isn't anything on the reverse side.

Spring

The view of our society as feudal conceptualizes time as retrogressive (and so active in that earlier). The present is a surface.

One adapts to the present time
and only in exhaustion resists it.

She comes to the window and as she is in love with someone looks out.
birds are singing on the air. flying while singing. Iago who'd looked up at
her window, though he wasn't her love, is dead.

It is not governments who rule. We live in a feudal time in which
corporate heads destabilize regions and go to war so as to control them.
There is no Lord who intervenes for us. One's love does not take the guise of
our Lord, who in reciprocating adoration, reproduces and therefore causes
the memory of a motion that is already in social life. Or in refusing the lover,
does so also. There is not the connection to social life.

love is by itself. The feudal barons had a plan for war, to destroy the
military of that area. Our leader is one of them, placed by them in the
seat of government to instigate for them. The people, whose schools have
been depleted with deliberation, can't read. They are simply conditioned to
believe in the connection of freedom to social life. There is not that, as they
are conditioned. it is inside.

It was naïve to say the undercutting of the image meant to separate
freedom from social life. The day and the night are the same.

We return to that in the sense of before social life. There is no such (of
social life), as we've seen it.

Seeing in an old way overtly evident in this time as if the earlier con-
struction of seeing were naïve though regarded by one as real and as consis-
tent in this time

is silent reading

It is to see the present construction—of the sewer class. They're bathing
silently.

Seeing men and women on a long big-rig truck. It has a metal deep tray,
with at its front (which is the back of the truck) a rake with prongs like a
plow. Some stand beside it. There is not a hollow thud, that is outside. It is
silent. It is in laying asphalt. There is no moon or sun here.

The newspaper speaks of a time when people were cynical and didn't believe what the military described in war. says in this time we are free, of itself.

She is before her death, having died earlier. Myself is calm inside. That is reading, it is pushed out before.

Our leader is in church, where a man who begins saying about the bombing of their people is dragged from the church. A man immolates himself as a peace gesture by pouring paint-thinner on himself in a square. Our leader emerges from church sneering strolling with his smiling wife to indicate he is casual.

no-neck merely imitates him, reproducing that memory. His men imitate him.

Can I be so ignorant as not to imitate? At what point is not imitating? Regressed at rest. Lost the point of imitating.

To reenter a world, where one was.

(Where no-neck was with the leader. No such regression existed as that.)

It is the place where no-neck is reunited with our leader, though actually their separation has always existed. One is not regressed there.

When people saw in centered terms, at that time, is at the hole.

line of white limousines wallow in narrow street and ripple. rag lit in bottle is thrown from magnolia blossoming trees. a limousine wallows and ripples on the street blossoms on the side. one in the bush.

The soldiers who went into this war, enlisting before because they were poor

are fodder, who in killing and having to believe in it to do it which they have no choice, are closing themselves

and are fodder in the sense that he regards any number as expendable, on either side. He does not care for them. There is no Compassionate who intercedes for them. They say there has always been war and we cannot see in the time we're in.

The lover came to the gate, and sent in a poem.

She remembers. The soldiers defecting, running is there. It is interior, as what is now the Compassionate, that they are not allowed to see. It is only in their own actions. So there is not a reverse side to anything in that sense.

and they were taught there is

that is a relief—one can weep. It's simple in the sense of being by itself in utter silence. It has never occurred before.

the bombs dropping on the ground army. our soldiers rejoicing innocently, as Their legs are blown off and They're shot in the tanks. it has never occurred before. it is in their actions, which are inside.

It is thin. There is not anything on the reverse side of it.

Book Report on The Tales of Ise

The insertion of an earlier construction of seeing into the (this) present construction of sight is to dissolve, in their minute occurrence, the seeing of events.

The seeing is the event, rather than arising from its occurrence.

People's experience lags behind the time they're in.

The braying crowd leaning from trucks, steered by the line of police who care about what she does, the lover has a poem sent in to her. the crowd pushing forward.

General referring to sending the bombing in We're going into Indian territory is a reverberation back to us.

Went in a taxi and the taxi driver kept saying we had to do this and had to do that meaning the war. 'They we've' sacrificed the neighbor we're to save and Their/the other's people.

He doesn't want them to retreat won't let them withdraw wanting a ground war and is slaughtering them as they retreat.

how could loving the lover expressed as convention as only himself (that exterior) change the inside?

Information can be given to one which does not make sense but in that form is understood as experience.

A woman having lost her short-term memory cannot remember a pin prick from a doctor in the moment it occurs in shaking hands, yet declines to shake his hand an hour later with no memory of being pricked.

Arihara no Narihira did not write *The Tales of Ise* which has his life in it. After his death, someone anonymous wrote it as if they were him stringing his poems together with their commentary. That was his 'life'.

A ring of the police bucking with the line of people in front of the throbbing trucks and cars. he sends a poem in. A sheep lying in the ring, the vultures have picked its wool which lies in white tufts around it.

Some weed of a dark green with bronze on the strands of grass as if it were manes. standing in this people come up to the edge seeing they are

ordinary when they don't have jobs. we could see this anyway and do. yet see it then in some way.

there is no other side is experience itself. So is the two together.

for theirs is unrelieved suffering without an intercessor now. unless they run. same with us.

There isn't a difference. there wasn't an intercessor in the past. Their history, which is fraudulent, says there was. It was only their actions.

spring is there is no reverse side. And is there not being a view of one's actions that's seen through it:

I dreamt (Feb. 13) that there were puddles or pools in the street, that were filled with gasoline so that the people on the edges drew back. 'they're' anticipating it's going to be set afire inward toward them, (from where I'm seeing). A child is dowsed with the gasoline in flight on the other side (from me) of an edge of one. (Then I had the 'information' this is in World War II), and sensation of having gone before, being there, to Kress', Woolworth (as it is almost Valentine's Day?).

This actual day is later simply behind 'my' thin dream (which is just it. it's just in me, nowhere else). The day which is my closing and opening is rippling it (my actual fabrication) in front. So the day is very still. It was or is 'still' anyway.

In that still day:

Having put his member in her. She comes out to meet him, hitting her with its heavy side. That had been before. Beside him who's mature, a boy who's been given heavy machinery to drop bombs is in the desert. Doing that innocently. This is on its side. seeing up through its side(s). run. The boy wants to be in society.

The dream I had is closer to being because it abuts it—then. before it's occurred. This is in the present. The blossoms on the plum trees opened. On some. Birds sit, and fly amongst branches of bare trees. It has no reverse side, and is thin.

Birds skim low by me.

Wall of police swinging their clubs sweep forward. young punks with tattoos emerge from the crowd, turning the cop car over and burning it. They receive beatings.

Denuding the proliferation of events makes real time.

He said to me on waking in the early morning when I first saw you and was spying on you I saw you talking to yourself in your car. He begins to sing.

being thin in the sense of being in one's own actions: by that is not meant as I know that objectively the stock traders at the trough in the restaurant so the day is very still. Coming at it sideways is writing at a slant to it.

A memory as just a thin disc, as it is seen that way. There is no event. Warm, the birds stirring and flying. I had a memory of being on an empty street in San Diego near-by the ocean; just that. that as a disc because it became so stagnant it seemed it was going to collapse, and be still. it flapped. my mind had become so tired its resistance was going. The mind being weary as clarifying in itself.

Went to a funeral, and saw another friend who had abandoned his friends so hadn't been seen for some time. Various were asking about him before this. My mind had become so tired that tears washed outside it. tonight. Washed on the eye so that it's the outside. Just that. He makes loneliness outside, for nothing. was not a friend. I was being destructive. Was only thought of as that. that is not nature, so the mind could itself be still. It can just be still but in one.

That's a just action, which is spring. for their cruel. one is so small. can be still in one seeing one's so small.

Take that in to one of one's being so small and drove seeing there are sheep on a hill of the same color as them in wide shafts beams of light coming from the sky, in memory or not (in the present) as that is shuddering thinly. lambs. That one is so small to one makes it swimming collapse.

Having been squatting outside, in one's town and found there by the Doberman pinscher running as a thrashing blur. The muzzle turning. Backing to kick it and turning away running. At night in the field of the lighted refinery, which is tiered spires stacks pour out white clouds into the sky which is itself black.

Dissolving the seeing of events is the same as this time's seeing.

An occurrence is only its seeing.

Then there isn't time. That space is collapsed.

'false joy' because they're lying to us. but inside it is not their 'false joy' It could be one's own, that is a thought. which in itself is joy which bangs against it. The dark cattle stood earlier with the disc of moon on the other side of them—why they were dark; when the sun was on the side (of them) on which they were dark.

That is in memory as the actual event.

The chest in one is struggling in constriction of joke. Trash. The air cannot get into the rib cage. The thought of a bicyclist comes up—which is a memory and therefore separated from one, who is small. That was him and so flattened shooting ahead. His back, that makes one laugh constricted inside so that it's him.

So the flapping swans here so they're the same as the sky simply flying is that (in time), before.

The entire day completely dilated is flapping in one's recesses so it is behind in the back of one. Stagnant in that sense, as it's flapping and then narrowing it in front though it's still the day.

It's the day in a sense, narrowed to a thin disc in front in which the entire dilated day behind in the recesses of oneself bangs shuttering on it. The day collapses in that sense when that's slowed and interminable.

One rests.

One just sees from one's social group perspective say and then the huge bright day is dilated flapping with that; so it's involuntarily let go as it's large and while hitting the recesses in front of one in the present, remains there shuttering.

That who'd been the negative jewel leaning over hitting the ball with the cue is lounging on his feet standing up. The people to whom he is not one of them, and that is in the entire day dilated widely who'd mocking him there'd been a drag race where another man of them drove off the cliff viewed it. that is this context for some reason.

It is creating a surface of custom which is imagination: viewing this internally as oneself, it makes the strain and inability to accept this apparent.

Everything is the eye of objectivity. Pain is that standard yet at the same time utterly excluded (that exclusion is what that vision is).

This is what they say is normal life here. So we can see it. I'm seeing what we call normal life as *being* a vision.

So this is making another vision of their vision; but then one is not in either, walking.

It has nothing to do. It simply moves in it.

There can be no embarrassment. The view of conformity is metaphoric so one can only make it warp.

The plane taking off in the pampas grass. plumes on the grass. taxiing.

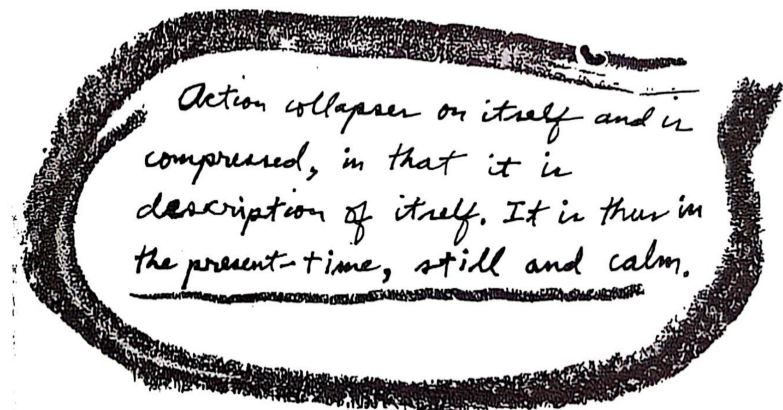
The veins articulated in light snow of the vast stone plain and ridges beneath. Taking off in it in a car invisible.

This is it to diffuse it.

They like commentary alone, so the regulatory guards of the banks and corporations are removed by their puppet government and they can feed on the people who're putting money in the bank. They say they're investing in ventures, which are bogus, and they are actually siphoning the money.

The entire countryside is undermined by this. 'Our' leader's son is one such larva, having merely fed from the bank he supervises; there is no incentive to correct this as there is no observation.

The businessmen are seen only on the trains in which they are everywhere reading comic books that are pornography. This is only what written word is. That's why this is pornography.



I was in a closed train car, the windows couldn't be opened, and they all in uniforms of suits blew on cigarettes. Amidst them in the car are larvae who're also theirs. The acrid fume watts. The only written word is pornography which they're reading, while there is a grey and yellow dazzling light in the window in the sky.

I get out of the train. Endless ramps of running figures are seen. A twisted face puckers behind me.

The business class is as ignorant in being without schooling as ones who are cut off, the sewer class.

The sewer class is helpless to the other's ignorance.

They can only see and abutted to the visual images are words that are puerile and on the level of children, failing to come up to or mirror the images.

They can't see the occurrence, because it has no corresponding apprehension that is not in what it sees. It has no mirror that is apprehension without seeing.

The sewer class in the city is pushed down and being destroyed or prevented for there is no difference between it and the business class except by chance.

They see that they are the same.

Where the old fields of perception were completely destroyed—is collective experience.

This is not cultural analysis. It is just seeing them as my construction.

that is silent reading.

coming out of arising of sewer class

I was in the post office recently and this woman goes up screaming to a man who's risen to the counter. We're all seated stagnant with numbers in our hands. She knows his number is 81 and it's presently 74. He's picked the number he's currently using off the floor. She makes him wait, haranguing him. Another man thanks her. The mailpeople's heads are bowed, looking down. It's spring. There is silence and we sit.

as if seeing itself were retrogressive

So there's space that drops to the bottom in beauty

that void is collective experience

To have pure vision of an event whose only form is done in silent reading—

washed bathing of sewer class

is in silent reading

So we're in the entire present.

It drags objective

A dark soft night, fireflies flashed on the green under it.

I saw this little girl in pink top and green pants churning on her bicycle up a slight hill to pass in front of her brother who had a hose on. On the sidewalk. Barely peddle roiling on the wallowing bike back and forth in front of the hose which he'd lower, but sometimes squirted by it. She'd heave up the hill to it.

Bright cloudless air and the swifts dart and glance off the stream of the marsh, so they're not seen on it. They eat by having their mouths open catching the bugs that are above the stream. We were seeing them without varying.

The larvae popping on the frying surface of oil are unraveled.

I saw another little girl in pink walking on a long road empty except for me with a grey dog on a leash. They came forward on the road ahead as if zooming, though their feet are moving slowly. It's dusk with a light sky. Their feet moved slowly but they receded going the other way, walking.

The absurdity of the conflict with what's there entirely creates an area of real bathos that is empty. Why is the sky still, or it's moving but without emotion.

The earth is damp from dew with the dry corn stalks rustling from him putting the member in between the halves which are wrapped. A round white moon is behind him seen through the corn stalks in the blue by them. So that he's in the mound pressed up forward on it, and comes. lying, the few drunken on the rim far away. He's clothed with them open, and pulls the member out. The clothes open. and she comes when he's withdrawn then. on his knees pressed forward as he withdraws. The few that are on the rim of the horizon are whooping then as a small sound that comes to there. That is outside of it.

Things were going wrong and I'm tired of scenes where they don't care about anything but that when I was talking to this man I know having a rough time unemployed in his livelihood was driving a cab he'd begun to lose ten dollars a day said I'd pick up the businessmen downtown but it didn't feel right and anyway sideways-smile I didn't know where I was going begun to pick up then the little old ladies who want to take their dog from one block to another so I quit. he says.

That's the opposite of it.

Sheets of rain that's come when it's been a drought, the big-rig trucks have lights on their frames bobbing ahead. The red lights are around their frames floating in the night.

Their men photoed on their knees in sand with their arms tied behind their backs, their heads are bowed. Only one is looking and is intent clear. If they posed them, he is looking at their posing him with his arms tied behind his back intent. They see the subject. Neighbors going by who'd simply put everything that could go on a cart were going as they say bands are out burning. Toward evening some more go by on carts. So carried out in the cornfields in a blanket. Sleeping in the blanket in the ears of corn, at dawn there was whooping with a few drunken on the rim of the blue horizon. They're far away. The man who'd had his arms tied behind his back of them, puts his member in the halves in the blanket. in the gel in the halves that are wrapped. Leans over protruding through the stalks of

corn. He's kneeling from that with the halves in the blanket open in the blue surrounding behind him. Pulls the member out, so that the halves come and white is all over.

They're lying there side-by-side open in the cornfield amidst the stalks that are in front of the dawn moon.

That blue dusky surrounding that is dawn is behind her when she is on him on the stem. Back and forth with the corn stalks surrounding but the blue inky covering is still. Some others on the rim are far away. She moves on him.

The carts are going by through fields where in one they're stuck her lying on him amidst them. There is no comment or faces on them. The blue inky covering is still and some on the rim of it are whooping.

They're on the plains and so the inky covering is open and is behind her when she is on him on the stem—it is still—she moves on him as a point of on the field.

Eagles fly over them that are going over the fields a crowd that has amassed on one are by carts yet they go through the fields.

If I'm only that reacting, and aren't that to which I'm reacting, then what's that reacting, etc.? Not: I am formed by it. G. says suddenly There are many little fish living in the pond and there is one frog (I respond interiorly, sense of, only the person behind being hit); I wonder (at) the fact they live there he says. That is their world.

I had a sense of relief interiorly. When they're finished taking a drink they leave he says.

Every afternoon, so exhausted I fall asleep in my chair there is no reason for being so tired. It's a sleep in which there are no dreams, not just not remembering, none. The days don't differ, are warm. The family who live down the street at their table that's in the window eating at all hours of the days in two rows at the table, the dog lying stretched on the grass before them, their mounted huge pickup trucks lined in the yard, are putting in coned trees on the grass. That's in the back of the sleep that doesn't have dreams and is dead, the sleep is but they are there.

Another day: there are no differences between them, that is warm cawing etc. so one is that. It is forward and behind. The family there who eat in rows at the table in the window have put a bird feeder on sill outside in front of the table, so birds eat as they are eating.

Black Gardenia

There are none of the clamoring starving crowd. stew. The lines of stalled cars and trucks with the buildings sagging toward them in the heat, layers of the buildings' stories sag. A roar of horns, and on the stew of fumes women begging on the strip in the center with many small children clinging to one. They've given, said to one who clings to the taxi.

One is supposed to have someone tell them what is fashionable. it comes off of that. tell them who's one.

Open the wooden slatted verandah doors from the sagging layers of the building that are splayed forward to the muggy breeze from the ocean. Along the boardwalk families stroll in the evening. The clerk is banging on the door and entering closes the verandah doors, saying to keep them closed switches on the fan.

On the naked back with the fan turning over it on the front.

The clamoring stew is dark under a rolling layer. it's day. but the layer is clapping in a rolling wave of thunder. Heavy rain pounds in the street and the cars slipping in it.

The cars wash past and a roll of thunder catches the edge.

them in the edge of a roll. on it.

Soaked come back into the sagging building on the edge of a roll then. There's a clap. the clothes heavy and soaked. in the room with the wooden verandah doors pelted. The room that is on the edge of it is caught in a roll.

Unhitches the soaked clothing which falls to the floor thickly. Wrapped in a towel with the fan wallowing on the front on the ceiling reflections from outside come in.

When one is lying in sleep the slick body having entered the pendulant belly hanging comes on one. She guts the rodent. lighting the room, she sees a man slumped forward stuck in the belly where she'd wrested away from it on the bed. it gutted. it's silent. The fan had been turned off somehow and she turns it on again with it undulating.

The intestine is this lucid cord like a jewel strand. in someone.

In the soaking rain the tottering old with the jewel strands curled in them. There's garbage lying in the street with them roaming in it.

Where there'd been a drought the trees dying the rain pounds on the hard ground. The streets are flowing rivers with the translucent white old huddled by the buildings.

Having put on the soaked clothing stepping into it which was lying on the floor, and stepping onto the street enters as they would say endless fragile shallow series.

the white body slumped gutted as with the hollow butt. with no sound. the soaked clothing hangs on her but swaying it's so heavy.

from the jewel strand lying on garbage. curled old is lying on some refuse either thrown up there or not choosing a shelter.

Some are on the other side of a pool in the pounding rain, one running to the side from this view. is seen in the side glance. then flickers past as the view is centered again. running rivulets on white thin hair of one. then readjusting of view. to them. again sideways glance panning. Steps out into the center. one old in the hanging belly vacates from the lucid cord in the falling water, defecating.

In it, the water falls slowly then hard. It's falling fast in waves in standing pools.

The blaring of a truck and she moves to the side in it. the air hanging dark. though it's day.

A large old urinates. The rain falls in mudwater. This is not a dream, it is projected outward. yet it roams as if slowly or fitfully in it.

The negative jewel who'd not been a conformist though they'd molded him to respond to being in the drag race caring for them who're conformist somehow, not that this is not that.

Pushing through the mass of people and is only in that, content. The din of the trucks rising off of them in traffic and the layers of the buildings collapsing forward in the streets are swimming in the layer. Millions of frenetic figures work and this is merely being a hack, so it is work in that sense.

She counts her money. Having to bum off the whining chum who's showing her the shoe on her foot. What are the chances of that? Says she's going to invest in reselling some bicycles does he want to come in to it. they're on the sidewalk. it's not raining. he counts out some bills of his father, including the shoes and she's walking on the steaming wet street then.

They're hammering a roof on the stew. The sagging buildings crumbling, the layers are like bric-a-brac. So some men ride on the top, hammering as if floating on it.

And the layers sag flowing, out onto the traffic.

Whining dumpy figure selling shoes whom she recognizes putting out her foot, he says he has to work there for his father.

Struggle is rising on the stew in it. There's a memory of person coming forward on her who had had the knife which somehow in the struggle guts him so that the translucent cord is simply released. There is no feeling against him. It's flattened in that. His entering dying is not unseen, because the curled jewel strand is dumped from a stranger. As then seeing their curled strand in the passersby.

Walk out into shallow pond surrounded by ruts and rest submerged in plates of lily pad-leaves resting on the scum. She has to wash the mud off yet mud is hanging sluggishly in the water. lying in it and the emerald green span of a pad and strewn out of many pads. Look up and there are the sagging buildings layers, and the men hammering floating on the roofs.

She dives under in the shallow scum dangling roots of the underside of the green light vast span of a pad, the leg coming up to the side and then out behind her again under them. Her other leg is brought up and then floats out and coming around meets the other in back. The underside of the huge pads continues.

The translucent man is standing immersed with his center dangling and she takes hold of his wiener her lying under the pads on the surface. Wavering in pond scum beneath the surface and taking the center dangling begins pulling on him. He's standing but half-way immersed comes. She's pulling the dangling member gently but under the light green span of pads, on the other side of which his eyes are pointed toward the floating roofs of layers.

He moves under the continuing surface of pads but not as if asleep or awake, because his face is above the mud gelatin. floating with the legs out in back, and floating straight so entirely in the water pulls with the mouth on him. who's in her mouth. He looks ahead and some birds go by his glance panning.

She's floating immersed with her head above the continuing span of green pads. The air rumples in a roll cracking it with a clap above and on the span. A purple dark rumple rolls on it.

Water pours down from the rumple. In the midst of it deluging there's another roll.

She doesn't move, immersed. Roll ripples the surface moves it. Dark purple clap rolls breaking on it. She's in it. The rainwater's pouring down.

floating. And from the bottom comes up a corpse blue and swollen softly. Where the thin yellow mongrels would usually eat and it would float rests. She stands for the mud to wash off though there is mud hanging in the water. A yellow mongrel tentatively comes to the edge and then sliding in begins to swim toward it.

Passing by men working on the street with a jackhammer they fall into conversation. There're ditches of mud in which they're half-immersed. She says she'll get sodas with their passing out the money of theirs to her from the line. She goes on then. is counting the bills in hand.

She passes the bog pond with pads steam rising off on it. In the center a yellow mongrel swims. Its chin on the flat water it carries a black gardenia by its stem in mouth coming toward her.

The black wings down that are on the huge sea are invisible on it as it drops out still.

Where they march around and only respond to the one man who doesn't answer if they don't speak only to him, isn't there then.

Controlling them to come back to him and speak only about him to him, they afterwards drop out still.

Man on a bicycle wobbling in the muddy black ruts by the pond was ahead of her and passed is wallowing on the rut right behind her. A heavy thug is standing in the glade. Holding a shotgun, some waft comes from it. She falls striking the water and swimming to the yellow mongrel.

Goes out and they're opening the shops throwing up the metal corrugated doors on their front. Wash down a sidewalk, yellow mongrels driving away.

She's floating. then on the bottom silt where there are the stalks of the man's legs she floats with hers behind sucks on him. His hand comes down shoving her somewhat. His legs stir. The hand shoving hers again. The roots of the pads dangle and the mud hangs in the water. It floats in the water but drips through the loam.

She's out where they're opening the shops again and says she'll go for water that's the commercial jug for customers as her job. They give her the paper bills to pay for the jugs, and she starts off around the corner.

Some men on bicycles riding in a row in the wet street.

She sees the heavy thug the nude belly opened up to the throat jagged as with a cutter so the heavy jeweled strand falls out. The passersby with their curled strand inside turn with their glance panning.

The glance lights and centers. A man runs on the rutted wet street through them.

A dark purple extended roof rolls on them with a clap and the rain begins pouring from it. The sack that is open of the man with the cord of jewel strand dumped from it glistens in the rain.

That is myself before I was me. the old slipping in the water. A crowd gathers around the circle, with the rain falling from the dark slab on them. Some birds fly by the glance panning. One wonders who that child was now. They're standing in the roof that's pouring.

Hooded trucks go by with their long trailers.

Some people say they don't change which is saying they won't as if they thought that was in their chromosomes before and maybe it is. The others say to them don't say that, of not changing, yet they go that way anyway. They never change. Why not?

A bowl of field in which yellow mustard flowers are growing opening up the cattle step with their slender stalks into the wet grass of the slope down to it. Sinking a stalk into the wet floor. The sloping sagging rows of the layers of buildings impinge floating on the slope.

She pours over the loose individual shoes but a matronly woman is going ahead with the sidewalk clerk haggling. The woman's glance centers on the clerk and her, panning without lids or pupils. She focuses. Sideways, she asks the (other) if she's found out anything yet or needs more money. She's forgotten. Centers her eyes. for the job she'd been hired to do for this one's and husband's construction outfit and had had the money for it, she remembers. says she's continuing some cash which the woman counts in her hand. It involves a company cutting in on them hiring their workers anyway, or they don't show after a while, she remembers. She's to follow them. She folds the bills and starts away from the shoe stand.

Walking with a wedge of the sky hanging over the hot street, her own eyes are without lids and rows of thin yellow mongrels are coming toward the open lidless rims. Their trotting swaying flanks are on the side of the other thin yellow sides (*are* the sides), and the center thin yellow mongrel coming to her has a black gardenia by the stem in mouth. They flicker straight to her with the black gardenia swimming that's in the sides of one's mouth.

The rows of the yellow mongrels passed they're riding in front of her in rows. A boy stumbles falls between a row of the thin yellow flanks and backsides, goes down and the rows of them go over him. in the street.

A heavy limousine wallows by. Chrome on Continental and holding a ripe smashed fruit in her hand, she hurls it to the window of the car's side. Cops immediately screwing her hands up on the side of the car throwing her against it space her feet apart.

it's like being in the mud gelatin standing in the surface of the continuing pads, before these events. But not going back to that event, or earlier. is in that, before.

She's lying in a cell. Others lying there. There's a pail where they urinate. It's a place for birds which is where they get that expression. One sings beside her. As the old in the wind had turned swiveling when some fly by; when the rumpled layer had cracked on the people. Rain came out of the plate over the people.

They let her out of the prison. It's morning. The streets are wet and running. Boys raise the metal doors on the shops in the rows and rows of streets. As the light rises.

Being, before in the pouring deluge of the layer rolls on the people in the street. A wave had rolled on the edge. Not remembering, but being there then. The jewel strand that's curled yet moving flexing had dumped out a matted ball from the exterior of an old, who is standing in the rain.

It does not repeat, it occurs in it.

Leaving the prison on this bright day, the (other) feels a constriction of joy as James Brown leaving prison yells sings I feel good to those meeting him.⁵

The man meets leaning against a wall his back floating on it, across the street. She comes out. the light rising.

Slouched somewhat while lounging back floating on the wall. His face smiling and looking out at her.

The crowd going by with the steam rising off of them from the rain having passed. It is like a halo over them.

A bulky woman the vapor rising from her bends over the shoes at the sidewalk stand.

The crowd is almost roaring
with such pleasure looking
at each other's clothes
is dropping out seeing

Men are combing the crowd. in the rows between the flanks of the people interweaving combing them. in a sweep lift wallets from some.

Riding standing the bus which is lurching swaying as a boat in the street. Her hands feel the sides of the rounded forms as she's weaving through them in the bus to the door, the brakes letting off a crack. They swim around the corner past the pond where immense blossoms have opened slabs on the continuing surface of pads. She emerges from the bus with the wallets inside her deep pocket dress.

⁵ When she who has been in the drag race becomes a mature being leads her community.

A woman in the black ruts of the pond lying. She flops down squeezing pressing the pump thrashing so that a wet ball is dumped from her. The ball slick with features is dropped from her from in one's glance panning.

Pushed out pressed from the vast muscles.

The (other) goes to another hotel. She enters. Checks in. on the stairs.

Under the shower washing off the strands. Standing, plant shreds cake one's flesh from being immersed. There is the fetid smell of the water itself.

She combs the crowd packed thick bulbs through them interweaving to the end of the bus where the patch of light door is.

Combs them flat in the row of them.

Ushered in to a spacious sumptuously furnished mahogany study but the cold brunette who's the curator is entirely servilely of rank; the man behind the vast mahogany desk is flushed complexion the eyes all pupils swiveling and centering. His eyes center on her. The smile is pleasant as the cold brunette serves a glass of tea but grudgingly to her of course rather than to him; who'd asked her if she'd wanted some which is just a form. The brunette'd have the function of ranking some, who're if they're fawned on not knowing that occurs. maybe. The view is of a crystal blue as if an onion from the window. The tea tastes good, softly. The icy smile of the brunette then but as if it's before but not seen until later superfluously. He says we can do business which is such politeness it makes her a mannikin that has already been vacant. the eyes that are all pupils roaming so that one acquaints oneself with it but it isn't that then. What can I do for you and the huge pupils scanning is of wealth. only.

to supply the water jugs in the offices maybe, and the eyes swimming into her with the soft clammy forehead and cheeks drifting away look resting on her.

she's to have that job. has the bills. She starts out around the corner from the building of brass elevators that's on the festering rotting streets. Layers. With its view of onion. Needs a drink. Oiling down a vodka with lemon so there's no burning which would be all right but the throat is clear empty tube that enters a hollow sack muffled there. though not elsewhere. I don't see how people work all the time. relaxes and unfolds inside. It's a worm with wings she thinks.

Defoe wrote journalistic pamphlets, yet made up what he said. It isn't accurate. as is of this also.

Man is wavering in a truck going from the city. in the cab the bright round orb of moon hangs on its side. The red dark disc of sun is on the other side of the thin cage by the window. Turn the truck and they're driving right

toward the immense white hanging moon. that's floating over them. he and the other man in it.

Where she's sitting in a chair on its back legs at the moment under a tree, a shadow is in front of the tree. A heavy man is floating in front. The belly is opened in the clothes up to the neck so that the curled strand of intestine is then released. from him. bowing reverentially really outward. where there's empty quiet.

They meet.

Her standing and there's on that line running. that's out in front of her. The vodka makes the head slow in it working receded, whereas inside the immense dark layer rolls and rain pours from it on the people. standing. She's running through them but the worm inside is asleep. the old standing out.

It's like a plow through the old shaking. They're running men who are in amidst, an old who's standing is brushed past as if having (insect) wings. Sinks falling aside whereas the others are fanned through, shaking.

They're standing in the heavy rain.

The wet drops are invisible standing on the translucent flesh. She's lying on the nude back under the fan undulating distortedly on the ceiling. The thin flesh of the shaking old have the invisible drops a few visible standing on it.

The generator went off. It dies.

A woman lying flopping back and forth pumps out a wet ball that's a strand on the cord. Some as a function of ranking, which is of the market. Boys are flipping open the metal doors of the shops with the stands open.

Defoe made these characters who weren't many edged and would report. I want to have that be this; (seeing now don't know who I am).

The pack of yellow mongrels rounding the corner in a fan. They sweep in their rows turning as one phalanx. The thin yellow flanks move and the black gardenia by the stem in the mouth of one which she'd seen the one time.

I'll help you.

There's no light. It's like an ink in the room from the bed, the dome of the air black.

Floating on the black air, which occurs when one is not asleep. It is warm and open.

On the black ruts she looks and sees some men filling the commercial jugs with the fetid water. to sell. in the offices. she passes.

Walking on the street. The sun on the slope. She agrees to sell newspapers is going to get the bills later.

she tries to sell them.

the men dying with the curled strand released, as she's thought to be working for the couple. who's money she had. to be tracing their workers. the construction in the swaying rows of layers. and the cops finding a ring. thieves.

plane comes over dying in the still air. The purple thud inside the rolling shelf but which is above it.

the thud is not of it. it is above it.

Pouring slate-colored stream that flows there into the ocean, the salmon with the pink bellies bounce on it. They ride on it.

An eagle comes down and has grasped a salmon that was bouncing on the stream. It's holding it lapping. Other salmon with pink bellies ride in the choppy waves.

Cattle that wandered in. One is washed there nude as it has been removed of fur so it is lovely white rubbery carcass and the man is walking gently in front of it. then far in front of it.

She is washing the car's window, wandering along. when cars stop in the line of traffic come up and ask to do their windows. Hold the rag and washing brush and wipe it across the windshield so one is moving on the car as if falling behind it.

And about to that, but separate, a man with the curled strand inside walking by the rows of cars. A woman lays down a blanket by there putting her babies in a line in the night air on it. by itself.

Draws the brush wiper across the windshield. is slowly occurring at the present.

About to it completely separately the gutted man who is ahead of it.

Who's after her when she does not remember she was hired for a job as she does not do it.

If you didn't have this attitude then. you wouldn't have this attitude. intolerance.

Can't sleep and is out in front hearing lying the birds singing at night.

Don't fall out of it. She's running in a roll of thunder rain sweeping the edge.

The plate over the people standing. A rumple hanging on the street. Out of which the water pours. Here and there the old in it. The pack of yellow mongrels is running in rows in the center away.

Sheet of water raining and the sides of the yellow mongrels run by themselves in the rain.

The man is running who's eliminated then later some other, not done by her.

The man (who's not a conformist) walking in the street at some other time, they're raising the metal doors on the shops. People are hammering on the layers of roofs floating on them.

A man is hanging in chair alongside the overpass pillar welding on it so that the pink glow flowing off of it sparks. The flow is reflected swimming on the pan of the overpass. Being in the black ruts by the pond. The solder flowing drips in loam of it.

He's lower down then on the pillar floating with the pink wave of solder reflecting on him.

That man working—what's work?—is in an inverse relation to society.

As an image, the sight (of him) is seen as the same no matter from what perspective. As uniform in seeing, it is an object for simultaneous collective experience. as I'm doing it.

The grainy phenomena of solitude of his hanging arises as it is silent.

The system which is created is not circular in that it is reflected off walls yet as the only way to let the society come in, protecting one so that it cannot paralyze one.

heard sound as not needing to protect one

St. Francis told us to convert the birds so we're kneeling in the field where the birds are running on the ground and rushing in the air towards our chests.

She's leaning then in the chair resting on the back legs with the vodka and lemon. Rather than converting. Being myself. I'm not a saint so I used my brains to them.

This could never be a film, because it's the inside. This isn't the way I conceive of anything. This isn't myself so why did I do this?

Men go by in shaved heads in jeep painted in camouflage which is fashion with a flag flying on it driving on the street here.

They have such a fragile sense of themselves that it is not that is not them—as not being visible on it.

There, aren't words because they don't say anything.

What would they be doing anyway, not to be in society? Which they see as only themselves. Duped as they don't see a trace of themselves.

We're unformed where the social existence of an action forms.

The one whom she meets as she's sitting in the chair alone with the vodka and lemon when she's utterly relaxed, his front open so that his intestine in its gel is seen, is flayed with a knife by some other who's behind her. Whom she meets is coming to her, believing she's doing some job she's not doing. The intestine lined in gel so that's endless fragile series.

Not holding to his saying of what should be or even seeing his. I used to but from the reverse side being them.

'They're' starving millions trying to flee and 'our' leader who's interviewed playing tennis having followed the plan of his corporations causing this will send down a few bails to that people in fields.

People go by in the street. Rather than converting them to it, who're existing.

Their provincial innocence is the inside of ghouls. Flags on the antennae on the streams of cars. Come up to it with this (my) provincial innocence and one is entirely alone.

Man hanging on chair on pillar soldering the pillar to the base flow of reflection on him and on it—is the construction not in seeing him or him seeing either.

He's lower down then hanging on pillar soldering with the reflections simply on him then as transformed back inside hanging off it as communally

That's (my) innocent provincialism, as it is really

Seeing the rosy plate on which he really is but which is not occurring from him or from this view

It is the entire surface without distinction. There is only light. There is ground for them. There's never been that before. not here, where there's a view of work.

Sitting there it's like getting a cat to work sweeping leaves or something. You say Work cat.

The man dripping solder hanging is in it.

The comic book is on the surface and so it's layers floating.

All of these guys telling me what I'm supposed to be. That's flapping.
They're riding in their camouflage jeep in fashion in the city.

Yet that's not when it's entirely alone.

Sitting back in the chair swallowing the vodka with lemon she's utterly alone for a moment. She's happy. One thinks we're supposed to be that.

It's in the place where the old are dropping a matted ball from their back (of cord) on the plate of rain.

The sky's above and beneath is the plate in the rain they're standing on and in between they're absolutely alone.

They're in jeeps with camouflage paint, and antennae with a flag flying on it in the city as fashion who're in flesh that's neither them nor men. Who are they

Where there is a male muscle but that is behind them the trout's sides' behind them which don't work in a job.

In the wind the sky going by who're behind them absolutely alone.

Plate on the sea—where they're not seen—eyes glued shut boats floating back on the turquoise deep plate alone under them.

An elderly on the street, so the bag of gut is flimsy transparent goes by. It's a larva and yet from the end of after having been born.

Rose of blood is on the coiled interior, that comes later.

Being born had occurred. So this is now in a clear area that is devoid of that.

There is no relation to an event in their being. (The man with leukemia is clear and transparent in character and disappeared.)

There was something empty and calm in what had been the middle of this, yet it had gone on.

There was only the shining dun grass and here and there on the bowl were floating cattle.

That's after the elderly are born at the end.

In the heat the shining stretch of bowl meets the horizon.

The bowl is floating on the horizon.

Getting to the airport at 1 a.m., we pulled away in a rented car in sheets of rain. There are vast curving overpasses with no movement under the black air in waves a hooded big-rig with waves on it. Sheathed people stood in the dark with signs, the car floating amidst the curved floating overpasses.

A sheath stands that is passed. black is above the ramps. no features on them standing one by one under the dim pans of the overpasses. reading Slow floating washed. The entire horizon is a sheet slab lit up across it then with the black above it. Then dark. Not a white rod in the middle though in one light slab on the bowl that is visible. Out the entire base is illuminated from beneath the black ridges into the black bowl dome. The car floats on it with no rain in the black moving sky. Black air with the car moving and dark black drifts were above.

(In my dream there is a figure with dyed black hair as she is 'old', an 'aunt' supposedly though not an actual person known to me. She's saying she wants me to die or I should die soon with the meaning of taunting. The sense of this is later linked to the event then of seeing my actual sister floating in water that is seen while looking up. She is retrieving her dress that has been kept or submerged there and she's bringing it up to a green area above the water, as in an aquarium, to be worn by her later at her funeral; I realize that I will not speak to her again during the remainder of life, as she doesn't want to. It is a given, which is prior in it. I'm lying, actually, outside of dreaming, in a completely dark silent room curled on my side with my knees up.

I could not move, curled, since the dark silence continued to be the same as the water. Unmoving in that flat layer, I had the sense that the occurrence of actual death is in being separated and seeing that.)

long straight road in the desert.

Out of blue a bomb plummets in the blue where there is no reflection to see it in it.

car in long run veering, sheet of planes float on it. Puffs occur under the planes.

not reflecting it so as to have it be sentimental.

A man on a truck, a fly went down his throat. He gurgled standing and swallowed so those behind him applauded and continued.

Nothing there so that is sentimental. He swallows the fly that has flown in. No motion in the air. It is still.

The fly itself comes to the back of the truck. Which is still.

In the air he opens his mouth forward in it and the fly flies in. People painted as police rode motorcycles before him.

The grainy solitude of what's seen occurs in silent reading. That's its form.

It's not 'seen' here.

It's not read aloud to other people, being to oneself. One has to not be a spectator then either.

The rumpled dark clouds in the dark are on the desert in being separated from their sight.

A man says I was driving across Nevada at night to avoid the heat. It was black and since it was perfectly flat you could see to the horizon in all directions so the stars came down to the ground. There was a full moon up and to the left. As I drove, because I was tired and it was so flat, it was disorienting. I looked down and to the left and saw the moon and stars below me. It was like losing my balance. The desert was flooded, the road slightly elevated, with the stars and moon reflected so they were in the entire sphere above and below. I was driving at 80 with the moon below racing me. I turned out the car lights and drove in it.

This time is a new era in that people do not read and are read to collectively.

Our media is solitary; its images are seen collectively and their meaning is read to the people aloud as if arising from one person's experience.

Silent reading, one person reads to themselves. Events themselves are denuded appearing.

In reading silently, one seems to actually see an occurrence.

We have a different view of collective.

Notes to Waking Life:

The Present

*The Present, given here only in its prose form, is also a play.
The play includes passages from Waking Life.*

1

Why the form of the detective novel as if it were a certain thing known which is about finding corpses.

it is out before.

Seeing (our) actual in reality dying in that the (other) finds the corpses after they're dead.

Other reflects only him, which is why he is isolated.

Bob doesn't like it when it is lovely as being convention. Or if there's suffering. Convention can be made without suffering.

(It appears to be convention only and is lovely.)

The fake canned sense of happiness we're supposed to have in our culture, which isolates one, is not the same as the lovely images.

A book is calm because it is serial. which is a form unrelated to suffering.

The black gardenia in the mouth of the running dog is the inner man. it seems. as it is shallow, which is this loop.

2

Realism:

Moving in a real terrain that is thought of as simply itself, having no shape or view given to it. a city. so if one is in that can see it. the viewer is in the center of it, moving. beggars. cars. Someone comes by. It is an actual historical event though with a wide loop that separates one from it.

It is so that one is a mannerism in the terrain which is simply itself. The intense blue water on the desert with cattle coming to it. The loop is there.

that the nature as such of the person is romantic is given as such if it is. in the same place. people's suffering or such, there is the loop that separates from it. so that it really is close.

the separation (for someone) isn't being alienated.

This is the present time in that it is inner.

There is a similarity to our innocent, provincial nature.

That enabled the war recently. There are the individuals but they are simple and innocent.

Qualified, relative, not centralized.

It is before the area of apprehension, or behind it or alongside. The center is empty. Everything is always present-time. therefore there is no content. there is no present. One doesn't see there's a center or that it's empty until later or ever know where this occurred. One has to read the whole thing, of the various parts in it to know this.

Being past the center of each of the various parts later: the events of the pulp or detective novel/b movie meet and are our culture. The latter exists less than the life.

They simply go out, where they find corpses; and come back home again. That's the only action.

so there's no 'life', really no distance between it. in that space has been compressed. conventional/supposed 'actual' life has been eliminated that is content so one is calm. one is in it and it is still.

Other cannot reflect only him; he cannot be isolated, in the form.

The detective novel/b movie is a copy like a Xerox; that is why it is so beautiful.

In the Midwest, there is no other. A line
is separate, this is the only life there is.

isolation

Other reflects only him, which is why he is isolated.

The child has no sense of the flowering bum. then suffering isn't anything as it's oneself.

The Midwest is nothing but suffering.

That speaking is a copy supposedly of life, which it resembles not at all, or others and inner and historical events at the same time is its actual present-time.

and not figure out how it unfolds
 Wheeling on the sled—having slept in the indentation—deer simply
 have ticks which become huge until they drop off.
 a huge tick in the side of having waded.
 they begin singing—soldiers she meets on the road are a choir and they
 began singing.
 into the area of just pulp—only that
 One realizing I have to do this myself.
 the leg is soaked. She goes on the sled. There's a sandbar out along
 stretching on which are corpses the buzzards sapping it whirling. It's far
 gone. in the light air.
 The content of life can be seen only from our culture's suffering which
 is only what we see. but really one is roaming and playing.
 It defeats our isolation in the present-time reality by being that.
 There's a stream of one-line phrases that go past that. it is a sheet.
 because it actually does not resemble oneself. or a dream. so it has to
 be as close to that actual real-time as possible.
 such is a new way of seeing not because the individual has created that
 but because they see it. everyone sees that, which is plainly visible. it is not
 willed and is thus calm, inner as seeing the original imposition on it.
 of our saying. so one roams and plays, when one is past the sheet that's
 our saying it.

beggars see that. there is the loop in that separation of the intense blue
 water on the desert. the cattle coming to it.
 Why choosing immaturity that open loop. that is in the separation.
 Seeing them is where they are. that's where oneself is, so they're together.
 but it is behind each other or ahead.
 there is no present-time. so when immaturity is stricken, he's excluding
 the ground of social occurrence.
 suffering. Seeming to be in the empty center is even of bathos that is
 why it is indistinguishable.
 Yet one may simply not be seeing it. What is it? which is oneself before
 one was that.

I like living in motels because there's no context. It's like living in the
 car. If one has a context, one sees that only.

Some rumpled purple clouds are hanging up there.
I was out on the road when the air was black.
You can see clouds on the desert from very far away.
The air is so black but with a rose line on the rim, people walking are
illuminated from within in the Midwest.

The desert boys (that's not the Midwest) are carrying the henna man
wrapped who's dead in it. They're not.

He was in a heroin sleep. I saw him the other day. His lids were closed. I
woke up in the early morning in the heat, and walking out by the gas station,
there's a dog lying in the dust. He's there every morning.

The dog's eyelids are closed so that's a wave.

7

What's in the open loop is lovely. not theirs.

8

Realism:

In realism, calm comes before. The place is itself only.

In the Midwest, there is no loop. I was on a bus in the black night. A
woman looked out the window and said this is where she used to dance. in
nowhere. there was no loop. no town.

that's a loop itself. black night.

they're doing that but one is calm before it's occurring. People think if
one says what's occurring in the newspaper, one is saying that. that. that
it's just the present as if that were easy and nothing.

it is. it is the same as apprehension. isn't it, because that's a loop.

There's no plot. This is inferior because I know what I'm going to say.
but I want to know what I'm going to say and it is not willed.

I'm saying something about a real man who's contemplated at the same
time as the lovely one who'd been in the drag race in which a man had driven
off the edge and had been mourned. Being the same as the lovely one, I have
to know what I'm going to say, and so there's a separation.

I know what I'm going to say already. I'm not searching.

Life is grinding on something that's so light that it doesn't matter that
one knows it. In fact, one has to. That's what makes it lovely.

It is not willed.

What occurs in the newspaper is not willed. If one says it, it occurs
before. that. See, one knows what one is going to say.

Man holding the rib cage from the back jutting there is a separation, from him, in knowing what one is going to say. This is the first time that the future occurs.

Man lying in the gutter who'd put it in her with the blue translucent sky above, it's in the future.

at the same time as lying in the gutter who'd held the rib cage put it in her so that she'd come and then the translucent sky. Just taken that apart. which is familiar. It's ordinary.

One saying this is, but only at the moment I'm just going to say it. I'm not looking for something.

her coming, with him floating on her and then lying in the gutter is then simple. in itself. not to anything.

There's no simple relation to suffering. except bathos. so bathos is made to have a separation to immaturity. there's a loop.

therefore innocence in oneself is sentimentalizing. He's frightened that it is himself. it is in others. the man slipping on a board is sentimental. in that it isn't willed.

if they can see that, if it is evident that of the man slipping on the board it isn't willed.

Man and woman dragging dog prone on sled in the street swatch of sky. (The dog was as big as a lion. Bought to defend her from someone who had a crush on her. Who'd punched her boyfriend. The hind legs of the dog became paralyzed. Something that happens to German Shepherds. The man who's her friend and her pulled the dog in the town.)

The moon in the night sky is above the line that's the rim of the horizon. Yet the night sky is below the line. he is separate from them.

he's not the one who'd had the crush on her. Someone passing. he's isolated, in the entire night sky in which they're pulling the dog that's prone.

In order that it is sentimental. It is calm.

9

Therefore give up trying to say this/see this at the same time. That is the only suffering actually. Field that has a sun over it, that is a separation.

The sprinklers on a long crop field came on when the (other) was walking through it, a bum.

sun aglare in the haze that's lowering and the arms that are beams of the many sprinklers on the field soak her as she walked.

the light sprinklers on the crop field turning soak her yet as she was in the middle she continues walking.

When the ball has become distorted, it sinks. There's no one there. There isn't a variation, low yellow crop field actually. So bathos is made to have a separation to immaturity.

10

I'm following what I'm saying. So I'm almost right on it. They're bombing the road out; what's on it, cars, trucks, to stop people fleeing. Ordinary people flee. So bathos is made to have a separation. The roads fill with wrecked standing gutted hulls. Lines of trucks and gutted cars stand in the road, when they were blown.

saying it is at the same time. There's no other in the center.

11

Walking on San Pablo. Limbs go by parting the purplish night. there's an opening coming to a stop light on a corner.

that isn't the blackness that's purple. limbs part the light. at the street intersection, car is at the crosswalk.

the dash humming. beginning to swerve as it starts out, at that light. The chassis slides on the street and it's forward. then it is.

limbs flapping in the neon making a large loop in the night.

bum comes out of the darkness to ask for money and the limbs part the night. a very large hoop.

driving, the cars make a very slack loop from one. So slack though the bum is there.

as if he's on a rise. car veers on its own making a low slack loop as if a lasso. There's no other in the center. It's not of culture.

Man strolling is in light.

12

In the Midwest, there is no observer. this is joy. That's why they don't suffer.

There's no other in the street; which is empty. Hamburger stands, there is one street. It is not of culture. so there's nothing to fear.

One's mind takes off to something else and so there's no observer.

To create immaturity, but not willed.

the low slack loop of the car. that's the purplish night.

In the dark, the moon is floating on them.

Black with the moon. When I called the dog who'd broken its back flying off a dune didn't return.

I looked in the dunes, seeing the dog dead who was white beneath a dune. I had the feeling if I called it would come back to its corpse.

One creates a stream of surfaces of such images which happen on their own. At the same time, these scenes are openly manipulated and visibly constructed as aestheticism and observation of the process of that, which is to be observation of the viewer's own mind.

Neither illustrates the other. If anything, the running commentary illustrates life.

The two sides which are not illustrated: the commentary has no space.

These visual images are in a sense laid end-to-end against each other creating spoken thin surfaces that look through and into each other. Sometimes one 'frame' or paragraph that is a scene of events will appear to be viewed (by one listening) from behind the scene looking forward (in reverse, as it were) into it, as if it is entirely exposed.

The mind seeks to find its original image.

When one is a hack (like Defoe), one doesn't worry. It's irrelevant.

People in jail, who plead the belly. Saying things as if it were them, there is a distinction between journalism and aestheticism.

Being hanged is the common sentence for stealing. She isn't hanged, while in jail, because she pleads the belly. But she isn't pregnant. Somehow she's released.

The individual does not seem to exist apart from it really.

To do certain actions, which it really isn't.

Juxtaposition does not create this.

It says what it is, so it uses itself up. Then one sees the slack inaction implicit.

A man says to me if I see a man bleeding in the street, in this, I turn away because (or when) it's beautiful; I can't look at that way of seeing it.

Not interested. I am bored. Going on so there is nothing there. It's held open and not willed.

Man who's erotic as he does not want. He is restless.

This arises from the fact that I have been in the Sudan, but I did not see this. Not actually seeing people starving, there is only the other there. I do not see it.

There is observing the social conceptions of thought, which enables one to see one's mind.

This occurs in public.

16

Unable to read, has to get someone to read something to her. I can think even though life is simple.

17

Does one mean suffering at the time? Do Cattle suffer?

Hitting the fan in one isn't even calm or struggling. It's its own self.

It is not about suffering and is now seemingly not related to struggling. If they come alongside they're still separated.

That is in order that action be weightless and a loop from which life is eliminated.

Action collapses on itself and is compressed, in that it describes itself. It is thus in the present-time, still and calm.

18

It does not diverge from itself, supposedly. That's a conception which people already know. Therefore speaking enables one to see the diverging or separation that is this present. These actions occur as if to make the pupil of an eye (some other's) dilate, and be held open. The present takes place as 'some other'.

Life is dilated.

It does not diverge because description cannot be separate. as it is of itself.

19

I've given up having an action that changes reality because it does anyway.

There are these clear autumn days.

I was afraid of fair-weather friends. Later I was. That's because an action is the day. That's why it is a lovely time.

At noon, I was sitting inside. The sky becomes really black, with a weird red sun in it. I went outside. Fire was all over the hill. There was a cyclone-like hot wind blowing toward me that would draw it down. Soon it was a block or so away. No firemen. The elderly sat in their yards in the black sky, calmly out so they would be able to see cinders that fell. An elderly who usually smokes his cigar out in the evening, sat puffing on the cigar toward the burning east, the surrounding. We, others, ran dragging a hose.

I sat on a roof soaked and covered with soot, in the black air. I thought now this should stop. I'm tired of it. It didn't stop. There was enough. Doing nothing, seated wet. It seemed the houses would be aflame.

It went on burning thousands of dwellings.

If I just have enough, sitting in it wet, I will open. This is an assumption. It doesn't matter what it is.

This red small ball in the black sky was not swimming. It was a hole.

Seated on the roof, seeing the red small ball didn't swim.

when the small ball is not swimming, this is one day. Others know this conception of a day. In our culture it is said that only days that are uneventful are actually realistic, but it fabricates this.

20

The bureaucrat is a surly lout who bumbles either speaking of himself happily or morosely moaning. One has to go to him for a tithe to say that you're healed.

A seal, saying you're healed.

And having to pay him to say this, it's entirely corrupt as he can attempt to bully or threaten and one won't oblige him.

Climb up some dirty stairs and he's lounging in a deck chair, squinting in the bright light of the shadeless compartment, an office bureau. Birds flying off in the bright sky scatter.

They're like cattle approaching the bright blue water. A round cloud hangs.

Approaching the man he seems to have been drinking.

I sleep sometimes exhausted in the afternoon or early evening, the limbs out before me. Naked, aren't mine, sprawled forward. Last night I dreamed someone didn't like me.

I wonder why. The huge light sky.

I say to him Will he give me the seal and he won't answer. He's morosely moaning to a fat fellow seated next to him about someone's death. That it had been sad, and it's seen from his view squinting in the bright light of his office room, so that the person requesting his assistance is ignored.

His eyes are thin slits in the light and there's nothing in them.

I was toiling up a hill in town, the clouds streaming, a dog following which was not mine.

The dog cringed, when I'd turn to it.

I was working my hams. What is carried behind was working. The dog also was flattened cringing on the hill.

I just go on saying as I can't read and have someone put this down.

We die.

The hams working but there is nowhere to go to lie down, because she's now become a bum.

This isn't getting anywhere as that is occurring. There's no resonance, but really there is. It's in the spreading of the hams.

A man goes up the dirty stairs. He finds the bureaucrat lying in the lounge chair who's died and his eyes the man looking in the slits are green.

Birds are in the sky. Flying rapidly.

I'm glad I'm alive, I'm afraid of dying.

Eileen says in her book, that she writes so that later after she's been a corpse already, they'll have this woman, that's life. Someone that's the real person, flesh anyway. I can't read so someone has to speak her poems.

After the cold grave has taken someone, there's the crack in the light on the sky, the flesh on the bike riding.

It's life, which is out before and lovely. And the man resembling someone, who's the lout, is him.

The bureaucrat's green eyes seen in the slits by the other man who came up the stairs, were then just dull at that moment.

The person begins to revive from his drunken state. He's a bully. Cattle are being taken on the rise of ditches, trenches filled with water. Slits of the cows' eyes as they're lowered. The cattle are herded into the water, then are wading. The trenches finger on the ground with the cattle wading in them in lines.

It's dawn so the entire day is ahead.

The barrel rib cages of the cattle in the water float. One going down, stall the trench.

The trench backs up, lines of cattle. This line begins to get up on the back of the one in front. They can't walk on the land.

They're red cattle. The birds flying overhead.

I can't read, which would be inner.

So I'm in the present because what's inner wouldn't/doesn't say anything about him, the minor official. He's not in it in a way, not in control.

The city has this quality of floating in the evening, limpid.

And if I can't read, I'm in it and he's not in it inlaid.

This has nothing to do with my purpose, of which I have none.

One of the cattle has gotten stuck in a lily pond that's in the city. People are prodding it to hoist it out as it tries mired. A man is standing in the dirty water driving it. The red cattle stands and then settles its neck above and rib cage floats. Its neck floats on the lily pond mired.

She lies down and the trunk rib cage of a man is lying on her. Lies on the long stem warbling.

Water is on them as they're in a ditch.

Night gets dense then. It's still on one.

A figure is on a bike in the warm night.

Going out to meet what occurs always and then in some ways create it. This is the life after Eileen was dead, at some time. It's a woman that's by the book, *Not Me*. I can't read—so it's inner. The city is out in the crack of light.

Staying out all night.

I'm completely unaware of what I'm going to say.

Is she without her shoes running after his coffin which is carried in the street?

A man swimming so that the stem was hanging in the lily pond.

His face is looking down into the dirty pond. Birds fly rapidly in the sky. He pulls his face out, so that it's in the air beside the water. Then puts it back in the pond.

He appears not to move, swimming. The stem hangs in the dirty water, which is non-reflecting. I can still think.

Let's take this to the point when I can't. When I just can't.

I've got knots in my back, from the rod being in the trough at night. The cartridges in the back from the soft bed.

At this point the sun rises on the pond. I can still think, someone is saying. I can't read, by myself.

the man is by himself
dense floating on the pond

The bureaucrat's slits in which wash the green bulbs a man sees who comes up the stairs.

He looks in and can just see the green bulbs lying in the sockets but that's when the other, who's the official, is sleeping.

Namely, sitting in the bright light the slits are empty, when they look. People came running out in the street in a mob unseen.

A plane came over flat in the air.

That's the only reaction awaking because time is before it. I'm not interested in time, a man said to me. I'm not either because it goes on in front.

Cattle arising awaking.

I love waking up in the morning.

Blam, and that cattle moving in the pond. The red cattle turning around in the lily pond in the city. It had been sitting down.

Still, the man is behind it prodding.

She's hired for a job, at last.

I always look for work, but people who are better liked than I am get the job. She goes out carrying the water jugs.

The man who hired me is the official, so I'm at the trough. Others are swilling, bathing. They're out on balconies looking down at the trough roaring where a crowd is gathered in the light. I just like to do this. I don't know whether I want the life, after being a corpse. Because I won't be there, so that's selfless. And just doing this is too. That's what they do. Say one can just accept that. What else?

I'm just doing exactly the same thing, and this time it's shallow.

The jewel of the minor official's intestine in the clear air, like a coil.

The crowd surges at the trough in the clear air.

Reach down and the minor official extracts a jewel from the trash in the street. It's a fetus which he eats then.

I think I just want to have a whole night to continue.

The night is black. The minor official is sitting eating the fetus in the street in the black air.

Just continue, is he resurrected as the fetus? because it's part of him. In the dawn I can still think.

The night is black ink. Is this a whole night? I want to have one thing in a whole night, but I'm short of breath.

The only reaction is that cattle waking. It's only being awake in the morning. I never remember, that's why I'm a child.

The crowd surging at the trough is there all night. They're in the ink dark awake.

They're inside frightening things if they have customs, having to actually do it. They die. But because I don't have any regimen or time or form, this can do anything. If we're not inside customs, we don't have that fear. Commentary is shallow itself.

They can't understand it in the present time because it's shallow.

She goes home, though now she's a bum. So she just retraces her steps. It's going to be hard to see things this way.

as I just made this up, not using anything else. That's them.

The crowd is standing on a plate of rain. They're delicate and have repeated these motions before.

That's a matter of searching, is searching for something.

I don't think one should go back to revamp. It's hard to revise anyway if one actually can't read, having someone else return to it. Why return?

Be oneself. entering it. and they're irritated by that innocence which partakes of it, and is it, and one is so it didn't intend that. There's nothing to return to, really.

I just say this, and have someone else hear it.

This doesn't really resemble anything. So our culture sees that understanding isn't anything.

I want to see it when I'm not doing anything. But I can't.

If I'm speaking my mind I'm not doing anything.

Maybe I'll come to that.

I can't be doing anything when I'm afraid. but I got off the bus in order to urinate in the road.

He gets up in the *morning* and is like this.

The people who aren't healed are hobbling in the light street one without a foot one with the stub of an arm.

One hobbles rapidly a whirl in the trash on the side of the street to find something. They come to it, where the one without a foot is. One passes where they're crowding. This other has no arm in the socket of those who aren't healed.

One hobbling by on the foot wrapped in bandages can't be touched. by them. A man holds out a napkin in the toilet, but the hand of the man taking it can't be touched by him.

Bullying always has this thing of the man doing it having his feelings hurt, if he's thought to be doing that. So the minor official has to be placated as if people hadn't noticed he's wheedling, tyrannizing.

If he touches him in the toilet with his hand giving the napkin to him he begins cringing apologetically.

She's walking in the street.

they spread out in the warm light some begging with the one hand and not having another hand. Hobbling with the stump for the foot in the black air.

The people with the stump whose flesh have been eaten off are born. They're along the way.

The man who'd come out of the crowd after the minor official, is receded into the background. It's as if the dead are simply behind.

Though they are beside one or up ahead crumpled curled in the doorways.

After this, one goes home, but the other has become a bum.

They have only a few categories for what something is about.

These are in those. We never will be able to here.

It has a surface that is a flat visual one which isn't its actual nature; and I can't go back to it.

Our leader's son puts fat around stuff in cans.

He stuffs cans. With fat somewhere. Then has the official sell them who's not supposed to be working for him anyway.

And he/our leader's son is in a bush by the road actually at the front of the crowd getting out. They have to pay him, and he's leaving. Taking a piss first.

The road's clogged, and they plunge into the winding crowd.

He lives in the country.

Journalism is writing it for them, before they say it.

They're on the plate of rain too.

Some whirl by in the trash on the street outside. It's warm as they walk at night. There's no nose in one, and another's foot isn't there as they're in the black air. Seeds in between the teeth.

One could read those books that were in the house until one read out the other end: to no longer read. That the vocabulary is now so simple, it sees itself. There's no space in it, because I read so well then.

This is hard to do. I have to turn the words around (so they're through the other end) so not that they aren't there. That's not why I'm not valued in society.

I'm not worrying about that. I have to not read (in it being out the other end into not reading) so I see myself. It's like getting out of the bus to urinate, then.

We can't live the way we really are and we never will be able to here.

One's in it with the seeds between the teeth. Black is around.

They don't remember seeing me in the past. The people without the foot on the stump and no nose hobbling in the street didn't see me. I'm seeing the same thing and it now being shallow and they don't remember some one person in it.

Having confidence arises from nothing. It does not arise from merit and is unrelated to such. It's related to joy. One is in love and the people hobbling in the street in the whirl crowding in the trash over something don't appear to be.

Another one bends in the trash before. They're born. They have confidence and see well. One doesn't have a nose. They're moving on the road then in the crowd.

It's slow though one expects action. This is not borne out. It does not occur now. When it's that slow, we'll be grinding on ourselves/oneself in it.

This is hard to do. I have
to turn the words around (so they're through
the other end) so not that they aren't there.
That's
not why I'm not valued in society.
I'm not worrying about that. I have to not read
(ie it being out the other end into not reading)
so I see myself.

Defoe, Part II

CHAPTERS

Defoe

Defoe At Home

The Plate Of Day

There's No Function

Defoe Goes Home

Epilogue

Defoe, Part II

Afterword

Being part the center of each of the various parts
later: the events of the pulp or detective
novel / B movie meet and are our culture.



The latter exists less than the life.

Walking the trees burst into red and a blazing plum color shot up into the light thin air. A fiery red tree then bursts up swimming forward when the (other) is walking in the heavenly day. The heavenly day has no children in it then.

one is not a child ever.

Driving, that light thin sky is the same as the ocean. It's not held onto. I was in the freezing weather and the man is running ahead.

He wavers from my seeing him not in himself in the freezing and the sea of red leaves with behind him a man running struggling (the man ahead is).

Struggling is not in the other man, who's in the freezing where it's the middle. on the street. at evenings there's a red line on the light sky.

running the man is light flapping of hams.

a supercilious man won't speak to me as his face is a side to me. elsewhere. not in this moment. sitting in chairs. so that the crowd is sitting straddling each other.

straddling each other like an ocean.

the day's compared for it
the light air is
what
in their jeering yet a crowd

They have simply advertised cigarettes with cartoons. Children find this more appealing than others, it is found. They like the cartoon of the camel, and so many are beginning to smoke Camel cigarettes. They are recruits, though the industry denies attempting to appeal to them.

Out on the street in the day in the thin air of morning the (other) is walking on the empty street and sees a child smoking on the corner.

There's an indigo sky though it's morning.

She's still walking.

Walking was holding on but now that doesn't exist.

squealing abusive on a rim, not even

of crowd, squeezed so that there
is not that in the clear autumn day in which
it had occurred before slightly but the day is
[on the bottom

In the car swaying on the street which is a loop under it which separates.
That's because it's the day.

This is the minute movement that's occurring, when one is not a child.

An ad of the cartoon camel goes by on a truck. In the crushing traffic,
don't get ahead. swimming in it back.

It gets evening.

Description is not separate from life, which is outside, because it's
describing itself. Saying that is backward, in the thin autumn. Which had
occurred, and now the man is running. It's not on the main street. There's
no traffic. There's a moon in the indigo sky. That floats on the knot of a tree.

They are on the main street. Writing through a hole in the wall.

The moon's hanging at the hole in the wall.

graffiti.

The blue disc that's the day is empty except for itself. The next day.
Walking, the thought comes up I don't want to deal with war. So don't. It's
so slow that things occur alongside the thought. Then one can be alongside
the floating moon.

War that involved really massacre swam in a backwash. that is the
actual past.

This will not change it. It will go forward.

Don't do anything that can't be reproduced easily.

This is poor for it wobbles. That's good, though the day was clear. This
can be reproduced easily, for it is clear.

We'll do that by undercutting life.

She's asked to have a job by the cigarette company. In the cafeteria,
getting her tray, the rows of paste cardboard people are sitting at tables.
There's a hum though they are not speaking to each other.

It is easy to undercut life. That's occurring anyway.

The cattle kick inside, dumbly but beautiful who're in the cafeteria.

the actual day is on the bottom in
which the jeering, not even of crowd, had
seemed to occur outside of or above that
there's a light autumn sky.

jeering baiting crowd is vestiges on
the empty
rim that's not the day, which is above it, and
open in a way not held so but it is

There is a warp but a light is shining from the outside a window onto the crowd sitting not speaking in the drone of the cafeteria. We're illuminated not from themselves. So it's the backwash.

The food looks like runny dogfood. Middle-aged women are doling it, a mute line bumping against each other to them.

When one gets to the head of the line, one is elbowed aside and goes to the back. Blocking the elbow that is put in one's side, and goes ahead.

One is not stranded. At the back of the line again. To the food.

A rise rushing up inside in them as they're standing in line.

She goes home:

This is at the end of the day.

The (other) is in her compartment. cattle kick against the stall. in neighboring compartments.

She can feel the movement of them. it's in just that moment. light. a man plays his cello in the evening in the bottom of the compartments. that's life that is different from the day.

The dusk is in the sky but where is it in it so it continues.

Now it's black.

Movement doesn't occur if one isn't a child. That's out there. It's got so flat that it didn't exist. Yet that is not frightening as it is for the old people lying on their beds in rows. They had been up but then they had falls.

One hit her head. She was taken in an ambulance to the hospital, another says.

On that base line is the light open day.

People stroll

No action occurs (is allowed in it) as that is regarded as a particular thing, or a certain element by them.

Who're they? There's no control.

the world is on the bottom of the day.

the world is everything and is
distinguishable from the day which is light
[autumn

the day
is a function that is not existing before

Squashed, the crowd tries to read. We are of the crowd, in the night.

this isn't a closed space of jeering crowd
there's night
but not existing here though dreaming this at
[night
there's day

day's not a space
it's only so

at the same time
crowd is separate from
jeering abusive function
(not even of it)

Everything else is now the backwash. It smears. She goes to sleep, when it is not remembered. in her compartment.

The factory is composed of tiers, lattices of iron railings and stairs. The lines of the crowd go up and file down the stairs. If one forgets the past war, there is the depression that is layered over this.

One moves muffled, they all do, filing with behind it a cauterized hole from which the day arises, seemingly.

I can't be in this muffled area. I want this to be easy. Why go forward?

Mired, one is sleeping. There isn't anything there.

Being did not do anything to poverty. That was not its intent. It is direct. It is that.

It makes a motion, it does not alleviate that—except that it is it really. So I will return to it.

Then finding oneself holding that doesn't exist then.

Outside, a man who's been beaten to death is lying on his face arms out floating like a rose that has been turned inward. It's rained. In the rain, the figures walking to the factory go past him staring. They will be turned to each other in the future.

He's lying red and mauled so he's at the opening. They pick him up as if he were soldered there, shoving him into a van.

One sees that as if it will not be them. Having reflected this before, it will not occur. That is not simply being. The movement of this would change reality but it will change anyway.

That is when he is simply an anonymous man found there. That is always so. so it will change.

On the dim thin gauze are the old people lying in rows frightened. She's afraid of that. this is to go alongside before it occurs. She's afraid when it comes up to the end of something. The beginning is the following:

dreamed at night but it's squeezed into a
light empty day
there's a man moving
nothing to do with this

She works side-by-side in the cigarette factory with the men and women whose skin is pasty white. She remembers a face of someone.

(The workers are young girls sent from their poor families. They live in dorms.

When they go out on strike, the factory supervisors complain to the families and they won't take them back. They have shamed them. They are not fed. Still they won't work. Then the factory owner locks them out to break the strike.)

This was one of the first strikes.

In the winter, the girls are turned out and townspeople take some in to feed them.

When there is the strike which all the girls join, the (other) is disciplined with several others.

The supervisor comes and puts some bowls on the floor. If they eat, that implies they are conceding.

The (other) is very hungry. She crawls to a bowl on the floor and puts her mouth in it. Taking the white runny rice in her mouth, she holds it there thinking. Then she spits. She hadn't meant to be insolent.

For this, she and several others (for other infractions) are put in cells. The others are locked out to break the strike but these remain later.

A newspaperman comes. During the war the news was in collaboration so corrupt and on the take as to not report the war. they are simply part of it. They smiled blatantly on the screen saying deaths and maiming of their war. They had no chance. There would be no way in which one could

believe anything a newspaperman would say. He's lounging on his car with a cigarette in his mouth.

It's freezing. He takes the cigarette to warm him. He sings.

There are different factories that have been in revolt that housed young girls.

They have a chance. They have been quashed.

It's unknown which town she's in. He has been going to towns.

the moon's hanging at the hole
one can be alongside the floating moon

She is the center of what is courtly custom. She recognizes this song eventually and communicates with him when he comes up to the town she's in.

being itself it does not want to make those old motions. That were itself.

It won't do it.

Only she knows this song. because it's here. it's by itself.

They're completely dim. People walking by him in the street are faced toward him without any light in them. They're drinking and rowdy. One stabs another. They're not soldiers. They are soldiers.

The young girls in the factory dorm inside had no wages of their own. they were recruited by the early labor union, who'd fought later many losing their life or jailed.

it actually occurred.

I don't know what new is. which really occurred.

There were four hundred and they did not betray each other. They were the only friends. Later they were turned out and others brought in. That's the only norm.

This isn't a historical novel. It is literally reality.

We have no characteristics. Our fate was our inheritance but now that concept is destroyed. We aren't our families or the minute movement of events, which take place though.

One says these are not alike. But that's what I'm doing; in this they are the same.

If we're not illuminated from ourselves, then where are we illuminated from? No such.

I'm Defoe reporting. because they wouldn't do it.

I see no reason to depart from the last one. though I will anyway.

Nothing else occurs. This is to not have any structure. except to go forward. That's not what it's doing.

The newspaperman is sitting in his office feet up on the desk.

Through the inner windows of his office which make him visible to the press room, figures are seen moving. His lids are closed. There is really nothing there.

In the street of the town he's later not singing. He's not walking. A man who's been caught stealing has been dragged and in public is having his hand lopped. Faces are turned toward him.

This occurs these days. So it's not an action that is a certain thing.

An envoy is sent to see the girls. He enters the factory. They dress in white. A choir of small girls in white sing for him. He can do nothing for them. He has made a deal. Soldiers come in and massacre them. The children fall being shot down. They're entirely wiped out. Of those remaining she is a girl lying on the cell floor.

Therefore very clear light thin day breaks from this.

One has to conceal if one is feeling any turmoil. for then one is rejected and so fears fair-weather friends.

There had not been suffering. When some had been singing. The envoy has been sent but it was already known to those who're not there that he would do nothing. They're not naked greeting him. They were dressed for him by middle-aged women.

She's been released from her cell because the newspaperman's firm had paid for the story and had rewritten it. except that she suffered in the cell.

Nothing can be picked up with this surface. That's what I want.

The man who's the newspaperman is standing in the garden. His part is huge and extended. He does not see her. It gets evening. She drops to the ground softly and comes beneath him.

She is in the dark so can't be seen. The evening is inky and she puts his part in her mouth. The garden is dark.

She pulls gently on his part with her mouth. He comes.

The sky is light and she gets out of there.

Another night she sees him standing in the garden. His back is to her.

She waits until dark and crawling in the dark to beneath him puts his part that's long extended in her.

She's on his trunk when he has an erection. He comes. After it had been in her.

She floats on it with her mouth. Then he comes and in the dark she leaves.

He goes out and stands in the dark one time. Again she drops to the ground softly. The sky is black. His legs are parted and she holds his long extended part. She begins to move on his part with her mouth.

He shifts standing. One time he's kneeling. She's in mud and the sky is black. She puts his part in and when she comes she gets out of there.

She meets him on the path. He does not know it is her. It's getting evening. He's going to the garden with the light sky in rivulets behind him. She follows him and puts his long part in her.

He can't see her by then. The garden is dark. After she comes she gets out of there.

One time she's standing in the dark in a corner. His legs are parted in a light part of the garden.

She puts her back to him. He puts his part in her that way and then she leaves.

One time he can see the bottom half of her in the dusk and puts his part in it. He comes and leaves the garden.

She sees him in the day and his part is long and extended. He is facing her, walking to the garden.

By the garden wall, the man with the stump for an arm is sitting. Birds spread out flying in the mottled dusk sky.

There's no one on the path leading to the garden except the man whose part is long and extended walking toward her.

He passes her walking in past the walls.

She goes back on the path when it's dark. She puts the man's part in her. He is standing in the garden.

It is evening and the sky is still and light and he is standing with his back in the light.

The bottom half of him is in dusk. She holds his part. As she is crouching she is in the dusk.

He's standing in the light sky and his face is in the light.

She gets on his part.

One time she is riding on his part. The dusk is lying around them.
The top of the sky is still light.

In the inky dark of earth the man with the stump sits outside the wall.
The man putting his extended part in her comes and then gets out of there.

One time she meets him on the path and his part is long and extended.
He walks by the man with the stump.

Driving, in the dark on the layers of hills. That extend in the black.
There is a separated sky.

A light buff-colored cliff rose with the moon right before it.

Driving right on it. The moon hangs on the light buff mound.

There's nothing behind or inside. The inside is not held as the dark
mounds rose around one.

Then they're gone. When driving on them they rose. It's a dark night
and yet the sky is light on the dark mounds.

Buff mound only. That's earth on the sky.

The green of the garden later is eclipsed by the dusk.

She sees him coming. She's in the garden. He's standing with his part
long and extended and up.

He wipes it.

One time she sees the man with a stump for an arm walking in the city.
He does not see her.

She's struggling with turmoil about something as she's walking in the
passersby.

On the outskirts, the man with his part extended is walking away to
the garden. She feels excited and follows him.

One time she rides on his part.

In the darkness she puts his long part in her.

He takes it out.

He swivels in the dusk with the sky still light. She puts his part in her
again.

He takes his long part out of her one time in the dusk. She's lying her
legs spliced. as a half.

He puts the part back in though it's dark.

The man with his long part now hanging out extended up goes by on his way to the garden.

It's dusk. She's leaving. She comes. She gets out of there when it is darkness.

Another time, the man is standing in the pond in the garden. It is light. Entering the pond, she holds his part and sucks on it.

Birds spread out and fly in the air in the light sky once. She's sucking on his part.

Defoe At Home

She's in her compartment. That is high so it is in the light.

Compartments are beneath her.

She throws some water on the floor and is down on her hands and knees on it washing.

Her legs are spliced kneeling.

She lifts the paper bag that is the garbage once. She wants to take it out.

Taking the bag's rim the heavy wet bottom of the paper bag breaks. She has no shoes on and the mass of maggots that are the heavy bottom fall on her feet.

She's standing and is in the light. The maggots are on her feet.

She screams and men run out of their compartments that are beneath her. speaks. She is cleaning her feet. They go back in.

The man with long extended part comes to visit her there. The garden below the compartment is dark.

The scabs who broke the strike go on working in the factory. That composes the present.

That one doesn't remember. The scabs are in memory.

She goes to the garden in the evening.

It is the garden beneath her compartment. The man has come there.

She waits under him and then he leaves.

Once she is out in her own garden. The man comes on her. gently. She lies under him.

The garden is in dusk one time and the compartment is in light above them. He takes his erect part out of her and sits.

It gets extended and she puts his part back in her.

She's drifting in the pond, sack twined floating high on it while attached to the side of the pond at the neck with her face looking up at the sky.

legs then drift apart. in front of her. and rise on the pond though the pond isn't moving.

People go by on the path though they're far away. The pond doesn't move. Her neck and head attached at the side of the pond the sack that are her legs in front of her extends washed not her.

The pond moves from some wind once.

She's hanging in it with the pond moving. Then raising her arms out back over her one time she holds her neck to the side of the pond which had been next to it but not actually attached. Her neck is soaked and submerged. The legs that are not her float up.

Birds float up from a field in the sky.

A candidate is giving a speech on a truck. One time people are going by him. The crowd gathers around him. A blast had then gone off and destroyed them and him. On the edge of the crowd a woman had come forward to him with dynamite strapped on her under her clothes and a man was in back of the crowd in case she had not been willing to do it. She had done it.

Those grieving for him and the crowd around him walk with flowers.

A man gives a speech on a truck another time in the empty day.

Someone in the crowd throws some slop on his face as he's speaking. face goes back in a grin to it. When it's at a moment to it it's calm.

he comes up to that moment of the slop throwing at him and is calm so the grin which was at the same time as being hit comes right after.

So the calm is before being hit.

She isn't there. And that man is calm.

I'm not calm but when I was asleep just now the long numbers of actions which occurred were.

Really: I'm calm on a plate that's the day ahead and the long numbers of actions that were just behind me aren't.

because I just woke up.

The man with the stump for an arm had been (is) in jail. They have a bucket on the floor for offal.

a dog runs off with some offal. who's the jailer's dog.

He comes forward drawn by them. The hand put down and facing forward is lopped off. The stump.

They are seeing it.

waving stump.

And then he doesn't remember, when it occurred.

The stump is waving outward.

after being lopped off, they let out a gasp, from the people seeing it.

She's looking through a hole. through it is a man and woman.

they're in the garden. It's lovers' lane. he's holding a sack up.

The woman is pulling the sack on the man's part which is extended up as he's sitting.

They're languidly draped on their sides who're there one evening. He has the long extended part in her front part on the pear-shaped bottom floating.

The sky is light and the ground getting dusk.

He puts the condom (on the long extended part) into her beneath whom is the pear-shaped bottom.

They're on it, the pear-shaped bottom. The garden is dark.

One time, he has the pear-shaped bottom with her in front on his condom.

The sack is on his part.

The man who has the stump for an arm smokes the opium and there's a suffocating empty breath in him. There isn't anything and it didn't wake him before or during sleep. or after sleep. There isn't sleep. Her on the sack on the long extended part is squeezed through his lids and goes on behind them. Birds float up and they're in it.

One day, she sees this man putting the condom on his part which is extended up. He is sitting.

Birds are flying up in a field.

She is treated of rank as lesser though it is the surface and they're making these acts and the man with the stump for an arm runs forward and is beaten by them for her.

He won't have that happen.

She's in a crowd, others are advanced first. and he comes forward and is beaten by them.

She sees that he's crying.

He steps forward when this other man is being let known in an accepted way that he's not as valuable.

The man with the stump for an arm is crying and is beaten by them, who were seeing that.

The man with the stump for an arm being beaten by them instead of the other man, whom they weren't going to beat, is not suffering for him. He's making it not occur.

The man with the stump for an arm is no longer himself, is before that, so he can make it not occur.

But I am not calm.

they are supercilious and closed. they trash her when she gets up and laugh at her. life is not worth living for this is all there is.

Since they mean nothing by this yet make something, this is its motion. What's the least that will make that surface?

Seeing them in the garden, who's putting the sack on the long extended part of the man.

It's light. Birds fly across the sky.

Think to take the chestnuts' coat off them. Then the back freezes up when one has contemplated, how to take the coats off of them before.

The hands shell them before.

Someone could do it, without contemplating, take the coats off first. But the plate of the body responds in contemplating first.

There are knots come then, apparently.

If one doesn't think first, this doesn't occur but this doesn't exist. (if the muscles weren't there, it doesn't exist.)

The back is empty it has no fear or thought whether or not it responds. It is out ahead, there is nothing in it. Yet it is still and covered with knots.

The back is like the plate that is the day.

She takes the plate forward, and in a way it mirrors the day entirely.
The back responds and there is nothing there, and it freezes up. The day is seen in it.

The man with the stump for an arm charges. He is before himself. He does not suffer for them. He does not suffer.

One time, he's hit and falls down. He goes to sleep there. He runs and then sleeps. with his head on his arm that's a stump.

They mock thinking maiming which is unknown to them. which actually occurred.

The man with the stump for an arm runs. He makes it not occur.
life cannot go on then.

Another amputation occurs which is reported in the paper.
The man with the stump for an arm does not suffer.

on the sack on the extended part sitting.

She's contemplating and a woman at a party shows the pictures she's taken when she was supposed to take these pictures because they were participating in a public place.

The woman laughs as she's showing the pictures to two men of a dozen of a man who had participated. There is one picture of the (other). It is of her feet.

Through the lids there is seen only her feet. The others are participating.

This occurs to anyone unless they are an exception, privileged, but then that doesn't mean anything. it's only that, then.

Fundamental change cannot be enforced. on the most minute level.

They made that maiming which occurred before them.

Who haven't control. The knots on her back in which there is nothing, so that she does not respond before but her wing bones have knots on them there. There's a ripple on a long surface behind.

She's in her compartment lying. there is no need. regardless of being poor, of anyone.

a man comes and hires her. She will deliver newspapers.

she's on a bicycle flinging the rolled newspapers.

knots are on the back where there isn't response and the roll moves out. in the air.

the bicycle rides in the thin air of morning. where there is no need for it. She's fine and thoughtlessly swivels.

they assume they have control of themselves. and that would emanate from it.

The cops fanning
on the bank
is the same as
sweet life.

If one has no confidence, one is in infinite change. One is anyway. No confidence at all has nothing in it.

That is at the same time. One is free from it.

An array of cops are wading on the bank which is the base of the bridge. They are fanning dispersed on it.

A line of them come by those on the bank.

During the war, some people gathered at the base of the bridge. The cops in battle-gear with clubs and rifles marched in wings past them. They sweep in in a wing past them. as if they were charging but slow. the people there ripple.

On the street around them. They don't look at us.

There is not running. they come on a rise of the ramp and hill above them in a wide swinging and do not charge then.

A wing fans by them in front of them on the street and go by.

She stops, and has coffee with a friend.

A whimpering whining woman is seen. and he goes to give her sympathy.

She's on the bicycle and flings a rolled newspaper without response. There is no sound. It's thin light morning.

She sees a man crumpled lying forward who hasn't died after he had been drinking. He'd died after. He's in a doorway. A rose bullet mark is on his back that has come through from the front, as he's lying there, has been shot.

we're not getting in touch with that
or their doing so either, there
they know it already

I'm not trying to get used to it.

The (other) reports it.

They respond and as it is a businessman ask questions. It only matters if the person has money. His family grieves and doesn't know anything. He'd been in a seedy bar he doesn't usually frequent.

She loses her delivery job.

She's lying in a pool of water in her compartment. bathing.

She goes to his family for work. It's early morning with the light freeing up the expanse of stucco houses.

They dot the expanse. The thin grey air becomes pearl. It's like throwing the newspaper with no sound and she's walking on a path to an expensive stucco sprawled decor on a block of similar ones. A palm is on the path.

In the city they hold up long palms with buildings. Metal staples hold the palms up to them they're so thin and high.

The old woman is little doll-like cares for no one.

And never has.

She remembers no one or changes it so that their most negative characteristics are seen, which one hadn't even noticed. She'll say one was doing something and the motives were puerile and twisted first. that they revealed themselves. it hadn't happened that way. it happens that way she interprets.

So that her not caring or remembering does not have nothing in it.

The (other) remembers a man who was a poisonous bulb who puts that onto someone else's gel and on it finishes. Then sits watching them respond.

This one, who's the grieving widow, doesn't seem to have that retention. yet she darts out a quick caustic remark that is articulated as if it's remembered, but where there is nothing there.

if there's nothing there a response accumulates. so the response appears to be free-floating without accumulation.

in oneself.

They're out on the lawn of the funeral where the corpse has been lowered, and the members of the funeral party are careening from drinking, the old widow worked into staggering from grief and drink until she's taken in hand.

They steer her by the elbows staggering and fainting almost and slumped put her in the limousine.

The (other) is sitting in the living room as this one time the male relatives are ministering to her. She's in the bedroom with them around her.

like holding her on the lawn and her unconscious but having a gel back there. that she's created.

but doesn't apparently.

The (other) is staring empty in the decor of the living room where no one usually goes.

The days go by.

One time, the man comes to visit whom she'd remembered injecting onto the gel—and there had been no connection. he's here.

He is a relative (but she had not known that).

She'd never seen him as an act of anything resembling inject onto it. She raises her eyes, as he comes into the living room, from the man who'd let him in.

She moves to the kitchen at the woman's sharp command.

puts the bottle of lillet on the tray with two glasses.

Back in the living room, she pours the blond liqueur on the two ice cubes.

The woman is sobbing a harsh guttural hoarse sound with the man as smooth as if it were going down smooth sipping looking at her with calm blue eyes. Then she dries her eyes; is recounting aspects of the death connecting with which sometimes causes her to careen off again.

The (other) is young limpid pouring the bottle. She waits on her.

Nothing happens on the gel. The man doesn't move. His blue eyes are set in a handsome stocky face of a middle-aged man who likes beef.

He holds his stem with a somewhat delicate gesture heavy and turns his face to look at her, who's seated away from the woman.

When he gets up to go the somewhat beefy heavy with the blue eyes in them, holds her hand. takes, as they say. as if he's shaking her hand to go. the jaw is very firm, set. moving as if back in a sensual base.

unknown whether the old woman has noticed but she doesn't care about such. They've talked business. The woman has a clear view of the estate which she'd always run from its beginning.

She has no need of control. There's no need for control in any time.

(She has control already.)

She's (the other's) out on the light day walking in the expanse of stucco shacks.

When she goes to Chinatown, she's hanging over the trays of produce. Bald ducks naked hang on hooks. People in the market there are talking.

She's not tired, but back in her cells are tired. as if to distill or foster is too difficult.

A man comes out of his compartment and sits in his car. It's a wreck yet usually roars to life. It won't start this time.

He goes to another compartment for a jump start, knocks. It's early morning. Another man comes out appearing disgusted and getting under it works on it for three hours.

It jump starts. shimmies. jumps. shimmies again, then starts. It does not give any further trouble.

When there is an occurrence and it reoccurs, that is sweet life.

She falls on her bed in her room off the laundry room. With her head in it, on the bed. There's nothing in sleep.

She hears voices in this blank in which she's held. It's getting evening. Her limbs don't move, the flesh has nothing in it. and can't awake.

Then the arguing is louder. she comes awake and in a heavy stupor is standing in the entrance of the living room.

The blue-eyed middle-aged sensual man is looking at her. mild. gazing out of the heavy-set powerful frame as if not moving. The old lady is embarrassed or concerned some response and says gently to get herself something to eat in the kitchen. They go on talking.

One time, the night was very black and she went out.

The woman's garden opens out away from the expanse. The newspaperman comes to see her.

The man who'd been murdered was influential with City Hall. They're no longer investigating his case though.

The widow not inquiring either, the case has been dropped, after she had first pressed it. The newspaper-man wants the young woman to find out something.

If he writes for the newspaper, he cannot ask.

The city government is utterly corrupt. His boss on the newspaper doesn't want a story on it.

he had reported on their civilian dead. it had not been printed here. he had been demoted to minor assignments. if that, they say to him. He's a chump, the other reporters say to him, who carries an aura.

She takes the woman to a lawn party after she'd come in and seen him there, looking at him like a hawk the neck swiveling just slightly but concerned.

The woman is silent in the car concerned for her.

Then out on the lawn staggered flapping every time she has anything to drink and yet the young woman senses a response in her that on the surface is quiet.

The mayor is there, and various cronies on the lawn who don't approach her except a cursory condolence. She seems really drunk.

The young woman goes up to her. who's rude to her, apparently ill, and the rudeness is behind in nothing. It isn't what's occurring, the woman like a hawk swiveling very slightly, looking concerned. She's put in the limousine. and they see that the young woman doesn't accompany her.

dismay. she's floating in the crowd back before she knows it.

The heavy-set man jaw with the bulb extended is in the crowd beside her.

It's like he's moving on a plate with the bulb in front of him from him and finishes. He's sitting, people around. Then comes forward and takes her in his arms.

She's struggling but he's very powerfully holding her arms.

and he says my drunken darling, his set firm jaw back on a sensual frame of his entire body, so they'll think she's drunk. She makes a sound and the heavy hand is held on her mouth her neck unable to move as there's nothing in the garden, the people there don't matter.

She's on a backwash that's endless. and she's moving on it struggling.

He's got someone in the car with her, sitting beside her.

doped black air is first. They put her head back. The black sky itself is claustrophobic. only to the market. she thinks. inconsequential.

wakes up the next day and it will be like this. that's what one had felt before, so it has this curious sense of having been said before. or sense of not knowing whether it was seen or heard. heard is inside. if it is only heard, it can be 'this.' more time.

They put her head back again. her mouth.

It's a hollow thin space as if a slightly dark circle, from which she emerges. Then she is separate from it.

She's not in the dusk thin loop.

She's been in the Chinese market.

One time, she had been driving in the Chrysler plowing in the city with it rolling on the traffic. light. The old lady is quiet beside her in the car. She'd taken her to market with her stepping out the door opened.

The old lady goes and looks at the shoes in the window. She has many shoes.

It's space receding and opening. on a circle which is a rim that's behind. It's not dovetailing.

She'd been driving alone with the refineries all around her jets of their flare in the center and yet another center then with the jet flames shooting in the light sky. The car wallowing in the ruts of the road goes down in the center of the refineries first. lurching the jets shooting that are on the windshield. dim glare of sunlight on it wavering under her.

following the car down on the ruts. she is behind the dash.

It separates and she's alone in a loop which is receding.

cannot be separate from people.

That's why this form but people are not this. that's when it's them, when it actually occurred.

but it is their actual events.

She's lurching down the ruts wallowing on it, bobbing behind it. She sees a man lying. it's on sand. She gets out of there.

The newpeople grinding with their cameras were open flaccid jeering. When people in the crowd against the killing and bombing on them the newpeople got flatulent mocking looks at their not going to be seen.

They filmed only those against the people they were open, there mocking. standing with vacant faces that get set in a sneer.

They hire them if they're dumb.

The man who's the newspaper man is sitting at his desk. and when they pass they say to someone else something derisive. One woman says that she feels insulted. she has a responsibility being part of a group. She imagines it's her group.

They have no memory. might as well say it—that, whatever—first to them. They wouldn't know where this came from.

He's tired. He's walking in the street holding the wine bottle. The dark straight hair slips down his forehead.

no one is there
and can see this

the dark street wavers.

She'd been walking in the expanse of stucco houses. and he comes gliding up in the car leans over and opens the door.

In the dark garden she gets on the long extended part. She comes.

One time, she sees the other man when she's coming into the garden. who's sitting putting the condom on his part that's extended up.

The woman with the pear-shaped buttock is standing in the garden, her front not seen, when he approaches with his extended part up.

The slight dark circle narrows and the (other) is in the car, riding with a man sitting beside her; and heavy-set jaw is seated lightly in front next to the driver.

They're riding on the black air. Then wallowing on it at a dip.

A middle-aged woman takes care of her at the house where she's taken. The door of the room is kept locked, from the inside with the middle-aged woman there. He comes to her room once.

He leans on her touching the part between her legs, which is bare but his clothes are intact. He presses on her with the heavy-set quality of the powerful flesh and the blue eyes gazing levelly that was before. The set jaw moves as if it's in a sensual base of his entire body.

The middle-aged woman holds her, but he doesn't continue. He steps back and looks at her, recoiled with the arms pinned by the woman who's been hired.

Then he leaves the room.

One time, he comes to the room and presses against her, with the hired woman holding her. but he does not go far with this the set firm jaw moving on her. He does not take off his clothes.

The face moves as he stands back and looks at her, in the calm blue eyes. Then he gets out of there.

The hired woman who'd pinned her doesn't interfere one time. He comes into the room and talks to her, to reason with her.

The face is gentle on the powerful body seated as if it's delicate.

Then the woman holds her, and she continues to resist. seated he does not come to her, and then gets out of there.

The reporter who's her lover is behind the dash of the car. He looks down in the ravine and sees something on the sand.

The ravine is the cities of refineries with the flame jets in the sky which is the widow's empire. The man lying in it has had his head clubbed who's the widow's nephew. Soon, the reporters are there walking on the sand then.

Wearily a detective asks him some questions, judging or assessing him quietly. They're like hyenas making flaccid jeering remarks walking around. are dumb. who are in the background from the two men talking.

A woman reporter shoves a microphone in the face of the old lady when she's at the City Hall. The old lady's neck is swiveling and yet she begins weeping briefly.

The old lady crumbles and her elbows are taken by a man who's with her now.

The detective comes to see the old lady. and he's with her.

Occurrences are through the structure, but they do not emanate from it.

A calm forgiveness occurs in it, in the structure itself before.

One is free. There's not merely the sense of it.

There may not be the sense of it.

Then goes to the office of the relative, heavy-set blue eyes set in him who offers him a cigarette getting up moving as if delicate. The detective who's polite brief asks when he had seen the nephew. Two weeks before, the man says to him. His mouth moves heavily after he speaks as he gazes at him.

It is as if he had put his extended part out. heavily. as an insult.

The other man gets up saying that's all the questions he has to leave.

The detective goes to the ravine of the city of refineries. spilling red dirt above them, on the edge, with his taut legs slides going down first before him.

he looks up at the sea of sky. that's sweeping away from the refineries. the red dirt of the side spilling down to them.

a leg is out with the spilling dirt. up to his calf in it. he's looking at the swimming sky behind them.

down, the legs riding on the soft red dirt. that's a slight wave on the cliff. with him behind, he's looking up at the sky. He turns to be straight down riding and gets to the base of the cliff.

A man has been watching him from the bottom. The detective in the sunlight glare greets him who's carrying a rifle. The man has rolls of fat on his neck and face sunk watching him and says with his little eyes he can go back now. sees and then greets him.

The detective shows his police identification and the sunlight is glaring in his face so the other man's mouth isn't moving. He's purely sunk speaking and the voice is through the little eyes saying to leave and take the road. The rifle moves some.

The policeman moves back up the road. Making an effort on the ruts at the sharp rises with the sky up. He's sweating. His back trembles slightly as the man is back there.

The hired man holds the rifle standing at the beginning of the ruts.

The policeman sits with a saucer of tea. Some of the tea is in the little flowered cup. He's looking in the broad face of an unctuous host. The policeman is a thin man but it's as if he's squatting on the covered chair that's low.

He's got a gnarled face. The man's seated further off but when he speaks it's as if the breath goes through the low height where the policeman's squatting on the chair.

He speaks and it hits the gnarled wiry face right there where he's holding the saucer of tea squatting. His host doesn't remember the young woman leaving the lawn. She certainly left on her own.

Walked out, was alone, but he doesn't remember her.

The wiry man swallows squatting. He's talking to his car in a neighborhood of stucco houses, walking to it. Another car comes around the corner and he whirls only beginning and doesn't finish, laughing to himself as it slowly drives by, nothing.

He begins floating down a long glide.

One of his men came saying he'd heard a report that soldiers from Whittier Base were going to attack the displaced people confined here whom he knows to be peaceful but they were saying they were responsible for some killings more than fifty miles away. He sent a message saying they were peaceful.

Then he drove out to warn them but there wasn't anyone alive. which actually occurred. they'd come in them killing women, babies, one was suckling on its dead mother still living—some of their men were away.

ones still living are before it so it doesn't occur
they're in it so it doesn't occur

he's kneeling his legs spliced in them and begins to cry.
it's a half with his face down in them and cries
they're not still living
and he's lying in them

he begins to lie down in them
it's before it occurs
Then they're living.

he's out in the light thin morning moves around among various contacts who're informed, inquiring about the young woman. He will.
because he will (future), it doesn't occur.

flaccid jeering of press people
near the two men
of them who are not still living lying in them

He's speaking to the newspaperman who's her lover, at a desk. And the
flaccid newspeople are nearby.

It's isolating a place that has not occurred. While happening.

they're not still living
this is before
so they just have that

Then he begins to lie down in them.
and they just have that living.

it will simply be the actions. It will be that. (future) There is no descrip-
tion. which is the same as it.

The Plate of Day

There's nothing in the back, no anxiety, and yet there are knots on it.
She flings the newspaper while on the bicycle. It goes out in the air.
the back doesn't move then—when the rolled paper is flying.

The man when singing by his car earlier—that being similar to the back,
in which there's nothing.

he is the newsman who can't function, now. he's singing by his car
earlier. not functioning cannot occur.

Having brooded on the occurrence of the woman photographing her
feet and showing this, which this man who knows accuracy witnessed and
understood, Defoe finds out this other woman has good qualities.

She knows directly. She has ability describing anyone with accuracy
and so Defoe feels invisible.

She is so. She's been seen as nothing. She wasn't seen.

(This man she's describing discounts knowing of people as being accu-
racy, really, and of course understood the occurrence.
so she is invisible.)

Nothing can be picked up with this surface. It is backward.
One can give this up (of knowing people). It is accurate.

I dreamed I was working at one of the stations in a series of such stations that were for feeding the people starving. It was in our own setting; I was having a hassle with some of the other staff, in the crowd. It's an open market. There were many staff, as if hawkers, the tone acerbic. The general circumstance of this (the usual) setting was of everyone starving. Looking up I saw a colored sky of bunched knotted rosy brown clouds furling and unfurling like muscles in the center of which a figure was dimly appearing. Apparently the Second Coming. I took my semi-automatic camera and was focusing to get a picture of the figure; then realized there was no film.

T had that dream after the dream of someone else told to me in the same night.

It would be like some were on carts. with no legs. as the norm. elsewhere but at the same time.

So that can't occur without this.

She kneels lying on her back so her part is between the halves, when there's no one there.

he's on her curled being
without movement

She sees another couple in the garden, and the woman is on the part but slips off.

from it being put in her from when he's at her back she comes and is not on it then.

Some people slip ahead on the ground.

they're on their knees. slip ahead.
this is after.

The man puts his part in her and then she's on her knees kneeling ahead of him.

with nothing between them. It's dusk.

There's nothing between them. After he'd put his part in. She slips off of him then.

She kneels ahead of him.

One time, when he had put his part in her with her on it but when he's on her back, she comes.

When she is kneeling ahead. It's out in the garden.

The policeman is leaning on the bar counter with his face. Drink puts him forward into nothing and calm.

He goes here. So the bartender's appearance is unruffled contemplating him.

The newspaperman comes in and puts a hand on the other man's back. who's not in there; he's forward out in nothing.

They didn't say this was anything so no one thinks it is. this isn't.

then they're living

One is thinking and the back does not respond, then they're living.

This is going to be hard to do. They're saying that the man whom she criticized who should be—or he is being retarded—is more valuable than she. it isn't.

That would be (when it isn't) when the back does not contemplate nor does one.

(one does not view it first)

Regarding people's behavior on the plate that is day:

convention is slow
and unfolds
slowly

The timing of recounting is shorter than *it* is. It takes place slowly.

Convention itself is neutral. It does not retard people. People get retarded but not in it. The back doesn't respond and is completely relaxed.

Driving, the sky by the ocean is mottled light

It's hard not to be ahead of these.

It's easy not to be ahead of these. The back itself does not contemplate.

The day takes place ahead of it.

One thinks first and then the back, which isn't doing that is not responding, has knots on it.

One time one is contemplating and the back does not respond. It is completely relaxed.

One time, the woman is confined in the room and the hired one is sitting sometimes looking out the window. It is raining. The man heavy-set on the base that's pushed forward comes there.

He isn't reasoning with her begins grabbing at the clothes with the woman holding her.

She's curled lying on her back with her own legs on her.

The woman he's hired is contemptuous of her for not simply doing what he wants.

The young woman makes a try for the door. The woman he's hired puts herself against the door. She is squat and muscular.

Another time, he comes back in and tries reasoning with her.

He's seated on the edge of the bed. He says he's sorry he frightened her before.

He puts his hand on hers. She doesn't withdraw hers.

He kisses her. She doesn't withdraw. He leans back the sensual middle still bending as he's sitting on the bed.

He gazes at her in his middle.

(at a time when such would not have anywhere to go. either to be on the street. or married. and having been caught and entrapped, she would have to. in fact he has offered that. she could not have a job. but the confinement is in this current time.

Corrupt politicians and their sons simply now feed off the banking system. and that isn't a way to see anything from one. the current time can see.)

The older heavy-set woman comes in wiping her lips. She's eaten something, has been downstairs and is feeling particularly ebullient. She sits down on the bed speaking as if they were friends.

friends came first and then there is no motivation. there's an earlier time. nothing occurs in it. by this conception, yet which itself imagines a 'before.' The squat woman is incapable of such a 'before':

She's squat and muscular rather than mechanical and yet a sense of friends is turned around as if it were mechanistically operating to create that nothing. These hadn't been friends. She speaks to the young woman in that way, or the effect of that.

(The young woman struggles and hits the other with chair leg unfastened and kept, while the woman had been downstairs, under the covers, and gets out of there.)

One time, the man comes into the room and in his suit pressed against her bare part.

Then he withdraws and sits in a chair.

There can't be any commentary in this so the dream becomes the commentary, automatically, but this is not juxtaposition.

the man's middle leaning over her. gazing at her, when he's sitting. and then he gets out of there.

The wiry man curls back on himself. He's resting in himself in drink.

There's no other there. so his perceptions cannot be blurred, though they are, he's out in nothing.

Nothing is the thin morning, not even that. it's un-known. He's calm.

The newspaperman takes him, raving, and submerges him in the pond.

The man's down under in the pond and carried up.

He's lying in it sobering but not in himself.

He's still. The pond moving.

He's wading but in dirt.

It doesn't matter where they're going.

There's no center in this later of subsequent current events. though this is actual.

It doesn't respond for that reason. Doesn't reflect.

It isn't visible
so it's seen on its other
side—as if it had another
side. and is in reverse

There is no need to think of this saying that. or to do it here.

Essay on the Film: Aguirre, Wrath of God

Films are behind writing. They don't reflect.

Writing cannot write any more without films. there is no language for current events. not because people watch films and cannot read.

but it is because there is no language for current events.

he's lying and the man's part floats out submerged under the water. His huge limbs apparently, that are wiry outside, float out as if the trunk unfurls, as the middle, being submerged in the water.

There's no sound. The water doesn't move.

War is not in him. not fighting. though they're going to go.

He's submerged as if he's a soldier who's in the water clothed with his gear on. which actually occurred, dead strewn. only he's nude.

He's hanging in the water drunkenly unconscious. The other man is sobering him.

They cauterized their wounds by boiling down their enemies for fat. They rendered them for fat.

This must have hurt, as pouring boiling fat on one's wound is painful.

When they reached the city and they were fighting their way across the causeway, they had barriers; some of their men were captured.

They could see across the barrier. Their enemy sacrificed its own people. But they would also see them drag captives from theirs, invaders, up the stairs sacrificing them and roast them.

At night they traded insults across the barrier, and one of the insults of the enemy was We're roasting and eating your comrades and tomorrow night we will roast and eat you.

They were there many nights.

Finally they came in suspended hanging downwards crocodile-fashion dangling on the ruts.

a man firing up with the rifle from the city of refineries gets one.

ledges of them coming in, having to come down into it.

a crocodile-fashion moving having been hit on the sheer red cliff. hanging downwards.

They're suspending the guns, having to carry the guns down that. that's a precipice.

boiling down the fat and putting that in a man's wounds.

(This isn't in *Aguirre, Wrath of God*.)

It's backwards, since there's no language for the present time.

There's a problem of narrative that's the current event itself, as it's not able. it's not there. there's no present then.

that's conceptually, so there's no ground, no shared ground.

The film doesn't have anyone move. The film doesn't move.

A film usually has to move.

Defoe is caught on the rack of these men going in.

She cannot think first. They just trade people, make slaves of the children.

She's tied, as the others, to the side of a shaft that's to get the equipment in. The men who're on the offensive are in front. the heavy limbs thrown down the ruts.

There's a break in the line at some point, when the enemy makes a rush.

The film doesn't move and the people don't move and there's no language.

The shaft to which they're tied, some children, is thrown back in the wave of the equipment ahead—this is only in this, it doesn't exist in the film—and they're moved back on it, some severed. Equipment falling into the gorge.

Defoe's straps that were attaching her to the shaft are cut.

It is expressionism but having actually historically occurred so that it is self-reflexive now. There is no system for the self or society to be manifested.

So that they move or are severed actually.

That doesn't mean it's free, just that it's too vast to be revealed in a chosen system. One could be freed in a system one chooses, for such, a mechanism.

That wouldn't be enough.

But this is a huge universe which is open-ended and they're going down in it.

It's very modern in being the only reflection of current events (in that it is visible on its screen).

He cannot choose a system and pretend in it.

The huge universe in film doesn't have to examine itself.

everything that's said gets swallowed, and that isn't fatalism of the 19th Century either. If it is, it's from having historically occurred.

So it's reinstated to its chronological order in film, occurs in its structure.

It occurs in its structure (as opposed to being in present-times throughout) and so it washes over everything and predominates.

It reorders everything in effect. People think that is 19th Century but this shows how flimsy that is.

If it occurs in its chronological order (and so in real time) it's specific and can't occur (as that) again.

We're not going to free unless we see that. that isn't even a factor.

give up trying (or trying to be free) and can see that huge universe, so is doing that.

If phylogeny recapitulates ontogeny, Defoe is on a light chosen surface, that has that huge thrust behind it.

It's as if thrown from the shaft and is caught in the mud, lying plunged in it, caught on its surface with her head out.

It has not caught it. Her face is resting on the mud gel, which has caught the frame up to the shoulders. There's no memory, but such is irrelevant.

This culture doesn't have memory; but this film didn't come from this culture. That operating in this culture was at first creating innocently going on, now this doesn't occur.

we're aware of imperialism only in it. film and society can go on that way because it openly renders criticism of it useless.

It's as if therefore the equipment being sent into a place that would not receive it is necessary.

The horses in the water, all natural equipment goes too.

This proposes a new form of narrative; the form does away with the old forms (obliterates them by overwhelming their intellect, which occurs in military states, i.e. here) but with fact of history as its basis instead. Defoe is too located in the present for this.

She goes against her own narrative.

That's why she's light and inconsequential.

Aguirre has to assume the presence of Defoe or such, for there to be any comprehension of it.

It reestablishes narrative.

One is simply going down the stream on the river without comprehension and before it. One only sees what is happening during and after and still without comprehension.

That's why it's still.

There's no center there.

Comprehension occurs at no point anyway; nor is this anomie, it does not exist in the parts of it. at all.

that vacates history, but does not stop change from occurring. It doesn't touch it. Existence is not thought.

So exclusion of event and narrative, which brings stagnation, is not what is still here.

If the event is not seen, there is stagnation. That's why writing is ahead of film. Writing cannot see (in the present time, which it creates). So it's out in nothing first.

What people see in it comes later; whereas there is not comprehension in the film ever. They are separate forever (that is there not being a language for current events).

That's why this is to reinstate narrative; because people think narrative is one thing, as it has to have 'a' perspective.

if we don't have perspective, it isn't realistic. The time of the explorers instituted perspective. So the film returns to that time, as being.

if one finds being, originally, its narrative is seen.

subliminally, *Aguirre* is based in the Garden of Eden.

(Description of the film:) It's basically about silence; beauty and stillness are in the Garden of Eden. They're looking for El Dorado. Most scenes are in silence (or music); the bearers, canon, sedan chair carried down a steep gorge (alternatively seen from a distance and from detail of the chained Indians crumpling carrying the sedan chair with the information given from outside, the narrator which is the priest's diary read later in his voice when he's dead, that they're dying like flies.)

No one can speak in the film, though speaking can be in films; one slave is a former prince named "The one who speaks" whose subjects had to bow and could not look at him, but who now has to bow and cannot look; history is in a circle. The prince's description is the only words he says, who's the only slave who speaks.

The Spaniards die as they're stagnating without a breeze their minute motions noted, or turning in a whirlpool on the river killed by Indians from the banks, without hearing anything or seeing their enemy. The past, which this is, is silent; as it's a costume drama, but *Aguirre* is obviously the führer, so though that is the past too, it's present time.

The demonstration of imperialism is obvious and narrated solely.

Nothing intervenes. The written narrative is the diary of the priest who facilitates *Aguirre's* mutiny, tells Inez (the commander's wife) that the Church has always been on the side of the strong, facilitates executing her husband (who's taken silently on a boat down a side stream, hung in a clearing; his back is seen, her back is seen when he's been taken away from her).

It's backwards. Everything moves down (the gorge, the river; *Aguirre* at the beginning says "Now it's downhill.") Yet it is also circular, the men on the raft in the whirlpool all night as the others watch from a distance and then sleep; in the morning they're dead shot from the bank. The last raft, when *Aguirre* is the only one living, is motionless with only the camera moving circling it.

The film does not move: the outside moves.

So the film's stillness contains immensity: the spider monkeys running on the raft, the only life at the end.

The man is on the bank wading planting irises. She is not there, and so this is extinguished.

he is kneeling planting the irises, outside of her.

There's coming up to the objects without having senses.

Where there are billboards and ads everywhere actually arises not having senses yet.

It produces its simplicity. That doesn't come from it.

Not having senses doesn't come from being formed, floating up the street.

The advertisements on the tv were bringing one the war, when it was going on. They don't form the other.

In one's view here, events are separate from oneself whether or not one is in them. The event is not oneself before, during, or after it, therefore it has no existence; but regarding it in this way there would be no way to perceive socially as there's no basis for it. There is no movement. It's still.

If there can't be social change, one is a stagnant being who's alone. This is the conception that emanates, as if a negative, from this society now.

If it is reproduced, there is no center.

A curled being on one's back, her part is between the halves when no one is there.

So there is no center. this can be produced easily.

The swans began coming in on the mottled sky in lines.

Her part is between the halves, that are a curled being that's facing the sky, one time. there is nothing in it.

One time, she kneels when there is no one there. the part is between the halves.

The curled being does not occur during it.

Therefore she is a curled being when no one's there.

The entire society occurs this way and there is no center really.

This obviates repression by making it systemic.

repression is not in the being.

we have to undo all of society continually here and this is tiring to do if one doesn't just make these motions without thinking about it therefore.

Modern writing therefore does not have a center.

Someone was out. They're not walking. There's no passersby there. Then they're living. They are not in that moment then.

This is being simple and so can be reproduced.

she kneels, one time, forward. outside. so there is no one there.

They are not in infinite universes of illusion (the Simulacrum) and not constituting change continually as that is only conception.

The newspaperman is kneeling planting irises, in the wet dirt. Don't watch me. His head bent interior. Wading on the bank, sobering the other man. who's lying submerged sobering.

The policeman is grief-stricken cracked raving so the other man holds him under until he floats out calmly.

Kneels with no one there crying and floats out limbs lie in front of him. the other man walks on the bank with another iris plant.

they go to the ravine and enter crocodile-fashion on the ruts dangling, rows of men, then.

he cries when he is in the pond. and the newspaper-man hears him.

kneels on the bank with an iris.

as the man cries in the pond.

When she goes to a party the women are cold. One with her teeth out to tear her chest and belly out forward as a gesture to the men but intimate with the other women. not to her. who can't learn as in children's re-education films to get along with them, they're not there.

If this is going to be a calm equality, there will be no people.

'we' are both excluded and included in both the particular and the general. so a double negative creates a calm equality.

that's the only time.

and that time doesn't exist so 'we're' not that conception.

if we're not in the particular, then we're not in it. or in the general.

so there's a calm equality.

the women put their teeth out to tear and include a man and another man continues the conversation to indicate their important. this actually occurs. so there are no people.

if we're going out into the neon night that's only remembered. Then remember it, the back not responding, and one goes out.

so who before had that? of the night.

if there are no people or they tear with their teeth, why go out? The woman takes a picture of my feet.

The other can't even see them and when she's out on the neon night walking then there are not people. Then they're living. which is not enough.

One can't report because they refuse to. One does not exist, in them.

That has something to do with photography. One can photograph people, and not exist in them.

What is being photographed? They are flat, are not themselves and so one can see into them. One isn't in them.

Words
one goes back-
wards

that is the same as photography. they aren't there.

Essay on My Photography

I was at the beach by the ocean. I sat down so as not to disturb the people and began to photograph them with an automatic camera, so it required no ability. When one roll was finished, I put in another and then a third.

The people were wading in the water. Some going in. Some at their waist.

They were dispersed so there was no accumulation. The pictures were later evenly focused, in their details on the periphery. With no center in them particularly.

The developer said I don't know what you had in mind. But of course it did not come from my mind.

I did not exist in them. The photos showed love. itself, in them.

Not to each other necessarily.

Someone else said that, seeing the photos, which I had thought myself when seeing the pictures after they were developed.

When I was taking them, I only had a curious and strong feeling. The camera was to take the pictures without my trying.

I did not point it. Other times, I have taken pictures and they didn't show that.

So I put words to those photos of the people wading in water, which were backward to (behind) the event.

They didn't exist in the event. (as it is in the photographs, or was in the event)

So the words met it.

The plate that is day has already occurred. Reporting as journalism is backward. It is realistic. So though the day continues endlessly, reporting is therefore behind it/in the sense of ahead of it continually.

So reporting can actually occur in fact and see something realistic outside that has not occurred before.

Defoe, in 'supposedly' reporting, created characters who view things as if they were that real person simply reporting.

Fabrication is simply accurate. But addressed to reality. one is not in the event. thus everyone's minute acts continually change reality.

The men dangle crocodile-fashion down on the ruts and enter the city of refineries.

rows of men on the red cliffs, coming in.

The huge limbs that were lying in the pond unfurling hang on a rope on the ruts.

the limbs of all the men have unfurled and are hanging. as they come in.

that was from the middle lying floating unfurling hangs in a row on the red cliff.

the city with the jet flames spurting from stacks in the ravine is under a crescent moon sliver.

crescent moon in the sky in which the dangling men are coming in.

there will never get to a calm equality except alone. Maybe I will.

the rows are racked by shots from rifles emanating from the men in the city.

breeze of rack on the men dangling.

they're exposed rippling in rows hanging, coming in.

man dangling crocodile-fashion the head down on the ruts stops moving. on the rope.

he has been after the rack of shots. that is backward. so it's in a space that isn't/wasn't in them (isn't in that).

this is simple. and so it is change. it is just moving. Because it doesn't resemble anything.

he's ceased moving after being

in the rack of shots from rifles

Samuel Richardson created a sense of freedom. Women who worked as maids or shop people read his novels, which were serial in that a small movement took a long time.

The same movement, so there was no center. People read avidly. But they are free.

Defoe capitalizes on this development. She is an entrepreneur.

That makes her backward, so that these people are more sensitive and larger than that.

They're vast and open. here.

She returns to her compartment, after weeping from the shaft that's to get the equipment in. Having been enslaved, namelessly, tied to it.

Unbeknownst to her friends who're forward.

the shaft sent back severed, people are wounded.

Defoe, making her way back, lies in her compartment now alone completely whole.

Defoe is the sort who has boundless self-confidence and has none at all.

Really, it is striving for a calm equality without considering at all.

How was that to occur? I'm not Defoe anyway. This can't be interiority.

Defoe's characters were always completely alone.

She's, as a real being, completely alone actually. in fact, therefore.

An action, which has actually occurred, is then always fictional and is being one's interior.

In that way this place where it is impossible to be is reversed. One is simply being one's self. This is modern sense.

This is only change or one would never be in present time, which is only what occurs.

I was depressed wandering in this foreign city recently not because it is foreign or not wanting to go home and the friezes of the buildings seemed to be inside which were their outsides. I'm in the street with the silver disc of the sun sailing hanging (which I'd said to someone was the day moon but which wasn't) in the freeze outside.

I dreamed at night afterwards: to get to the point of where nothing is happening, there are no events. That was the thought I came to in the dream; which came with the sense that there are 'events in all of existence realistically' before there coming to be none in my dream.

The flesh entirely relaxed right *before* coming to that thought in the dream.

The next day: walking in the cold white air on the bridge, before getting to it. This actually occurred.

being there is before it.

(walking was before conceiving of it.)

There were not events actually for an instant, in the sense of that occurring before you get there. It did not occur (beforehand).

My dream was the same as reality obviously, the nerve endings coming up to the surface and utter relaxation. Physical pain was distilled so that it was gone, the knots in the back. It takes longer to say than it is, which was inexpressible bliss without anything.

The knots in the back returned, when awake.

It is simple. What's happening actually is.

It 'meets' my dream, which is backward and therefore seeing something which hasn't occurred.

I'm writing for that sole purpose.

Defoe's being an entrepreneur is an ordinary cure because it is simple. I cannot think or the knots occur in the back.

But one does not function otherwise.

Dropping that connection
there is no realistic glimpse
being created.

There is nothing else anyway.

One doesn't have to
create that then.
and one is
letting it drop.

Defoe makes up in front of the mirror. A dark red lip on the top that is pursed. The underlying lip separates.

She darkens the underlying lip.

She puts on a girdle, puts on stockings attaching them to it. It's light morning. Then she's wearing a tight dress and high heels.

In the square where she's passing through, they're bringing in someone to cut off his hand, from stealing.

This is minute motions which is not repeated. It is only calm equality if one is alone, for one. So that's acceptable because it's understandable.
as a function.

Swaying on stocks, of hips. Walking determinedly into the vast train station. The vault casts upwards.

Swaying on stocks, which are the high heels, her figure is far away. There are no sounds, from her, on the marble floor. There are sounds all over it. But seemingly not from it.

The crowd is all over the marble floor.

There was a winged horse outside in the freezing sky of the train station.

The number is called of the train, under the vault. She moves in the crowd under it that goes toward a single escalator down. A conductor stands at the top taking tickets. Defoe's wearing a hat with netting that comes down on the eyes, her mouth smeared dark. The figures crowd to the entrance of the single escalator. Her head is down as she steps into the side of the stream, and goes down on it.

Rows but a single at a time riding on it.

Steam on the platform below, in the cold, she quickly moves on stocks, swaying. Carries her bag. The figures with their backs are entering the train. A stream is at one door. She enters at the same door, her leg in the sheer stocking raised on the stairs. Her head is averted. Leg in cloth raises on another stair. In the narrow hall, people are hanging in doors. In the dress, she enters her compartment.

When the train moves there are white fields.

She walks through the cars. Hugs the side as a man comes through the hall. He passes her, her head bending down.

In the dining car, the dome is lighted in the sky. People are white.

Sipping, at the cup, the dark lips separate minutely.

A man slips into the place across from her. Hello, Defoe. The dark lips are down from the open level blue eyes. Hers are lowered looking down so there's no space.

She seems surprised. Then shrugging she relaxes and holds her purse.

They go by a white bluff, are in a tunnel then and she does not seem to have moved to him.

I love you. The heavy-set sensual base is relaxed on it saying that. It does not move.

The edge of her mouth goes up and the eyes look forward at him. Without answering that, she begins conversation with him outlining her finances, what is in her purse is all she has. I have been on the shaft, I have to make a living. I spent a certain amount on my clothes, others were given to me. The dress and bag are gold, food costs some. I can work on the level of getting clients interested, they're in land, and bringing them in.

He doesn't say anything. looks amused. His eyes drift over her mildly and then drain her.

She slurps her food. He frowns and says she can have the job if that's what she wants.

When I was in jail and pled the belly, I wasn't pregnant.

He's not interested in this. Before, she couldn't have a job.

She's in the compartment, looks down the hall. Sees no one, and steps to another compartment door opening it. It's empty.

One time, she's in the dining car and sees a man come in staggering to the movement of the train. He works for the blue-eyed man, is cold. He will not speak.

Sits down on the other side of the aisle from her, a white bluff with stick trees prongs in the sky looms, and they enter a tunnel.

She gets up in the dark and goes through the cars. Coming by other compartments, she tries to open the locked doors. A man's coming in the hall. She bends now in the light with the white fields going by, and says she's dropped her key. Standing flattens on the side as he presses her.

One time, Defoe is in the dining car.

Blue eyes gazing from the heavy-set base, sits at a table with a boy whom she recognizes as the old lady's grandson. The man bends over him, two of his men seated across from him.

The heavy-set man sees her but shows no interest.

She gets up the dark red on her lips and moves to the door. Goes through cars swinging. She tries the door of a locked one.

A conductor comes through the hall and she says she has to get something for him who's in the dining car.

She slips into the unlocked flapping door, compartment in which a smeared man is sitting on the sofa. A streak of blood is across his neck which has flowed down on the chest. The lids are open, a streak on the forehead, as if a calm equality exists.

There's no sound but the door flaps with her back to it. She steps out with her back. which does not respond.

She's in her compartment. Presses her legs together.

A deforested plain goes by. stumps, fallen strips in the white expanse, rusted wrecks of cars plowed and gaping.

The train out there slows and stops. Men's voices in the steam cold air. She's in the hall. Leaning out from the side, she sees the man faced away from her, his men, and the boy as they're putting the old lady in the car. She jumps down. There's nothing out there, a thin road in the snow. no cover.

Their backs are to her. The chain of cars of the train lurches some. On the snowy bank on her heels.

She steps out away from the train which begins pulling.

The man sees her but shows no interest.

It separates, their going in the car, a black Ford in the morning.

Defoe is alone, standing in the snow, the train behind departing on the horizon of the track.

She has not power. or value. no one has. the man in the dining car will not speak to her. nullifying. he is nothing. The description of value has become value.

That has occurred when the movements are seen and known, in this. which is simple, so someone knows that. but that has no value.

that is not seen. one could die at that time, which is nothing. people see.

People shopping, say something has value only as that is money. but who are they to her, nothing.

man at a party refuses to speak or speaks alone so that they will turn to hear. him.

She's standing out on the white expanse, the train gone. She doesn't speak to herself.

the sky is cold and light. she doesn't speak to herself.

the swans come in in lines. That are tundra Arctic swans returning. they come at that moment.

Standing under them, she doesn't speak to herself.

her voice speaking to her is extinguished. A line of swans comes over

She's there at the moment the swans arrive. Her voice speaking to her has been stopped.

the cry from them occurs, before a line of them comes.

their cry occurs. the entire sky is empty.

but she's not speaking at all to herself. the ball of the dark red sun is going down.

a line of swans comes in on it. It will be cold.

Then she's walking.

A lagoon that is utterly clear doesn't have them in it.

Her voice doesn't speak to herself at the lagoon.

They're coming in at the moment, above. not at the lagoon.

she sits curled in front of the lagoon, one time.
she doesn't speak to herself and there's nothing on it.
nothing lands on it. there's nothing on the sky.
she isn't speaking to herself. then there's a thin crescent moon sliver
on it. she feels something for it.

her voice isn't speaking to herself at the moment. the thin crescent
moon sliver is in the light sky.
it's getting evening.

There was the thin crescent moon sliver. evening comes.
and there's still silence in her.

the dark red ball going down floating, it will be cold. she hasn't consid-
ered.

she's out. it's cold, still. the swans were returning
and she's not talking to herself.

walking, she reaches the road. she hasn't thought, didn't.
Then she hitches a ride.

She is a light entrepreneur.

Defoe Goes Home: She's lying in a pool of water in her compartment.
The limbs lie in front of her in the steamy bath.

The limbs unfurl in the pool of water.

The arms float in the water.

Defoe counts her money. she has not considered.

One time, she is on the path. Birds go by, pastoral.

They sing and she is not speaking to herself.

She stops and counts her money.

Another time, she's on the path. Birds go by. They fly sideways.
there, they do.

She sees the man standing by the path. His back is to her, his long
extended part up.

It is getting dusk. She falls to the ground. Coming to him, she gets on
his part.

comes. she gets out of there. she has been riding on his part.

One time, she's on the path and birds go by flying sideways.

She hasn't considered. She's walking.

It's getting dusk. The sky is in swirls.
The path she's on becomes dark.

Why is there a plot:
Where the actions are not 'meaningful,' they don't mirror oneself.
to be free of it while in it doing it which one is.

If one were going to choose actions to construct to be satisfying, these would not necessarily be those.

Not being in an occurrence, while doing so, in that it's still going on, one does not have to create that any more. The stillness contains immensity where life isn't the end or subject. The moon freed in one floating, racing.

She gets to the garden, which is in darkness, and the man is standing a ways off. He cannot see her.

coming to him holds his part that is extended up. He shifts her.

She changes her hand. lying. His face is in the light sky.

She's kneeling in the dusk. She gets on his part. He's lying on her.

He comes in the dusk.

A society collapsed recently because the people did not want to do things. They had no reason to. if they don't have enough to eat, they seek for it but there is no relation of it to work. A taxi does not take one to a place, as the money has no relation to sustenance. He doesn't need it. He wouldn't take me. There is no relation to reordering chronologically to their history. In that state, one has come to the surface.

She counts her money. There is still a relation to it, or she will starve.

They have been articulated further, for a longer time, for there is no relation to starving. They may starve.

That's why she's light. She doesn't care. She hasn't considered.

I got these knots in my back from an early injury. Now it comes back. That is simple.

It will respond. It is like the plate that is day on which there is nothing. So I can see what has not occurred. So can they.

It's only in this structure.

Their motions occur minutely. That's why Samuel Richardson creates a sense of being free.

(Samuel Richardson writes for the early entrepreneurs. They are light. shopkeepers. That's why they can read. They are controlled in the matrix. but they haven't considered.

My speaking to myself stopped. The swans actually arrived from the north at that instant, or I noticed them.)

There's no relation to not speaking to oneself.

Actually, the cop who's wiry and who's away from there is a denial of the early entrepreneurs by upbringing and because this is not his nature. It is solely in this setting.

Not having the realistic occurrence
there of what one is in is free.

Why there is a plot: It is the actual occurrence while not being that.
The notion is that it is still the present and yet (while being in it) the realistic glimpse is dropped.
so one is simply in it.
as one isn't creating it.

There's No Function

Motions in the structure are not seen before. They are not in occurrence. Anywhere.

A man said to me why don't you just stop.
He meant making connections, trying to, those which he sees as meaningless.
It means as myself, which he may not have meant.
Defoe is an early entrepreneur.

She's out counting her money. That's why she can read.
They say reading doesn't matter. That's why they say that.

I didn't care, didn't consider anything, for no reason all of a sudden.
The first line of swans came in then actually. It wasn't caused.
I still have a goal.

The man with stumps for arms has no goal as a result
He's lying by the garden, sleeping.
When the police ran on the crowd, he runs forward. They clubbed him.
They rushed on the crowd a wave, their faces turned. They're on the bridge. He runs forward.

Still, he has no goal. He gets up. It's not because he has stumps for arms, because that's forgotten. by him.
they are not special (either), that has no reality.

this gets so limpid that there's no reason to go on and then one can see really what occurs.

Aguirre had no conception of that. I wonder what they think about my relation to D.

You can just do anything. their motions are not reversed.
this occurs in this surface, that their behavior is not reflected or changed.

Just do anything and that would be the case. The man is wading on the bank planting irises, who's later mocked again by the people of the press. when he goes in. they're corrupt. he's nothing. he is not contemplating, then.

when he goes in.
where they maimed them. in their war. so it's where they're originally being. they can read this. when it's backward. see that still.

it's cold. They're standing in the water but at such a distance the sheet which is the same as the sky is vast. hanging grey clouds are the same as the light on the swells of the vast sheet. They're lying dispersed on it. Somewhat green wave comes at a distance entire across the sheet, the same as the sky, with some of them on it. Some of them lie on the green sheet, after that one.

specks of them floating on it paddle outward in shafts of light. They're standing so it appears to be shallow but it's not. They're not standing in it.

They had sent out manifestos. This other man is describing the manifesto, saying what it says it's saying rather than what it means or is doing. to install it. enshrine it. if something is given as what it's doing, or not doing, it is a change. He does not want to see change, with his benign view and intelligence under which the vast blue sheet is hanging, which is the same as the sky. It is entire. The sheet with rolls on it hangs on the sky which doesn't have any.

A man who doesn't speak, wanting people to revolve around him and not acknowledging except negatively unless they respond in his control, has an accuracy and intelligence which can be not benign but humane

accurately. Can't be benign because of being wounded. He knows what something should be but people failing that he uses, to have control, with the vast entire sheet hanging under the horizon that has no orbs floating on it. Nor are there any in the entire sky above the huge sheet.

a few that are back from a wave, paddle toward the sky outward.

he wants people who's criticizing, analysis, to speak to each other on the sheet.

one ceases to speak to themselves on it. One does. But that does not preclude, would draw out, their speaking in it. not standing.

They're riding in a limousine on the Bay Bridge so it's a bright day, shining and fresh. There's nothing ahead or behind, in the cars being here and there, some driving alongside.

It's blue and thin.

They're going to make a formal call so that the couple who're of the country that once bombed us and now have our companies as colonies, we're a colony (we don't feel that), are in the front seat.

She's seated in the back seat with them forward in their limousine, so cars driving, with the people who're from here turn their heads at her.

It's a black BMW with regal interior in which she's the houseboy, and so people driving turn around because of the foreignness of the couple.

The man can just touch someone with his mind and relieve them. It's in them. They're in strain. He has a view of it in them.

If he says it it's the view only.

When he says it, that itself, there isn't anything there, from before.

She's not a houseboy to them. The man with stumps for arms runs forward, without thought.

on the long span, their eyes are in close contact, in lanes.

if it's on the Bridge one is really floating in the sky.

of the drivers' eyes, not the couple.

It's a shining sky and so the man with stumps for arms runs forward.

those passing her, they don't meet, but she sees their eyes.

Our relatives have thought that very thing was humiliating though they haven't had that happen to them.

The woman of the couple said, while he's driving, so many of her people were starving and in the street, soldiers returned. She was not taught about her own civilization.

On Claremont the (other) bows interiorly.

One time she sees the couple in the BMW floating up the street, where she's crossing at the crosswalk.

they're waving smiling. bow to that.

She has no goal.

Going in a taxi, the taxi is out in the traffic. The driver behind the dash speaking, it is forward.

A man is going up the street, the stalled traffic floating behind him.

It is shortened legs and thin elongated body as if a powerful trunk.

that's a thin sinewed trunk.

that is covered.

His hair is slicked back, floating face with blond hair above it in which the lidded eyes are slightly open calm.

they are nearly closed. colorless eyes in a flaccid yet thin face.

his lips open a slit.

that moves with the colorless eyes.

the yellowed teeth in the white slit lie. the stream of stalled traffic where the man is going by quickly.

The long stream doesn't move. He goes in and out amidst the cars to the other side.

The narrowed eyes look at him in the sunlight. The man is on the city council; he's come out of a building.

he's corrupt. a weevil. which one is. the lidded eyes look up the street. floating as if trotting, the shortened legs on the thin elongated body go toward him.

there's no space.

the buildings move upward so there isn't. they're there.

she isn't there

the sinewed trunk is twisting around yet passing the pedestrians.

He comes up to him. There's no connection or contact. between them.

He's floating in the pond the carcass of the shortened legs.

Had been seeing the men.

Then is floating on its side.

There are so many siphoning the city. They may have wanted to improve things to keep it going for a while for themselves, but they're dumb.

They can't figure out how to improve things—though figuring out after and before is irrelevant—so they are simply taking everything and get out.

The elongated trunk floating is not dumb. in front of the traffic, there is no connection. There is no way to have realistic apprehension.

he isn't dumb, from being empty. jeering flaccid at the dead. he doesn't think it. I'm not seeing him.

there is no center in that the leader has allowed them to take and facilitated it.

the real figure is completely awful.

the man with stumps for arms has no goal therefore.

he is not himself and so he is peaceful. he does not have to be himself.

that's what they say. so he's restored. has forgotten.

We don't have to be responsible to a leader therefore.

I haven't read the paper for days.

Returned to being childish, we can read all the time.

To remove this from its former authority, what could be harder than that? This is very hard to do.

in their compartments, for outside one can't see anything.

Rather, they can see from memory, a man floats up the street and goes into a drug store.

Walking, one goes into a shoe store. To clean the shoes costs some.

People are sitting in a coffee shop but one didn't notice as it's a light day.

They go by but really are back there, not retained. Ones sitting. or standing.

On Ashby Avenue at College.

One's looking in a jewelry store window, for the rings.

An older one who couldn't walk well carried over boulders, looked down at the shells and wanted to stoop for them. O look.

She wasn't allowed to get down. was frisked on by them carrying her, looking back at it commenting.

so it's retained in the mind, which is going forward. one is.

standing at the magazine rack.

I used to work in the drug store but now have completely forgotten it.

In the Payless, people are looking at the shelves. that have shoes. liniment. a pharmacy. blouses. all goods are found in the same store. Time or having these goods there is value essentially.

On College Avenue again, a rose silk coat is in a window.

In a restaurant, people are ordering sitting at a table in the evening and the waiter pouring wine says that's great to what each of them says. You say that to everyone, one says.

Dark straight hair is dashed in his eye. They drink the wine who're assembled at the table.

how does one speak directly to some one? one is not speaking to one-self. It is a subtle distinction between statement of what one is saying and speaking your mind. It's like: statement of your mind.

statement of their mind occurs. they're floating on a leaf. they can change.

Defoe is out, one day. At the outdoor tables, clusters of families sit. Where there's a sixteen-year-old girl with a family, a man over fifty seated here and there alone makes a clicking sound with his tongue at her. to indicate she shouldn't be out.

A mother moves somewhat, hearing it. She does not turn, is sitting with her husband and others speaking.

The father also hears it without appearing to.

A man alone hunched seated with his cup then makes a clicking sound with his tongue again at the girl. To indicate to keep her in. They hear.

it's so bright birds sing. one doesn't know why they sing. this isn't analysis.

then, one undercuts life.

One time, one does. People are sitting. or standing.

I dreamed I asked where do pears come from, from trees? I myself said yes.

Out, it's so bright birds are singing. Where are they? You go up the street with the eyelids nearly closed, walking.

the birds are above around one. They aren't seen singing. on the air.

I eat whenever I want. There aren't mealtimes.

A new bookstore has opened, I go in.

and so one sees the birds

One day, seeing them directly. they're singing.

One of the characteristics of now is that people see what's happening. and they do it anyway. that's why there's no center.

The newspaper says that the Algerians are voiding the fundamentalist Moslems in office who had won; they've suspended elections.

Essay on Knowledge

is it only information. purely that.

So this will be pure information: Defoe is out, one day. life is crushed and secreted, in this process.

The thought 'fool' comes up on the huge deep flat space and drags in it. as it's a heavy thought.

Dogs come trotting out. There's not the light and then the huge universe.

Walking, she passes a dog who has a coat on.
He's buttoned into a coat.
There's the light and the huge universe.

One time, there's an emerald green ball on the ground. It seems soft. Her eyes register it.

She hasn't picked it up.

She's standing out, one time.

She breathes out and not remember things or finally, then, connect back to their action.

This is not backwards.

They're cut off from their actual actions. but that is their past that they're not aware of. Others are added.

There's no space; though looks up and the crescent sliver is in the sky—was before.

The dog is buttoned into a green coat.
She goes by it again.

Instructions are still: Defoe is lying in a pool of water in her compartment. The limbs unfurl.

Since one's alone, there's no one to give instructions. Which are not occurring.

she isn't there

and is still
giving instructions:

One time, she'd remarked to a man who was getting blind and wasn't there anyway, in her mind, to look at the dog buttoned in the coat.

This can do anything but that doesn't work. calm.
is giving instructions to oneself, who is not there.
it is allowing someone to tell you what to do and be, to control one's interiority, that the one doing so is oneself internalizing it completely.
not to be in that interiority then. then it's someone.

A Frenchman says, In France, the state controls every aspect of daily life.

The structure would collapse if the central function were gone.
Here, he says, we're utterly free. Nothing effects the parts.
That's why this (this) structure is meaningless to them. (This is inside itself.) it does not have rank.

The periphery has as much an effect as the center.
This structure is making the periphery be daily life. It's eliminating the center.

Here, we actually don't exist in the center which effects and is daily life.

We see in daily life only.

It's timing, and this is
just it itself.

This is itself. It occurs anyway.

Waking itself has eliminated there not being struggle and being in it.
There's the sense of it extinguished on the surface of the early morning, was not in the person. It's noticed as not being in it.

I don't know whether it's in the early morning itself. that light extinguishing of itself exists in it.

But that's the sense of it having been extinguished so that there's a remnant that's out in front. Then not there. One can only exist in that.

The minor reverberation is not nothing.

Goes up the street, there's a homeless man who always begs there. He's in the minor reverberation.

as if squeezed out of it and nothing.

They're floating in the day. Conflict is crushed in them by it not occurring.

before. which are dying or illness, something. they're squeezed out and in nothing. while here still.

The night is purple, hanging over.
when they're inside.
Roar of rain, it's sweeping.
under the purple, that's hanging over.
it floats on them.
they're inside.

People just think that wanting to be free in this, is expressing one's interiority. that is occasional. of class. say.

It takes this form if it does because this's what it is. in me.

They might think, say, that if it is of class, that is not a real concern. No, I was born this way, with this way of seeing—not of it being class. so that is free.

They can't see this. from what they say.
if one wants to be free one isn't.
it has no ability.

The purple night above them
is flattened
it has no ability.
they're inside.

I have to work
in order to not be in myself
or I will be crushed.
in myself.

What if that were just extinguished?
the huge purple night just dilates.
there're stars in it.

it isn't existing. but is if one is in relation to anyone.
The man with stumps for arms lies down.

He sleeps, still.

Go out and at a party, it is revived again. fuel. People are benign and extinguished.

They cannot live otherwise.

Yet the purple night above, so that one is only in it, dilates.

There are various lagoons and estuaries
cattle by them. Black birds swoop
little gnats as if a veil in front of the cattle.

In the thin light air with the
delicate green land a hawk is
fluttering hovering.
the light air of the hawk
fluttering.
it comes down. then up.
fluttering catches something on the
delicate green land.

it flutters again above
the delicate green land.

black night that is not there
now is above them.

it is not there now and has
the stars in it.

They don't ride on it are under it
in the stars.
the hawk doesn't flutter hovering in it.

In the light air, people
launch logs on the lagoon to
float on it. to cross it.

The logs sail away from them,
without them getting on.

frogs start up as the logs
float.

they're trying to cross on the
logs to see the swans.

that are in the delicate green

land that's distant.

that's why they're there.

the black night is above but
isn't there.

the frogs start in the light
air with the logs floating on it.

They're inside with the black
night above them.

singing.

it isn't there.

At a party, people are assuming they are an elite that is of ability, not
just birth and wealth.

She goes out away from them and falls in the street beginning to weep
bent over.

They've been saying that is centralized, as an assumption. it is them.

There is no despair that
it is like this.

The moon is in the sky
floating forward.

One is down in the street bending.

There's nothing that can be done
away from them.

(Everything is done away
from them)

The delicate green
land floats.

The belief in oneself is such that one has a context.
One must not have that.

The early cops in war formation, he doesn't care then. that is sweet life
at the same time as the occurrence.

The cops don't say anything at the time. real things resemble each
other. they are not the same thing.

This isn't about not holding onto something. It is not holding onto
something.

That's if this is being seen with not having ability. See with there not
being ability in them who're as they say elite.

They didn't see if they have a context to be in. What do they see? if not
that. it is not an invention.

They're on the lagoon and so is he.

It is their having a context. This is there not being ability. Ability is
seen to occur.

It occurs that people have ability.

That crushes life as there is simple connection. There is only the expe-
rience but not when it is outside of them.

It's seen that it's them.

One time, the black night is above it but
heavily.

The black birds hang thick
above the light green
land, then.

She breathes in and not refocus and remember errands and trivia.
The air is a shining pan, though. She's going to a job interview.

Interviewing, it's a loan office, the banks are collapsing and being shored up there're so many lice on the system; the woman asking the questions is orderly and critical in the way of defining one out or away from her. What can come in must resemble her.

There's a fan going, which had been placed on the bureau. Turning, its head changes.

A breeze comes. then none. Then a breeze comes. Calm. The woman whose hair is almost shaven and whose small limbs are thin, is bending on the papers on her desk.

It is as if she's weeping. the white cells identify and destroy that which is other than themselves. she imagines. we're a colony.

there's no space.

Defoe is hired to give loans but people aren't eligible. They haven't enough.

She interviews one, gives the loan, they're being considered. The woman dismisses the case.

She's seated in the office one day. The white cells are larvae around her. as them. They have invaded themselves.

interiority is
them

White eating white. This is calm and the corner of Defoe's lip goes up in a crooked smile.

We should go slowly.

A man is dying from an illness who'd said he'd teach her to beat a drum. She hadn't learned yet. There hadn't been time. She finds out that he's dead.

This is minute and should be seen in oneself as well. What one takes in destroys one. gradually, in living.

People on the street are the white cells identifying each other.

there is no relation
of them.

They have to be the same or they're destroyed by the control which is them. Because they're identified by it.

It is asserted before. It is contemplating, in them.

The manager has her eyes closed, seated at her desk bending on it. Asleep, exhausted. It's as if she were lying on the desk under the moon.

It's night. Defoe has come back to the office thinking there would be no one there.

The man who was going to teach the drumming's cremated. There's no relation.

But in the moon hanging over the woman, who's bending on the desk, she's simply asleep. Therefore alone. Nothing moves. Defoe doesn't dare to stir fearing she'll wake; and withdraws to the elevator.

They go to a gathering together that is of the associates. Defoe drives, the manager sitting nervous, smoking. The cigarette hangs between her thin lips. she's speaking and so doesn't open them with it in them.

She takes in the smoke again, presses the cigarette in her lips.

Describes the office.

Flicks the used cigarette out the half-open window and with another, tosses her head back from having lit it.

The smoke from the drag is on the dash. They're really traveling.

Cars come up alongside. They're low slung back gliding, a few here and there in front. She's barely trembling.

say there was a dog that was white
with slits

Its eyes were slanted. they don't hear. its short coat a dazzling white. when they get out onto the sidewalk. It resembles a wolf.

dog that looks sleepy
with slits

the people are turned around backward.

They step out. Defoe is struck with the appearance of the dog, then passes into the house with the manager.

Defoe passes through the house and into the garden. It's the same one, as the lawn party. She hesitates behind the manager, a ripple of some response from several when she'd come onto the lawn.

She moves behind the manager, who's talking to various people. And comes to the table of food.

The manager has had her go to this, yet she herself won't eat.

She puts spread on bread and gives it to Defoe. She will eat only alone. Defoe knows.

A drag on the cigarette in the garden.

attacking people really, out of some defensiveness. why?

The manager in no way accepts her and yet gives her food, insistently. Controlling her.

Then savagely attacking her. She is young so it is strange.

Has her eat when she's not going to, suggesting going there to do so, or sometimes forgetting other people's needs.

She's had her come there to keep her company. She makes another small piece of bread with spread, gives it to her.

Defoe has something in her mouth and is holding the vestige of it.

People moving around her bump her. She turns. The manager is speaking to someone else, the cigarette pressed in the lips.

The people float on her. Defoe is bumped. softly. She turns in it. The manager is further ahead, speaking.

Defoe has no interest in the food, and throws it away with one hand.

The woman is further away, in the crowd. People float up to her there. Defoe standing, a man who's lean and tall comes up to her and begins speaking. He hadn't been speaking to them, before.

When she turns, concentrating, he shifts continuing to come up to her.

Defoe moves over to the side. She can tell the man has a way of analysis that is articulating actually. He is innocent. Could be a soldier, is violent, but not in him.

That is not in him. Some of them go by her.

In a reading group, a man said you can read say this aloud. Benign, gentle, he himself usually did not read. He comprehended directly.

He was dying from an illness, not the other man who was doing so, and doing so is minute.

Like reading. Gentle, which is multiple, clear.

The man on the lawn who articulates actually, is someone else. Minute movements are their real self. with him.

Sometimes, when one is depressed it's like dropping oneself. Like dropping a dynamite charge not oneself, a stick, into a deep ocean. Just let it go. it's in the deep thick water by itself.

The stick that is dropped falls slowly in the water. Blam blam. in that which is other. Is that what is happening to someone (else), a dainty sparrow, who's locked in depression? Then she will be free.

(One reorients oneself to remember present time. I notice one circles back in a loop to remember.

To keep up the thread of present time but what if the circle became so wide and loose as to almost lose something. (In the sense of sloughing it off so it's not there.)

One keeps recollecting a detail even when it's left in the past.

The past that is the immediate present. What is expected to be gained by recalling and reorienting to things that recreate, are creating, the present of doing that?

If one just lets go of the circle, there's no effort.)

The man whose movements are their real self is doing that by not being attached to anything.

as the way he lives.

he forgets people.

If one is to have no assumptions, nothing recurs.

This is joy. Realistic events are this.

He's on the lawn, lying, laughing (having had a little to drink) surrounded by ladies.

Charming and knows accuracy, he moves shifting to continue the conversation when she turns facing out. He doesn't care about them (the people who've responded with a ripple).

to do so is assumptions.

investigating is lying on the grass. Really. It's accurate.

She's concentrating turned inwards. She gets around to the side of the house. Simply did not answer him.

There's a trellis of wisteria which she begins climbing. She's light and the trellis is fragile.

She's on the side under an open window.

Hanging so that her breath comes all the way in vertically.

The rungs are too small for a footing really and the structure begins to give way. vertically.

but then she's grasped, an arm around her, from the back lifting her off of it. A hand is over her mouth.

She's lifted from it by a wiry thin body, an unfamiliar smell. A heavy scent that sends her sprawling into inky soft dark.

that's before. First there is the scent and then darkness.

They're in the car. She's struggling in herself, dipping up; and slightly aware, she sees the manager sitting beside her. The look on the other woman's face is hard. She's beside her but Defoe's held back swaying inside.

They're in the country. Defoe dips under, her legs out in front of her, though she's sitting in the car.

She's weighted back under it swaying.

They seem to stop. She gasps. She's trying to breathe. The door opens like a wing on the manager's side, and Defoe knows the manager's not there. Later she knows, without turning her head to that side. The door is open, still.

She's facing the open door in the bright light, but held back swaying inside. Movement occurs only very slowly in the recesses.

The recesses are cells, that have no association to movement.

She sees the manager's face inside a glassed garage. There's a cloud of smoke or mist in the garage. The woman's face appears at another glass pane, and another. She's moving frantically. convulsing. They're gassing her.

The other sits in the car.

Defoe wakes on a cot.

Some other time she wakes in a large covered chair.

There's light.

She's under wallowing inside, then wakes. The man on the heavy-set sensual base is gazing at her kindly. He moves bringing a glass of water.

She doesn't know anything.

She's with a different woman this time.

He comes into the room. His clothes are open so that his part is shown.

The woman holds her but he doesn't go further.

Then he leaves.

Defoe knows that the man has a woman who's had a child with him.

She's leaning back on the bed pinned by the woman whose hand has a heavy scent.

Then she's wobbling, loosened.

The man gets on her. She's still crouched.

He moves away then, not putting the part in.

She's floating back under the scent.

One time, he comes back into the room. He gets on her. but then looking at her indicates disgust or disapproval at her resistance to him.

He's seated in the chair, with his part up. He has an erection. He talks to her trying to persuade her.

the part in the middle is extended.

He does not put the part in.

Seated on the chair.

She's viewing him, and is on the bed drawn up back, not held by the woman.

They are alone.

He's seated on the chair gazing at her.

His long part is extended up.

He does not put the part in her and leaves.

He gets on her and does not put his part in her.

She's not on the long hardened part.

She's under the heavy scent floating in it when he's gone. he goes out of the room.

The man's seated in his middle in the chair.

His long part is extended up in his middle, stirs.

She's viewing him from the bed.

He does not put his part in her.

She does not have it in her.

She's floating on the heavy scent.

The extended part standing out. He's come into the room.

She's not under the heavy scent hanging in it. He gets on her but does not put his part in her, one time.

The hired woman isn't there but Defoe's under the heavy scent hanging in it

he doesn't put his part in her.

it's not in her.

she's lying on the bed. He leaves the room.

She hears a sound. Barely turning her head, the door is open in light. She forgets swaying back. The door is open, still. Defoe rolls over and falls off the bed lightly, beginning to crawl.

She's swimming in the hall.

The arms are on the surface moving. The figure's on the hall. the hall's moving.

Doing the crawl, something comes up. It's a soundless figure, the white wolf with slanted eyes.

still with slanted eyes in an utterly white coat which is short, exteriority. She doesn't seem to be moving. It stands by her in the long hall.

Then she is swimming in the hall (on her arms). The white in-short-coat exteriority walks beside her.

He barely touches her with its head. She's on her arms. swims on them for a while.

He's left behind in the hall. She goes down the long stairs on her belly slowly. Her head's going down vertically, lying hanging downwards, and somewhere by a room voices, of the man and some other man resound. She stiffens, then on the arms. He's shouting at someone, slaps him across the face heavily. She's on the light arms. He slaps the other man again and again heavily.

When she's out in the vegetation, she's going ducking slumped on her knees.

she thinks she'll freeze in the night.

One can come up to something and see it only with no confidence.

In the dark inky sky she isn't confined. When one does not recollect an occurrence, it drops out. When it occurs and then reoccurs, that is the same (as dropping out).

Walking unsteadily on the street weaving, it's a country area flanked by mansions, the man whom she'd met from the party who'd been lying on the lawn comes up to her. he steps out. Emerging from a bush says to her Defoe.

There's various BMW's and so on on the street and so he smashes one's window kicking it out with his foot. they get in.

He leads and floating back. the car tears forward. they're following them. It could be the owner of it. (in another car.) Not considering except when it comes to thought he is not in an event.

No one is. Events are empty essentially. Present time is not in thought and it is.

He is in thought and had smashed the window. That is a circle. He's in that with her.

Whether he wants to or not. He does not value attachments because there are none.

He does not value such and yet smashed the window. That has no relation to her.

Not to have attachments is a grain that's trust-worthy. They're friends.

He knows accuracy and does not value authority, though he has a sense of not having that, which is his defiance and so following it.

He is outside of that which is social he thinks and so does not feel free. He is weak and fragile then and still does not value it. There's a relation in part of the circle dropping out. Some thought drops out. They're there together.

There are mottled clouds in the night sky centering around the moon as if the clouds were racing with it.

whether he wants to or not, there's a relation in it. They're driving in it.

He does not want to be in relation to authority and so he gives up.

He retreats into isolation to find himself to preserve himself.

Really peaceful choice racing with the moon there. They have to look up to see it.

He doesn't value that as it is peaceful, only values observation. which is it.

but is arrived at peacefully. so it's not valued. where attachments have been dropped out actually. It is in the same time.

Which can't be recognized as that therefore.

if one has a context to which one clings one will be crushed by oneself.

so death comes closer if one can't not be in their center. Which one is and is not allowed. to be freely not there has to occur continually for one. He gives this up.

As a circle widens and some things cannot be held any longer, which drop out, the realistic glimpse is not subject to this.

It is really held for a long time, by there not being space. It isn't subject to that therefore.

It isn't imitated in any part of this and there isn't a center.

Maybe the realistic glimpse drops out then.

Later, they are at a bar, which is in the same time. He appears to be beginning to get in an argument with a man.

she still is there

Lying on the lawn, with the ladies in chairs seated around him, having fallen isn't valued by him as scrutiny, yet it is being what he is to be.

He fears that same, but it is what's seen. What's to fear?

She looks up from being slumped on the bar and sees the two men who'd driven her and the manager in the car. They're seated with vacant faces.

She hadn't wanted to go to the bar. He pulls up to it. She puts her face down sideways, to him, and says with her lip slanted up on side they're there.

She's slumped on the bar on her side. they're there. He goes on arguing with the man.

She falls down gently off her stool.

The policeman who's the wiry man later takes them in his car. The bartender had called him, when the fight began.

They're taken in another cop car on her charge of gassing the manager.

who'd struggled up to breathe above the gas in the glassed foyer of the garage and then died. Who's the man on the train who'd died? This is unknown.

Hawk hangs fluttering
on the delicate green
land that's light
and drops to it

when it's still
then it's living

One time, they come to
cross a freezing clear
stream that's dark

The back with the disc in excruciating pain
one is wading in the light on the delicate green land.

The heavy night that's not
there with the stars in it
is above.

It is (this) solely, not being experience. It is being the smallest movement when on the gelatin cord (that is in the back).

Defoe Goes Home

When one doesn't push it occurs behind. This reading solely.
When one pushes it floats out forward not doing anything.

The eerie charred landscape in the light evening meet. this way one will not know what that is.

Defoe is on her knees wading under. There's a wham on the surface above.

She's wading and that is dropping out.

They're standing with their heads above.

People outside are lying in the street, some who're dark on the horizon bending standing going through a garbage can.

People who are with each other (love), actually. though in a previous time. So there is a long sheet of time. 'It' that which is outside is not oneself, so there was the belief in it. One's in their view.

This is the actual event. for some. this can't be accepted.

Actual sleep is still. which goes on. in it.

if one lets such drop there isn't anything in it.

One can let such drop, realistic glimpse, and there is connection to that one (seen).

which one has glimpsed.

When one drops the connection, there is the glimpse.

It's quick.

The policeman is sitting in the car. He turns off the motor, and lights go by. He has very long black hair clasped at the back with a thong. The wiry face is still. A muscle in it seems to twitch or it's in shadow and he says she has to go to a friend's, someone they won't know.

He leaves her at the house of a woman with whom she'd been in the strike at the cigarette factory.

The woman now has children whom she praises overly much. She uses them. Having no confidence, she says things about people that are not what they are or were.

No one has ever set limits for her that were meaningful. So she does not see people.

If in saying something mean to them, people respond as themselves, she can't see that.

They have to be like her but that is backward. they cannot be that.

She abandons them therefore.

Coming to the house of others, she sequesters the wife in intimate conversation. The young wife is having marital problems. The other stirs her up, delving, until the wife is sobbing and out of control. They're in the dining room, the one woman with an ornery, mean look on her face. The mother-in-law enters saying get out.

When she's been thrown out, she says that the mother-in-law is a drunk. She casts around. She searches for detail to use against Defoe.

They're out driving on a stucco rise. A car going by pulls over and drops behind, following them.

They round the corner and Defoe jumps out, with the car still moving. The door's swinging. Defoe's running.

Hiding in a bush, Defoe sees the woman point to the bush while speaking to the men. She would pretend not to know what this means.

The man fires into the bush. Defoe's hit. she's running. blood falls. fires. she runs. crouches at a lagoon. the blood drips on the mud. nothing comes down to drink.

Defoe comes to a fenced area.

She sees the couple who have the BMW out walking. Birds fly up.

Defoe is crouching at an empty panel in the fence which is too small for her to enter.

Who cares about convention. I don't care any longer.

The cop has tracked her there. Where she's lying forward in the grass is drops of blood.

He sees her sleeping apparently.

There's no sound.

He's out in the open bending.

Birds fly.

By the lagoon, he bends. His hand touching here and there, he sees the few drops of blood on the mud.

There's no sound.

He doesn't look around, goes on.

He's in the open walking from the lagoon where there are no reflections.

on which there are no reflections. nothing's on the lagoon.
or flies.

In the tall waxen grass, he bends parting it that is heavy around him.
Birds fly by.

There's no sound and a crack so that he's sitting weary and the blood comes from him.

His legs are out in front of him sitting and he puts his hand up slowly. fires. in the brush, a man's hit. fires. someone else. Then he's lying that is sitting with the grass around him.

If a person is asking for gestures of obeisance, the most dangerous thing is to give it to them, for if this request is emanating out of their abject weakness, they may be set going, enflamed, by the acquiescence to it.

There is no compliance therefore.

So Defoe jumps from the car when the woman is driving.

But compliance is not necessary.

The man wading in irises has compassion. Defoe is standing in the train station with the high dome vault. She's wearing rings, an emerald. On her shoulder is a rose stain which emanates through the bandage that is inside her suit.

Her lips have been darkened and float under the netting, of her hat.

A man comes up to her asking for money. She fishes something from her purse which she's clutching.

She's carrying a toiletry case also. The high dome resounds.

There's nothing in it but the sounds from the floor on which the crowd is moving.

There's a roar above them, of them, where they aren't. where they are appears to be soundless. this is joy. in her.

Waves of them come down the stairs, from the street.

The stairs are a steep incline rising to the dome but with an outpouring of people. They flow down the stairs toward her.

She does not move, scanning the way coming down.

There's a rise of the top that goes out onto the street. Some flow down on escalators by the stairs.

Defoe he says.

She turns and one side of the darkened lip goes into a smile.

He sees the light woman head-on holding her purse.

He's hesitating leaning toward her having been called by her to meet.

People stream by them, a motion between them.

in which the wiry frame with the long hair clasped in back emerges.

he puts the handcuffs on the man, whose face closes. on the sensual base. Defoe's grinning.

People flood toward one tunnel.

Around the rim of the station, taxis float. A line of them is still by the door.

Where people ask for money, one with no hands comes up to a man. A taxi comes forward in place. The fume and sound from them rises in the cold sky. Outside.

When it hits the fan one goes for it. There's a moment that kicks in and one does so then. One is only calm then. Whatever chaos there is in that moment, one is attentive.

People from the market come.

They exist in the turmoil of the world and how could they be untouched?

The man wading in the irises is not untouched but he is not in turmoil. They think being in the turmoil is inferior in that turmoil is that. it is not occasional. it is not contemplating.

The man wading in irises is not contemplating before.
wading on the wet bank. He is not in turmoil. so he's given it up.

If turmoil is in the actual occurrence, it is not dropped.
The man wading in irises is not untouched. He is alone, on the bank.

The occurrence that one is in is let go.
What one does always, is sweet.

How did I think I was going to do this without turmoil? If there is something, it will do that.

They exist in throwing the stick which is not them into the water and just let it fall going off in it. that some other thing actually is the stick as it falls in the water.

The man wading in the irises does not have the stick falling in him.

The sky and grass crush
in the white light

The cop with his face seeming to be taut is lying back in his chair with his feet up on the desk.

He holds a cup. He sips coffee. the sip is bitter.
The old won't make that motion.
When he was running.

We have a value as to what's unadulterated.

I am placing reverberations on them. infusing them in minor reverberations.

That is to see it with no confidence.

Then there won't be them there.

Defoe sees the man in the garden. She's walking on the path. It's a light sky in which there's no breath.

The halcyon air is still.

Birds fly by.

As the light sky is still, there is no backwash. The birds fly in it.

She walks on the path.

Cattle turn in a circle which is a mill.

From far away, the man with stumps for arms runs.

the light submerges the entire countryside.

The real occurrence demystifies itself. It is not seen. This is doing both. in the same time. which is what it is.

it hasn't time because that is irrelevant.

so there is no space for contemplation of it.

I walk under the rumpled purple clouds

when I am on the street.

Lightning flecks through them.

doing the same thing as it, doesn't matter. there's no imitating of the occurrence.

it represses contemplating. which is not at the same time.

he's in a light obscuring. Birds fly up.

though it's in her eyes, she goes on.

The man is standing out, with his part extended.

She's dropped, and with her hand moves his part.

Flattened on the long part. the hardened part is in her.

lying on him that's stretched out. She comes.

One time, lying on him on the long hardened part, he comes. as she's lying forward, propped on the arms.

She's flattened and then on them, swimming on the arms.

It's past him. who's coming. his hardened part is in her still and she's flattened on her own arms.

then she's on them, moving.

Birds fly by in front of her.

The man stands out. His back is to her and he doesn't see her. From the side it is apparent that his part is extended up. Approaching his back, she gets on the part, when the sky is light. Then it's evening.

He will have mortal
flesh that will molder.
that can't be

It is not at the same time.

One time, she hurries to the garden. The man is leaving through a door in the wall at the back from her.

She sees him in the evening air.
his part is not in her.

The long extended part not up in her, she sees him ahead on the path one evening.

She follows quietly watching him.

His part is hardened and standing up in his middle. He hasn't put it in her.

She is not on the long hardened part, seeing him lying out one evening. Had been flattened on him on it but not with it in her. He's lying face up.

The sky is above him.
he does not put the part in her.

He's lying on her flattened. breathing. His hardened part up in her, he comes on her.

Then he leaves.

There's a glimpse of the man standing in the garden with his long part extended. (seen further on as if memory)

he puts it in her.

A bird flies up.

Though she can't see them, she's walking, cattle are braying ahead in the air above.

In the white light, they're moving.

There's cows' voices bleating. there isn't anything. She can't see them. their bleating troubled voices rise and beneath theirs is yapping. A dog may be driving them.

There is simply the yellow mounds of hills. She never sees the troubled cattle on the rise ahead.

The air crushes them.

They're floating in it.

There's nothing that can be placed in this.

The stick falls in it.

Our leader barfing in their country.

The stick falls in it. One wades in it.

Defoe gets into her car: There's a stream of ants where the door closes and opens, going forward into a hole.

She just thinks Damn. ants. But later, driving elsewhere far away, she sees them again trailing to the hole along the threshold. Someone asks her did the ants look the same?

She was walking not contemplating and thought of falling down and wham is going to laugh when beside some whom she knows. It may be because it's not acceptable.

But he's cruel. from being mindless. true. (our leader)

She's by some people and begins laughing as if falling down out, one time.

So I'm frightened of falling on the floor as flaccid flesh.

A spokesman who's a countryman of the people with whom she had the thought of being their houseboy when she was driving in the BMW, says we're illiterate.

That's why we fail.

Only a man who can't tell the meaning of a green light from a red is given that designation here.

I was out milling in a crowd where there was nowhere to sit. A woman nude and smeared with dirt was in a cart being dragged there.

I was trying not to cry.

The back with the disc is in excruciating pain. It is fragile but that is what one is trying to see.

it is (the stick) falling where there is nothing that enables it to be reflected.

Why did we think that is nothing?

The crowd was alongside the cart and milling around.

One did not seem to be speaking to themself there.

So they're in a conditional circumstance

which is conception.

There's no memory of the present.

A man decides to try to fix a car as a job, who can't repair. That's not his ability.

But there's nothing else to do. It's a shining day with the flocks of tiny birds in the light.

Defoe is out that day. She sees the man having taken the entrails of the car out.

There's a food line on this one corner where it always is.

Maybe one can't see the difference between red and green lights.

People are curled along the street.

The entrails of the car unfolded on the ground, the man hovers working on it very hard. He's trying to figure it out.

He is slow to understand, to assimilate, though darting back on it continually.

Maybe figuring out doesn't work, which is in him. So some other is lying on the walk opening a tin.

Under the sky, he's opening the tin slowly with a fork which is what's there.

It's seeing how they hadn't thought of something, before.

Epilogue

They have won the field. They win. Then one can begin. Yet one was doing that (beginning) in it.

To have been that is crushed life in which struggling isn't in anything.

So when one struggled, conversely, one was beginning and was in it. it opened to sweet life and inside one was free. They who'd hurt her were not met.

We can go to work in a fast-food outlet for that's what is growing.

Fast-food outletting doesn't change differently from the courtly. One is not accustomed to the latter.

So when she'd been on the shaft a man had come by and kicked her. She slipped on the wet bank.

A sedan chair with brocade covering it concealing its occupant is being carried in the mud. Another is further back. The hand of a woman with nail polish the color of pearl holds on at the slit in the brocade.

The woman is not visible. The sedan chair sways heavily as the effort of carrying it, with their weakness, is considerable. It is occasional, and then without relief. They're invisible then.

The occurrence, with them, is invisible. Because they're there.

Defoe's fallen in the mud and the man kicking her, she slips. but is held by her wrists which are chained to the shaft.

She's lying alongside the sedan chair. There seems to be no stir inside the covered chair. The white hand with the pearl nail polish moves slightly, holding the side of the slit in the brocade.

It's simple chance.

If struggling doesn't have anything and if being carried doesn't have anything in it that is sweet life, then. When it doesn't have that.

The man goes out on the plain strewn with wrecks, cars, plowed in and puts the parts of one out around him with the sense that he will repair it after.

One wonders how an occurrence keeps going.

being a hack is the relation
of one's back to actions

There is not ability. It occurs. She hires a car to go between two cities where there's a desert. There isn't anything in the desert except once in a while pit stops for tire patching.

A billboard, the only one, shows new tires but no one can get such.

The taxi has four flats. There are two men, a driver and his friend. One time, there are two flats at the same time. One man has to hitchhike to a pit stop in the desert with the tires.

Trucks going by the taxi float. One is not on the ground. It shimmers and reforms. The truck rolls and unfolds reforming in the desert where there's no shade, when coming toward them.

Reforming and seeming to get closer, it comes toward them in the heat.

The road is a band which floats above the desert plain, where they are.

They're lying under the car, with the sky that reforms when there isn't anything coming.

The man comes back with the tires on a truck which they see in the blue shimmering blurred air.

They get to the other city after many hours. There are no phones on the street. She didn't consider this.

One of them goes into shops and someone having a phone is allowed to use one.

The cicadas are singing when the three of them come to a stop in front of a house.

A swirl of light is in the evening with the inky black on the town around.

Had been driving looking in
the inky black.

They peer in the inky black
for the house with the swirl of light above them.

She enters the house. There's an attractive woman slender, graceful, seated with men who are elite prostrate lying before her on the floor. They control things in bland jobs.

They never look
at Defoe at that time.

Lying on the floor they're flat before
the woman who moves her hand on which is pearl nail polish.

As there is only this, the occurrence is invisible.

At dawn, the black begins to rise from the garden. It arises when not looking at it, Defoe's seated in a chair inside. They're resting, sleeping lying forward.

They are not in the inky black,
which is above them.

The black night is not in the garden.

One who has already arisen whose brother is a crackhead says to his family to forget his brother. When his own father kills his brother shooting him who's come home, it is as if he doesn't care.

It is on the bottom still. Be oneself. Not being there anyway, they relax.
Defoe's in the city.

Defoe's legs are crossed. She's seated at an outdoor bar. The roadway is jammed, stalled vehicles. Some honk as there is no movement. Defoe catches sight of a brocaded sedan chair here and there in the entire long street.

A stream in the street supports them.

She sips. A girl's in the stalled vehicles, willowy as they say, tall and sways gracefully. Yet a sedan chair with a feminine hand in the slit is rammed by the carriers into the girl pinning her and then continuing roughly.

The girl bends to throw a rock at the brocade side.

Defoe sees the girl smile
nonchalantly and continue walking.
There are no actions.

Finishing her drink, she steps into the street.

She goes to the path to the garden. It's getting black.

We live in a time when our leader having killed hundreds of thousands in war that is founded in lies is accepted.

The men walk in the dusk by the car.

Black eggs lay in the entwined grass when we were riding on a horse.
When one is walking stumbled upon the black eggs.

Neighbors come out and bow, as if knowing the rank of the occupants,
as the car goes by in a small alley.

They come out to bow before the car gets by their house.

The black car wallows in black in the alley.

The huge black sky isn't in the eyelids.

This is at the same time.

Later, they sleep.

no dreams. One is able to see oneself.

At night, fireflies are in the heat.

The black eggs had been opened.

Lines of the people on a field at night. A sack is tied around one's legs then to hop in it. The lines of people standing in rows on the field expand.

The dark with figures moving in it ripples, not from them. They stand on the field and move also.

The jeweled insects fly by again.

Juggling on the field in the sack, others with the sack tied to their waists writhe. On the sides they're standing in the black folds.

Memory here is so dim and receded it's inconsequential. There is no function as that.

A pen is on a mound of dun dust. A gelatin sow rises squealing.

Standing on the fence of the pen, in which the disturbed flesh unfurls, one sees in back a man run up the mound to one.

The motions that one does are gone. One doesn't have them to do. though others are doing them now.

There is nothing to do. At the time one isn't doing anything, there isn't the ability.

Then their behavior is not realistic apprehension of people.

Black night is above
them.

Unable to hold at the front where the soldiers are fodder, there's also no center behind the lines. Some desert. The soldiers still in their troops know revolutionary conception against their center. They're being taught when in the very ranks, from the inside there. The war crushing them is jeopardizing that inner change, which might only be able to take place when the society is disintegrating and weak though.

Their delicate movements are solely change.

The accounts of movement: They moved here and
there on land.

What this is doing is
only there in communing.
One has no existence.

being this is communing.
one isn't otherwise,

communings is in this structure,
so occurs anyway.

While not resembling reality/history, the fictionalizing induces the simplest movement possible in its whole expanded, unique structure, to change real past and present. It changes a ways from this.

This is one's own mind. It is without self-confidence and ability in the present and is easily reproduced.

Out in society, a woman compares Defoe to some other woman whom Defoe likes, and demotes Defoe. I'm not in this. This is like comparing an apple to a pear, so the meaning is there can be only one. Where?

Always now she's compared to this one woman.

Where there is no resemblance.

During the strike in the cigarette factory when they were being disciplined, the girls were on their knees, kneeling in a line.

Trembling, they did not cry out when they were struck. To do so was cowardice.

Trembling line being struck.

There's no trace of it. They don't have motions that are the same, so they were not making social actions.

They refused to do so. Not because they were with each other. Or it was. Go back and pick up that, not from it being a memory.

It's reduced to such a slight movement it picks up itself.

They swing on them with truncheons, as they're in a line. A little girl on fire falls from a beam. Then when they were in solitary confinement, one whispered to oneself.

There's no movement of that, that one remembers. It's faint. So it can then be apprehended itself.

Comparison to anything is much later and completely unrelated. It isn't memory, it's construction. Of respectability.

Then when they were shaken to come to their senses and dragged to solitary rooms in the cigarette factory, one didn't have any sense of whining (in oneself).

One whined and griped as if something should be given to her. The others didn't blame her as they had no fear. One runs trying to get away. Struck trembling they didn't have fear or anything. It was before something was occurring.

Kneeling in one's room, in which one is locked, the black air surrounding one is before occurring. Then, that isn't in fact.

Girls in a line shaking is right on the line of not seen where it's forming.

Driving, there's a billboard with an ad for cigarettes of a camel leaning forward whose arms are shafting a pool cue.

There's women on the corner who're hooking there.

It's a hot day.

Juggling while they're in the black folds

which isn't arising from memory.

Since it is a memory, where does it arise from in the sense that it's active?

The gelatin of the back. though injured.

contains the field in it. only.

that bliss is the realistic occurrence *per se*, being in it is.

An evening, and not wanting to go out, yet driving past the City Hall, there's a taxi ahead that is wallowing in the light.

The taxi sways low and then darting forward in the evening light ahead that is not coming out of the hole of the evening.

There are cups of magnolia blossoms open on a tree that's jutting in front of the City Hall.

The taxi steps on it and darts forward off of the ground wallowing in the light.

It rises and then not thinking the tires touch the ground wallowing in the light.

One is not in it and is not thinking. one is behind.

Going out to meet someone in a restaurant that's in the thin evening. It isn't emerging from anything.

It's assembled. Memory is so dim as to not exist. in it. It continues but doesn't register.

The evening doesn't create anything.

It doesn't create the taxi swimming out in it. So the gelatin responds and yet rests.

Furl of rose rungs are at the hole that is evening.

Roiling peddling on a bicycle and then at the crest of the hill dropping. without moving the legs, dropping down the hill. The breeze blows.

They're plummeting forward hunched and if it is them there is no memory in this.

It rises off of the street. Then the tires hit again.

From dropping out on the hill there's the flat plateau in the intersection. There's no breeze in it.

Being on the hill has occurred before. at any time.

This is communing with them or it's nothing.

Sheets of rain fell without making a sound.

Someone else makes the remark, when one was still asleep. It's raining without making a sound. Being in sleep was in heavy nothing, not hearing

anything, hearing the voice saying that then. It was raining at the same time as sleeping. In sleep, hearing the frogs, in still nothing.

Waking, seeing it, the rain's floods falling in silence.

This is *just* writing. One isn't there.

There're furled clouds on a plateau at an intersection. A bicyclist hunched on his muscled thighs slides by.

Fighting or calm is in the occurrence. This is just writing and so it's only existing *per se*.

She walks to the garden in the light sky. The man is hunched on his muscled thighs and puts his part in her.

The long part standing up on the thighs. He's standing on the path, one time.

Out, a bicyclist slides by in an intersection hunched on the thighs which aren't moving.

— — — — —

Seeing the real event is change.

His running forward doesn't exist. The wet trunk flapping, after when he's standing, is produced inside.

His visible and invisible missing flesh is abutted to events that occur 'really.'

That's bliss, in effect. In regard to producing which, one has no choice. The mind produces the actual event. (this) is entirely still, when that is real.

The man with the stump feels that limb which doesn't exist; he feels it not from memory but as present-time. (so 'life' is dead)

The swallows are out there swooping.

Just as the bugs are getting up in the morning, they're eaten. They fly a little ways.

He's running and is beaten. That's why he's in bliss.

Repressive is eliminated also

and so is memory.

The flesh which does actually exist feels no pain. It's still there really. It is empty inside.

extended as a glittering, flapping trunk. wet from having run. He stops for a drink.

So memory no longer exists, not suppressed. in this.

I was in the hospital lying in bed with an i.v. in me. It was nothing, they were just going to put a shot in my neck by the spinal cord. On one side

of me, someone was being shaved for open heart surgery. On the other side of me, a man had had kidney failure. I was afraid, as if it were separate from me. inside. The 'glittering yellow cord' is not producing memory. maybe it is.

There's a realistic glimpse still there and when it's not they're there. and can see myself later.

Keep imitating my movements, in myself—at the time they're occurring.

So this occurs before the taxi driving me home from the hospital. Linearly, not as memory, it does. The woman driving was speaking on the radio to other women; they're trying to locate a woman who'd been dropped off at the Safeway. She wasn't feeling so good that day. they say.

My memory producing this is suppressed.

They're sailing ahead in the cars, before seeing them as we're driving. I'm just at not seeing them. Driving is not behind them.

I'm seeing them before forming them. The flapping nerve does not produce the evening that's later.

From seeing's being eliminated, isn't forming.

Is just at the point of not forming.

Bird that flies by has its wings pressed to sides—see it at the point in flying of almost not flying.

The connection to the event is so stilled that repressive is eliminated.

Seeing the relation of action that's being produced inside to that war, is life itself. or to what's occurring ahead. that hasn't been seen before.

Trying to create a text that suppresses memory and suppresses producing, anything occurs in front unconnected. So it's not formed and in its still existing flesh; or that which is missing.

There being caricature of motions, that's not the realistic occurrence. It separates.

The movement is so stilled, that while occurring enables it to be apprehended.

Excruciating pain from where it was clubbed, is a wet trunk flapping from running.

after he's run.

He's standing.

He is not considering them. sips water.

Wasn't considering in running, so there's none of it.

The essay at the end makes the motions that are what the text is doing. It's as if the text is only accomplished in 'learning about,' learning how to do it (one's own small motions) in the course of its being read. So one/the

reader is 'figuring out' how to make motions. That were motions made in the past, here.

Defoe, Part II

There was one friend whom with time one realized that she had in the simplest situations the characteristic of cutting her nose off to spite her face.

If they were walking she'd wait and say there was no money in the meter where they'd left the car but with an air of having been aware of it.

She knows her own condition yet refuses to do anything about it.

Her own flesh decaying, and she would conceal it to retard examination of it, as if one had to deal with this and contain this, rather than herself doing so. This is a common characteristic of people and in the circumstance of the famine is of no mutual benefit.

or to one, it defiled one. It is lying.

She would say that she couldn't do something and others would have to say that she could that she is able. She's not going to do it, whether they sustain her or not.

So their movements become manipulated. They are defiled movements. She's in inaction which is defiling them.

During the retreat, large numbers were moving across the countryside, and the hindguard moved at the rear. They moved facing back. Moving on the red ruts, they faced back to the bulb of the sun that's descending; and they're carrying their rifles panning.

One time, there's nothing there. There's the black air of night. The bulb having sunk in the vast air, before them who're in the rear of their retreating people, is the warm and cooling blackness.

There are currents of the blackness.

The hindguard are strung on multiple deep red ridges gouged in the rivulets of hills. They're moving back facing the vast sky.

Communing was to be in the social structure, a constructed thing. That having failed on this occasion of time, they are retreating in conditions of being attacked from the rear as they were intolerably vulnerable.

They were all along the way.

That was always bliss. Moving facing back was detached in the blackness.

One time, one is standing on the red rut. There is a breath in front of one which is back on the vast sky. There's no sound. The blood red bulb was hanging.

Sheets of fields the top part of which are white with seeds aren't moving then.

They are detached back.

One is standing, moving back with the other hindguard that are strung on the various red ruts.

Some crows the only moving thing in the rear come.

They are a velvet black, flowing by one.

One flows by again.

The sack of velvet black that is one flows. When they're in the sky which is the rear, back, they flow in it barely seeming to move in comparison.

One is detached moving on the red rut.

A crow comes down beside the person. The soft sack is hanging.

The blood red bulb is also. Then descends and is eliminated from the vast sky which is only what the person sees.

Seeing the soft black sack hanging and the bulb hanging in it is the real event.

Why didn't they say

The bulk of the people withdrawing transport what they could take; children are with them. The group is straggling having been cut down. The mass trembling, some walk on the edges of the sides of the group. On the fray.

They're traveling walking out from the trembling group, on either side. The group trembles when anything moves.

The black velvet sacks go by them in the vast sky. Defoe is a hindguard, rather than among those walking at the sides.

She is looking back where there are the dark red like dark blood clover flowers that cover a field. Walking through these, she is back in the black air which is beginning.

Where it's detached, which is this only.

One time, in New York City when it was becoming evening the hanging clouds let go of sheets of rain falling straight. It was warm, so a heavy monsoon filled the streets.

Others stood at the side, having crossed. A stroke of lightning hit at one side of one. Then the evening air was only filled with the pour. When one was out in the street. Others were in the doorways. A jabbed stroke of lightning hit in the midst of the heavy pour where one is. The heavy pour

fell straight on the street. One skitters in it washed. Washed others soaked in the clothes stand.

So history, since it is ahead, occurs only separate from experience.

The actual experience is affected interiorly.

Stretch out one's arm so that it is before one.

There's only power in it. To define is power, that's what it is. Which is caricature of itself.

Defoe is a hindguard and therefore walking backward faces the hanging bulb of sun. The others are walking backward on the various ridges of the red ruts. She crouches in the blackening air. Where a bird skims for an instant is dark red. Seeing this sustains them and also doesn't exist.

Being a fiction of fiction is it inside or out?

A hawk is flapping and then descending
and flapping in the sunlight at the same time that the water
is falling straight.

Dropping attentiveness
it's continuous.

One time, Defoe ties herself to the horse she's so tired. When the attention slips at the time of going to sleep or waking up, that is most attentive continuously.

There isn't any observation.

The black air fills around her.

Freedom as being created in social structure is not possible at this time.

Tying herself with a rope onto the saddle to stay on it as she is a hindguard riding behind the rear who're retreating, she's so tired she sways back in the blackening air.

On the swaying horse with the sacks of crows passing in the dusk, there is most attentive. though she is a sack tied swaying on it.

Is the jewel inside or out?

Sitting up swaying tied in the black sky.

Being a fiction of fiction is it inside or out? Drop the inner combat because it's limiting and see what it is.

Throw out a lasso hanging out sideways on the saddle and drag down a figure. It's evening. They're circling dragging figures in the red dust.

Concept for a play:

Drop the inner combat because it's limiting and see what it is.

Nothing happens in day and night as the same. Day and night widened
is its own fiction.

tied lying brushed the thin blue and then cobalt hangs.

When she's lying back tied on the saddle so as not to fall in sleep,
dragged through bows, tearing through brushed the others pan on the
mountain rims on the thin cobalt sky.

Horse drags figure on rope over red dust rising. The figure bumps
floating.

Make that be present-time, the figure bounced floating on the rope. It
can't be. It's eliminated from it.

From present time.

Another figure being dragged in the red dust, emanates from the
present.

And therefore is in it—and eliminated, dragging, floats on rope.
So it's not emanating from memory then. There's no memory.

When it rains, the horse is bowed sideways in the blowing sheet. Tied
on is wavering bobbing soaked.

She goes to the garden, and gets down in the wet mud.

The man puts his part in the folds open in the pour that throws straight.

The pour comes down in the evening sky that's transparent and black-
ening.

Lying on her, he puts the part into the folds in the heavy pour. Then
pulls it out.

When it's pulled out, he's on her. Puts it back in then.

lying the folds open then, takes the part out

Then he's the jewel

Afterword

Supposing the writing is held in present-time only so that it is not
having been formed already. Present-time is the conditions of everyone.

Make writing that is held to present-time and does not arise from the
memory. It is realism that can occur only as the writing.

It has no other existence.

Fantasy is scrutiny of itself in seeing that the simulacra is the given.
Neither of the 'events,' the written or that in real time, exists.
The writing is solely change.

Get to the point when the fiction is so transparent and separated that it doesn't exist.

The construction of our war: Our troops were deployed to the area, before *their* actions supposedly causing the war. Our entire news network was controlled at the start of it, which would take massive preparation before the event.

The news agencies pandered as fountains of propaganda, with no dissent in which hundreds of thousands were killed. Then the public supposedly accepted the official view.

Concept for a play:

Another figure being dragged in the red dust, emanates from the present.

I really resisted being torn apart by other cultures, as I was doing it, because interiorly I knew that was not having a ground yet power not being eliminated from it.

Simply eliminate it and not have a ground.

(Norma, who is sitting as a member of the audience, says:) "Her riding hanging out, with a lasso, in the black night—is eliminated."

(Barry, who is sitting as a member of the audience, answers her:) "No it's not, if it's still there."

(I continue) A concept for a play which has to do with the quick glimpse of real things: Real things occur behind or in front of, it may be ahead of, the attention.

Attention has to be dropped in order to see the actual events that are occurring.

The realistic glimpse occurs only occasionally in any case in life and occurs in the midst of the stream of constructed fiction.

Induce that as occurring occasionally only, as it does anyway; so *seeing* is only ostensibly imitated.

Writing is slender and fragile occurring at the same time as some occurrence (of say the so-called jammed Highway of Death in which perhaps ten thousand were bombed and incinerated in the trapped vehicles that were fleeing).

Writing simply has no connection to reality.

The actual event is entirely absent from it in the present.

The hindguard walking facing back go by urban areas. On the side are clusters of entwined people, some selling peaches. They who are on the side had had a frenzied social struggle amongst themselves which wasn't seen.

They're walking but only as seen and so eliminated.

They who're on the side in the city are walking. Then from the view of seeing them, they are in the night. So it's not emanating from it, nor is it emanating from those viewing who are walking beside them.

It is the same as the constructed fiction, and therefore the appearance of its (the real event itself, in this case *seeing*) being constructed is there.

Make writing in which an event occurs retrieved from so far back that it is separated from its memory. When memory is stilled, it isn't the condition, the given, of the event.

There's no authority whatsoever therefore in this.

In the play, action's held in the present-time. It's never taken place before and has actually occurred but receded so far that it is separate from memory.

Real events occur that are derived from a time that is just at the line at which they can't be remembered.

Can you remember anything that is almost at the point at which you can't remember it? Barry.

(Barry says:) "There was grass waving on a line on a hill."

Is there an event you can think of that is pushed to the point that you cannot remember it? "The taxi sways low and then darting forward in the evening light ahead that is not coming out of the hole of the evening."

"Juggling while they're in the black folds which isn't arising from memory."

Pushed to the point where there is no memory? The play is entirely that.

Ordinary actions that are not arising from memory are what is happening.

Stilled, minute actions that are peaceful and ordinary occur and go on and eventually the relation to that war occurs. The ordinary actions occur out in front.

"Seeing the relation of action that's being produced inside to that war, is life itself. or to what's occurring ahead. that hasn't been seen before."
(From *Defoe*)

The connection is dropped in oneself.

The connection to events, that one is a soldier or that one is poverty-stricken and on the street, is stilled by society.

The event takes place by being peaceful.

From the point of view of one putting one's long part into her in the light evening when the ground we're lying on is blackening—it's eliminated or eliminate it.

It's occurring out in front therefore.

In the sense that then there's an action, at the point that's been eliminated from it.

Freedom as socially constructed has failed at this time. Or it wasn't a conception. Make writing that causes communing in it.

People do very small, simple movements that are peaceful. The writing will imitate small movements before they occur. The order of people's behavior is changed really, making realism—not from their imitating the movements.

War changes writing, as in the captions to Goya's drawings, *The Disasters of War*. War is in the drawings. The *writing* is changed.

Get to the point at which the object just begins to occur which you are seeing or making. See it then.

Deaths and destruction occurred in the riots arising from the unjust verdict of the jury because they could not see with their own eyes. They couldn't see the event though they looked many times at the video of the man being beaten by the police.

One juror says that the man who was being beaten never lost control of the situation. It was his fault.

Another juror said the man was laughing (though we're seeing him lying rolling being clubbed and kicked).

They can't see the video with their own actual eyes.

So drop the connection to oneself of seeing. The beating is going on there.

It is in the present and there is no memory. Seeing is not memory either.

In fighting, were you separated from anger so that it's held alongside you, it separates and is in two beings? of itself.

Pushed to separation when at the point of occurring. It's in front of one. Not remembered, as it's occurring—does it occur when you don't remember it, but in remembering it doesn't exist. It's clouded and choked, so that walking in a rage I didn't know where I'd gone and speaking with someone who peered at me curiously—it wasn't emanating out of not remembering walking.

If anger's choked so that it's not remembered—yet not emanating from not remembering walking (when writhing in a rage so that I had to walk and didn't even remember starting out to walk), it occurs from that.

At the point I don't remember starting out to walk, it's present-time without a memory.

I almost can't remember the woman peering at me. I was writhing inside. After I'd walked.

I didn't plan to walk and don't remember starting so I was separated inside, writhing. Walking itself is completely calm.

I can remember walking itself; and it's not in me.

Are there any events you can almost not remember? The body goes out before it, so it's not held?

"I can remember the sensation of not knowing how to swim and not knowing why I didn't know how to swim."

Do you remember when you first knew how to swim?

"When I first learned how to swim I just suddenly knew and didn't know why I didn't know before. It's like discovering buoyancy."

Then you were at the point of just about not remembering when you didn't know how to swim? So it's just when the sensation of swimming is forming and is not in your body?

Make movements that are being at the point of forming when it's not a memory.

If walking itself is stilled, when one is doing it—it's not the writhing—or coming from that, from itself.

There's not the action which is at base—it's separated from it. Walking, when there's no writhing inside—is itself stilled.

From the point of view of one's putting the part in her and then pulling it out—that's quieted, flattened. It's first, at dusk.

Is writing or are motions first? Make writing that forms before motions.

As when I was in a rage, it formed first—I'd forgotten it so the anger occurred, I was in misery. Walking was at base and therefore observation occurs.

Not observation occurring about it after.

Fictions are so simple that no observation occurs after.

So the fiction occurs first.

Defoe occurs first and so has no validity. It's not bathos and is only distorted to be first or as being that.

So there's no Garden of Eden. There's not authority at all, that's to be at base.

Walking occurs first and observation is not derived from it.

I want to still observation first. I started to walk one time with no writhing and didn't remember beginning walking.

I had nothing to writhe about. There isn't a start of that, that's separated from walking.

One can eliminate power in oneself by not eliciting placating. Memory of what hasn't been seen before. So fiction (I mean all conceptualizing) occurs where the real event isn't—isn't seen, it's eliminated, but is occurring or has. Openly doesn't resemble it.

There's present-time first. That's what fiction is, when it is entirely stilled. It doesn't resemble the event.

One's mind makes fictions as its function. The man puts his member into her when they're lying on the blackening ground with the light sky above them.

Still that so there's communing. Not in those movements. Though there are only movements in it, which aren't from it.

Don't arise from it, or observation. Nothing does.

The will doesn't have an effect on this, in its not having memory.

Then one sees the connection to social actions.

No memory's being produced from the point of view of their crouching and he puts his part into her, then pulls it out. It is standing up from him, who's crouching in the dusk, that is flattened and stilled is not a function. The dusk is not a function.

That is at base, nothing to control, from it having no view.

Maybe that's what the jury saw in seeing the video of the man being beaten, only they concluded that he was in control. They have to have no control only. Not emanating from that.

So one is making a movement before or just as the movement's forming. That isn't in the social space or location.

Juxtaposition is not creating the social action.

Seeing, not dreaming, cattle on a rim of a still lake who're eliminated there—from it not dreaming.

Get to the point of first seeing them.

When one is on the point of just going to sleep, the cattle standing on the rim of the lake are memory which is on the eye.

From being entirely awake, they're eliminated.

They're on the eye. The cattle on the rim are eliminated in sleep, being seen.

Writing is distorted to be first, so social action itself is not existing.
One has to give up creating that.

One time, he's crouching over her with his long part not in her. It shifts slightly.

He puts the part into her.

It's up in his middle. He puts the long part forward in her.

Flattened, isn't eliminated.

So when first seeing the cattle on the rim, and awake, eliminate them.
Not from or in dreaming.

Awake is most alert. It entails giving up that other thing. In fact.

When they're eliminated from one's being awake. Being awake isn't the conditions of an event. See white grass in waves on the rim of sky.

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